MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

ISSUE #3 ISSUE $4

MAY 1983

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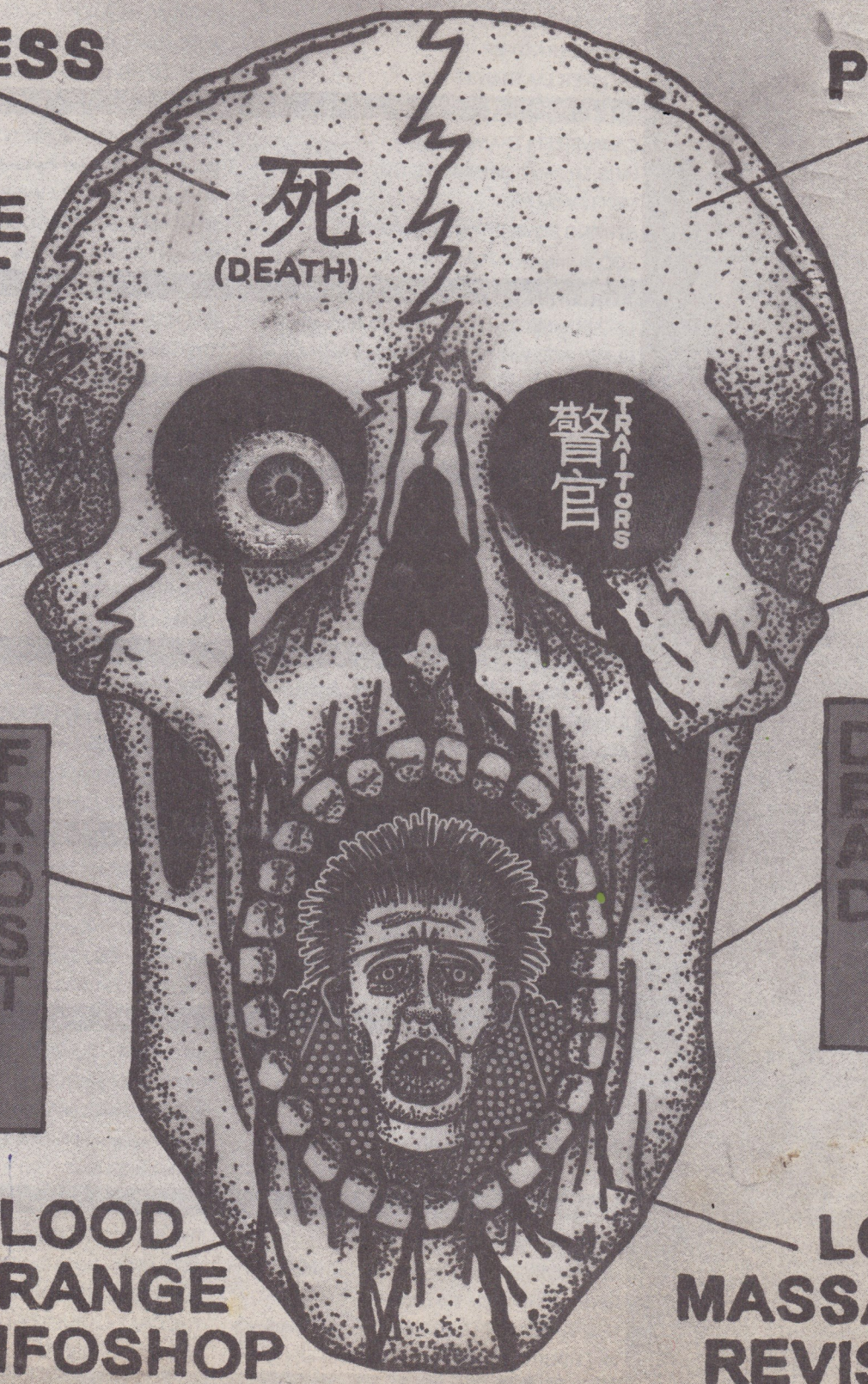

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
186, 188, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249, 251, 254-274, 277-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-354, 357-359. See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

GLAM-12" / EFFLUXUS-EP	HOAX-45/ PURITY CONTROL-EP
WEEKEND NACHOS-45	STOIC VIOLENCE-LP
PERSPEX FLESH-EP	PIG//CONTROL-EP
LANDVERRAAD-EP	AUTONOMY-45 / THE CORPSE-LP
CADAVER EM TRANSE-flexi	EX-HUMANS-LP / THE KICK-LP

WILL BLOMQUIST

CADAVER EM TRANSE-flexi	EX HUMANS-LP / GLAM-12"
HIRS-LP / ANTI SPECTACLE-CD	V/A-Not so Quiet on the Western Front-2xLP
MAX LOAD-LP	V/A-Land of Nod-LP / V/A-You Can't Kill Me...-LP
STRONG BOYS-EP / NÖ PÖWER-12"	PILLS / MAUSER / VACCUUM-live
EGO SUMMIT-LP / LANDVERRAAD-EP	KOBAN / PORCELAIN-live

MITCH CARWELL

EGO SUMMIT-The Room isn't Big Enough-LP	FRIENDS OF DOROTHY-To Perverted for Sex-EP
BLACK AND WHITE-We Like Noise/No Reply-45	THE GRABBIES-Live-EP
OOGA BOOGAS-LP	V/A-Land of Nod-LP
EXHAUSTION-Future Eaters-LP	BUREAUCRATS-Feel the Pain/Grown Up Age-45
VILLAGE PISTOLS-Big Money/Strawberry...-45	POINTED STICKS-What Do You Want...-45

ROBERT COLLINS

MORAL HEX-live	WORN OUT-EP / VENKMAN-EP
LIBYAN HIT SQUAD/ROUND EYE-split LP	TRAUMA-EP / SOCIETY NURSE-12"
MAUSER-live	NO POWER-12" / MINDSET-LP
EFFLUXUS-EP	LANDVERRAAD-EP
IRON LUNG-live	GLAM-12"

LAYLA GIBBON

HARD SKIN-Why Do Birds Suddenly Appear-CD	THE KICK-LP + 45
EXCON-Bronzer EP	HOAX-LP + 45 / EXHAUSTION-LP
AVON LADIES-Combat Shaman-EP	THE GRABBIES-Live-EP
BLACK AND WHITE-We Like Noise/No Reply-45	GLAM-Veneno en Sus Flechas-12"
EGO SUMMIT-The Room Isn't Big Enough-LP	RED HEX-Shoulda Known/Down in the Dirt-45

DAN GOETZ

V/A-Not So Quiet on the Western Front-2xLP	WALLRIDES-EP / EFFLUXUS-EP
GRABBIES-EP / BROKEN PRAYER-12"	THE RIVAL MOB-live
V/A-Land of Nod-LP / VILLAGE PISTOL-45	CAGED ANIMAL-live
SOCIETY NURSE-12" / ROUGH KIDS-LP	APPRAISE-EP / DOUBLE NEGATIVE-EP
MINDSET-Leave No Doubt-LP	CADAVER EM TRANSE-flexi / TRAUMA-EP

GREG HARVESTER

WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET-12"	AUTONOMY-The Art of Work in the Age of...-LP
PURPLE 7-12"	HARD SKIN-both CDs
ROOT ROT-demo	PEEPLE WATCHIN'-Somethin' ta Tell Ya-12"
PARASOL-Scoot Over-EP	1981-Faster and Forward-EP
AUTONOMY-Altar of Apathy/Grave Realities-45	IRON LUNG-live

KENNY KAOS

WORTHWHILE WAY-Love is All-LP	THE BAD DOCTORS-Spit it Out/Twilight of...-45
UNRELEASABLES-I Hate my Nazi Girlfriend-EP	ASTA KASK-Aldrig En LP-LP
NEON BONE-Quits the Band-EP	BUREAUCRATS-Feel the Pain/Grown Up Age-45
BLACK AND WHITE-We Like Noise/No Reply-45	THE CRAZY SQUEEZE-LP
THE FOUR SLICKS-Four on the Floor-LP	EROTIC DEVICES-LP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- RED HEX-Shoulda Known/Down in the Dirt-45
- THE KICK-LP + 45 / VACATION-Candy Waves-EP
- WALLRIDES-Cops are Pigs/Hopeless Situation-45
- CATHEDRAL GHOST-Shake it Out/Time Passes...-45
- BLACK AND WHITE-We Like Noise/No Reply-45
- WHITE FANGS-LP / OOGA BOOGAS-LP
- TEQUILA SAVARE & MOSQUITO RANGERS-CD
- BOY-I'm Weird-EP
- THE FOUR SLICKS-Four on the Floor-LP
- POINTED STICKS-What Do Wou Want...-45

SAM LEFEBVRE

- DESTRUCTION UNIT-Void-LP
- THE GRABBIES-Live-EP
- EXHAUSTION-Future Eaters-LP
- EGO SUMMIT-The Room Isn't Big Enough-LP
- ANTI-EARTH MOTHERFUCKERS/SCHNELL-split EP
- 1981-Faster and Forward-EP
- RED HEX-Shoulda Known/Down in the Dirt-45
- ZRU VOGUE-Nakweda Dream/Cumulonimbus-45
- AVON LADIES-Combat Shaman-EP
- SOCIETY NURSE-12"

RAY LUJAN

- BENT LEFT-CD / THE BUREAUCRATS-EP
- CRAZY SQUEEZE-CD / CYANIDE PILLS-CD
- HARD SKIN-both CDs
- JESSY SPIDER GANG-Back to Life-EP
- JUGGLING JUGULARS-Asylum-EP
- THE KICK-LP + EP
- MINDSET-LP / RUN FOREVER-Settling-LP
- SWINGIN'UTTERS-CD / UNRELEASABLES-EP
- WORTHWHILE WAY-LP / LAS ARDILLAS-live
- VERONICA FALLS-live / CH3-live

KEVIN MANION

- STOIC VIOLENCE-12"
- WILD CHILD-EP
- WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET?-12"
- BROKEN PRAYER-12"
- HASSLER-EP
- AVON LADIES-Combat Shaman-EP
- SKIZOPHRENIA-Don't Give Up-EP
- CASANOVAS IN HEAT-Ruins-EP
- DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Hardcore Confusion...-EP
- EGO SUMMIT-The Room Isn't Big Enough-LP

LYDIA PHELPS

- GLAM-Veneno en Sus Flechas-12"
- EX-HUMANS-Anofeli Epiviosi-LP
- LANDVERRAAD-EP / WHITE FANGS-LP
- PURITY CONTROL-EP
- AUTONOMY-Altar of Apathy/Grave Realities-45
- AVON LADIES-Combat Shaman-EP
- CASANOVAS IN HEAT-Ruins-EP
- NÖ PÖWER-12"
- EXHAUSTION-Future Eaters-LP
- ZRU VOGUE-Nakweda Dream/Cumulonimbus-45

FRED SCHRUNK

- PEEPLE WATCHIN'-Somethin' ta Tell Ya-LP
- AUTONOMY-LP + 45
- THE KICK-LP
- XTRAMEDIUM-This Hour the Clock Stops-12"
- WILD CHILD-Boggeddown-EP
- 1981-Faster and Forward-EP
- ROUGH KIDS-The State I'm in-LP
- SAD NEUTRINO BITCHES-Squaw-LP
- FLAG OF DEMOCRACY-Shatter your Day-2xLP
- RAT'S REST-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

On the Run.

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Black Pelican Photo Issue #1*
- *I Am What I Am #1*
- *Defiant Pose, Flyers Edition*
- *Punk Flyers #3*
- *City Invaded by Rats #5*
- *Raw Damage #1*
- *A Hole in the Rubber*
- *Positive Creed #17*
- *Manufactured Wars*
- *PHL 2012*

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CONTRIBUTORS

Shiva Addanki
Chuck Barrels
Imogen Binnie
Graham Booth
Layla Gibbon
Felix Havoc
Carolyn Keddy
Marissa Magic
Brontez Purnell
Ted Rall
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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waffle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombiës, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Võetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep'04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank 81, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State POison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/ Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit Scene Report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia Scene Report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

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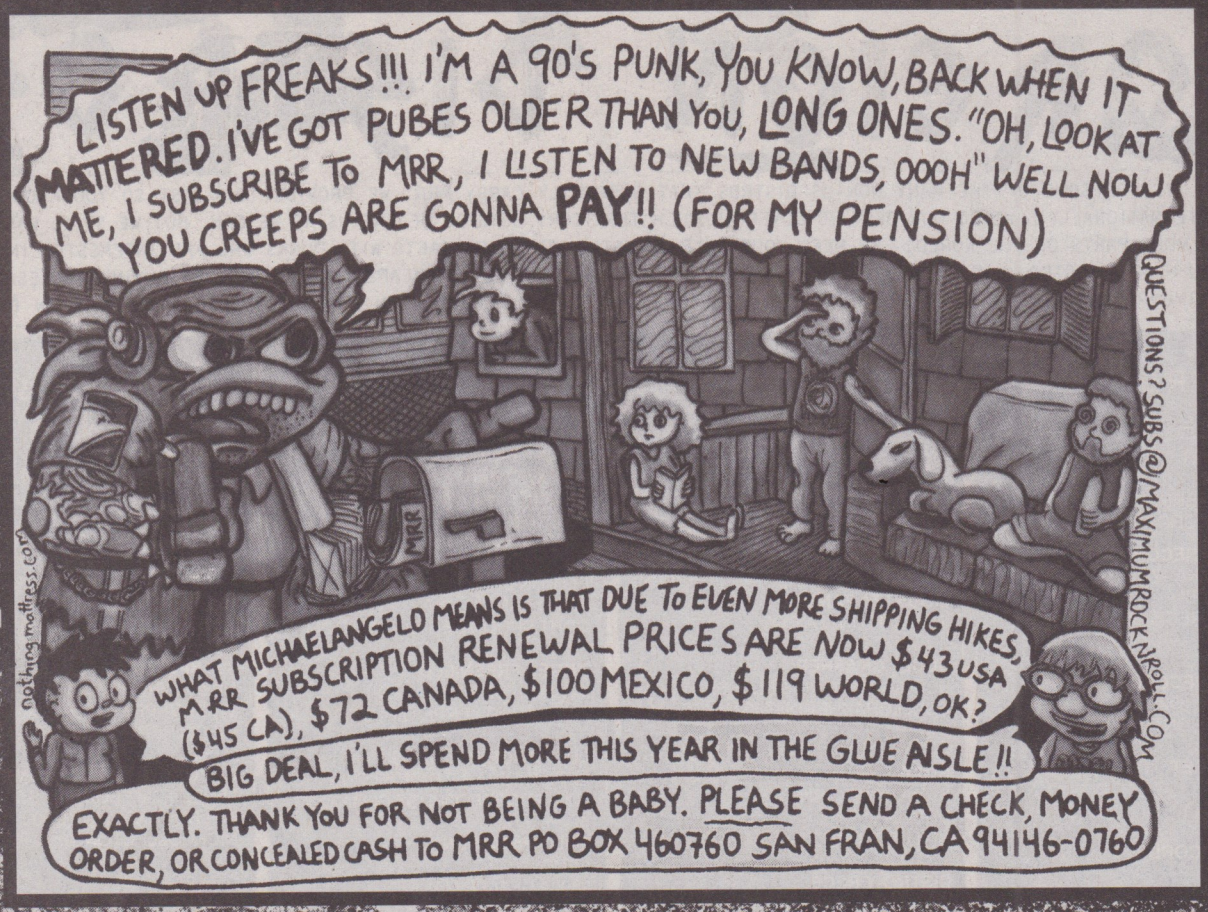

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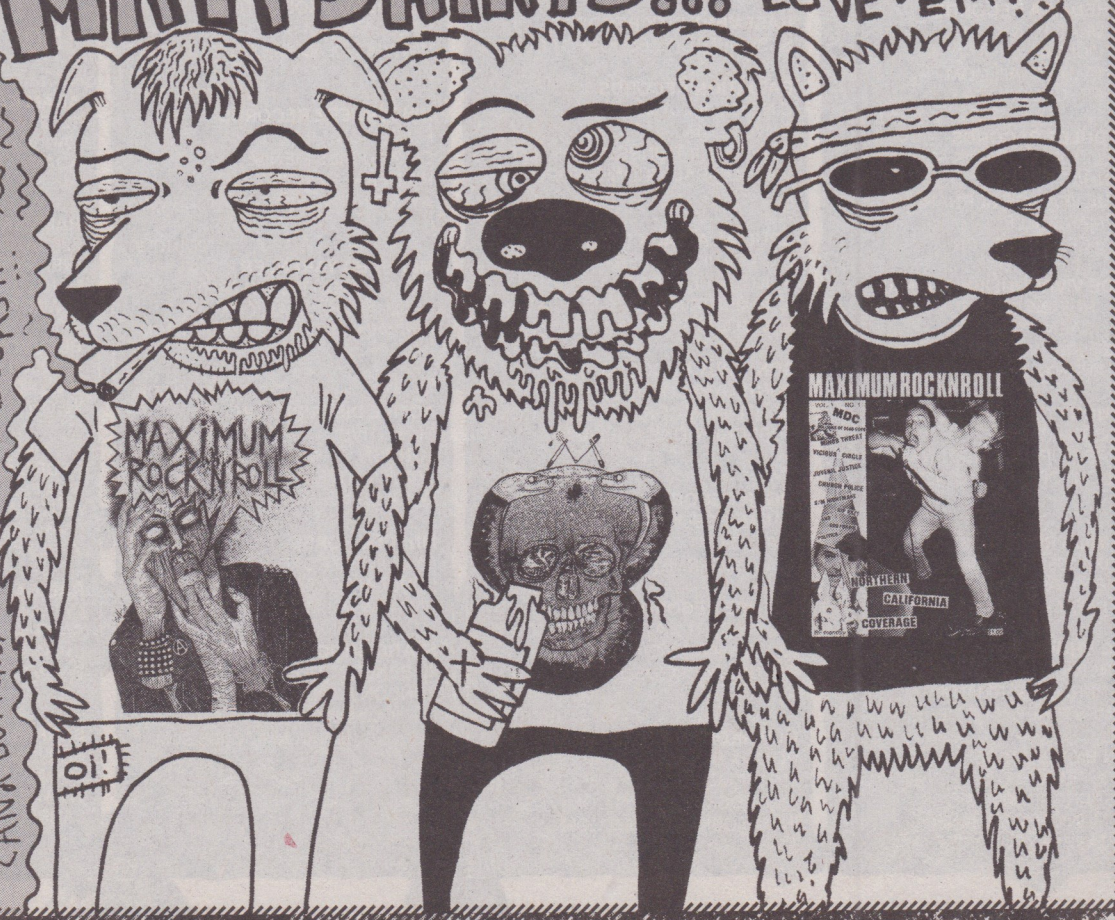

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Hello MRR—
My name is Midge and here's the deal: So I'm traveling to study in St. Petersburg, Russia this summer (Tentatively July 17 – August 19). As excited as I am to see the Hermitage, the Baltic Sea and nerd out at Lenfilm, I'm going to be super sad about not actively participating in a punk scene. Maybe that's what I need to do while I'm over there, but fuck it, I need to know that I'll meet some people who will tell me about cool shows and have BBQ veggie burgers with me. So, if any of your readers are from or have any information/contacts in St. Petersburg who get down with DIY, I would love it if they let me in on it!
Best,
—Midge

Dear MRR—
I was wondering if you could give me a bit of advice to help me put on my own local death/grind festival. I'm not trying to rip you off or muscle in on what your doing (which is fucking awesome). I have always wanted to put on shows. I plan to start small with just local bands, and then bring in some bigger bands. Once again, I don't want you thinking I'm trying to rip you off. I'm more interested in building a superior scene.

I have a general idea of what it takes but have never been hands on with setting one up. I play in a band and I feel I can communicate with the bands as well as I can. But as far as all the ins and outs of it, I don't know half of what I wished I did. We want to set up shows, eventually smaller fests that mix all the extreme styles. The goal is to give bands killer venues to play and give the audience more than what they paid for. I'd like to make it as easy as possible for bands to sell merch, etc. If anyone who has some experience and as least would be interested in throwing a little advice...all would be appreciated! I hope to hear from ya.
Thanks for your time,
—Erik Sherer
crom5924@yahoo.com

Dear Ray Martinez in Suburbia—
In response to your letter in *MRR* #359. it is flier, poseur and mix tape. Now I hope you can finally stop looking like a fool, get your shit together and start having a real effect on the scene. Good luck.
—Carolyn Keddy,
Oakland, CA

Dear MRR scumbag fucks—
Hello and I hope you're having a great day. I just received #358 (in the mail and I'm not sure who subscribed me, but it was the best thing that's happened to me lately, as I love your...I hate to call it a magazine) of your journal of all things awesome and non-establishment. I got some issues on the yard from a trade going home last year and still have them. I'm enclosing a little piece I wrote on the mind putrification known colloquially as advertisement. Feel free to use it as a column, or toilet paper, or to use as a newspaper shredder. But I hope you like it. Please excuse spelling mistakes as, I'm a bit stupid. But I try. I'm 28, anarcho-punk in the Kalifornija Gulags (for life). Also I'm a queer. It's a shitty spot to be in for anyone, prison, but for me, it's really extra shitty. Nazis and homophobes, cops too. All the usual human detritus condensed into one, but in ass. Anyway, I'm hoping you or someone can recommend to me some bands. My favorite band is MDC, and others I really require for continued proper mental functioning are Vandals, Guttermouth, Anti-Flag (*Die for your Government*), Bad Religion (How Could Hell Be Any Worse?), NOFX, Rancid, Descendents (*Milo Goes to College*) and Mindless Self Indulgence (probably my second favorite band). Hardcore, I like Blood for Blood. All these bands reviewed or LPs talked of in your pages, and compared to other band I don't know, so... I'd like some bands to keep my eye out for that may be similar in sound, politics/views or in other ways to the ones I listed. I do like to try new bands; my favorite music is very fast, loud, mad, anarchist, or anti-American, and I'd especially be interested in gay/trans bands or girl bands. Not necessarily, "I'm a gay, fuck my ass," he he, but like Millions of Dead Cops is gay as fuck. Ya know. If you want to print my letter or whatever it's cool to use my address/info in it. May as well, right? Well, keep being excellent, shit on *Maxim*.
—PxLxUxRx
P.S. Non-English language bands are cool too, I'm multi-lingual.

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Hey punks!—
While I always appreciate the reviews of my zine *Node Pajomo/Pukka Joint Massif,* I feel the reviewer misrepresented my review of *MRR*—I didn't say I don't read the zine, nor did I say "All reviewers reference the same obscure band"—maybe the reviewer read it just a little too quickly? I don't know, I'd appreciate it if you could run my actual review of the zine, as I feel my "integrity as a reviewer" was brought into question—and while I might whine about some shit in the zine, I do read it every month and plan to until my eyeballs fail—sure, some of it is better than others, but isn't that the nature of the beast? (Oh, sorry to the poor shitworker who has to read my writing—tendonitis, age, and poor handwriting combined to scratch your retina—sorry. I'll buy you a pint next time you're in Bellingham).
Thank you and good night,
—Node Pajomo/PSM
P0 Box 2632 / Bellingham / 982272632

Thanks for the letter. I appreciate you taking the time to write us and even to review MRR. *We aren't reprinting your review and we stand by Sam's review of your zine. It seems to me that you didn't take the review as a whole. I can honestly say that Lydia, Francesca and I, as well as all the shitworkers, are very much open to constructive criticism and reviews in their entirety, but we don't dwell...we move on. Thanks,*
—Mariam

LETTERS

Dear MRR—

High! I've been enjoying issue #358. Thank you! I wanted to respond to "Puke's" letter. That was cool to actively hear there's somebody out there listening, and also relates to what I've been experiencing. I've been in and out of Washington and California penal system since 1991 and have never seen it so bad. The whole prison history is going into major changes. Guess it is gotta get worse before it gets better. Anyway, thank you Puke bro; for the mention/recognition. Lately I have been trying to get on another trip ("physically, mentally, spiritually"). Instead of focusing my energy on the negative crap in here 'cause it I let it consume me too much, I'll get all "Charles Bronson" in there and burn up in that fire, literally. But yeah, I'm winding down to my last year to do before release. I'm just really stoked to be starting a new chapter in life again and excited and happy I have chances and ability to make the choices that will have me "Rise Above".

A lot of this crap some choose to promote and wallow in here. It's sickening, pathetic really. But I'm glad to be aware of it and see it for what it is. They're opportunists and their crap is so easily revealed lately. What's really sad, I find, is that not only do we got the system and government agencies against us, but a majority of our own peers in here we have to fight against also; and where I'm at a lot of this is mostly psychological and spiritual warfare, and propaganda and disinformation. Petty, shallow weak, get offs bub. Anyway I'm getting off track and documenting future enemy combats and re-modifying and adjusting my tactics. Not coming to my hood or walking my streets.

Anyway, anyone feel the same about the situation at hand, hit me up. Small block get in touch and how about…the army of Dukes? Get off the racial trip, it's all artificial bean dip. Ha ha, on the real, do something positive with yourself. Enjoy life and take responsibility to clean your community up for the kids. No more bullshit. Anarchy up there ass!

—Alfred Busby
AG8589 / 35-2-UP / PO Box 9
Avenal, CA 93204
www.cdcr.ca.gov/Facilities_Locator/ASP.html

Dear MRR—

Please bear with me. I'm hung over. Possibly still drunk. If you are straightedge, and turned off by that, please read on! This topic includes you too! I was reading Ian Glasper's *Trapped in a Scene: UK Hardcore 1985-1989* while on the shitter, and afterwards when I was brushing my teeth… I decided I was going to write a one-time guest column in your zine, *MRR*. What a soapbox to stand on while I don't abuse my power. In fact that's exactly what I want to attack. I want to tear that whole infrastructure down! I've lost my train of thought. I know I'm not a writer to the calibers of what your usual writers sling to their side. I do make grammatical errors, as Amelia Eakins called me out in her review of the first volume of my zine, *Aseptic*. So again I ask, please bear with me.

I was reading about the straightedge band, the Mc Donald's and how they were (as a band) countering the vegetarian peace punks and crusties. Also it turned out the lyricist was even a vegetarian himself, but he wanted to attack their conformist ideals. You might be confused or even offended, "He wanted to attack my ideals? Why, I'm a vegetarian, peace punk crustie!" So am I, but I don't wear it like a grey school uniform. There's nothing "uniform" to what I wish to be. Quoting him, "Yeah, it was like everyone was satisfied to think they were right and the rest of the world was wrong. To be punk you had to conform and be a vegetarian, be anti-pornography, wear dirty clothes, be an anarchist, etc. We just wanted to take the piss out of them all for it, and basically say, 'We don't agree with that, and here's why…' It was a very reactionary thing, but it's easier to write about something that pisses you off…" I admire that kid's bravery (well, he's a full grown adult now, but that's just punk speak, so to speak), to "Fight the system, fight back!"

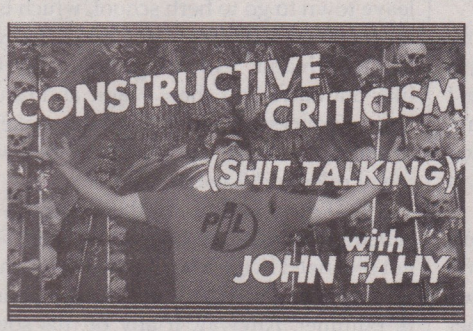
Sometimes punk can harden into a mold, but like you see when you experience acid: life is fluid. Anything that hardens can eventually crack and the new must ooze out to escape the pressure. "It's punk innit?" Some of you conform to these circles of the subcultures within the subculture that is punk. You reject those that aren't like you. Some may scoff at the mop in flannel, with glasses and sneakers, while they, themselves, wear studded leather and soap-charged hair. Taken directly from the Terrible Feelings tour diary printed in *Distortion Faith* #4: "The nature of this festival was crusty, even though the booked bands were very diverse. But most people had dreads and Nausea patches. Nothing wrong with that—but I don't like [it] when anyone blames me for what I wear, or my hairdo. Luckily, most people I met were nice, no matter what they look like." He shouldn't be so lucky!

What I mean by that is there shouldn't be any "luck" to kind treatment at a punk festival. "Come down now from your papal heights!" I got into this mess called punk to get away from those structures of society. I feel most of you got into punk because society didn't work for you. Others in that category continue to grow like a malignant cell. Society didn't work for them, so in punk they create a society that does. They didn't like being on the bottom, so with this second chance they try to live at the top. They abuse their power, this power that comes with being so high and mighty in the punk scene. Well, I don't subscribe! That's cancer! This should be about respecting diversity. Loving diversity! I watch the punk scene mimic western society so often it's sickening! Punks rejecting other punks with their xenophobic mindsets. We all don't abide by the same fashion, because we're individuals, no? I like the aesthetic of bristling hair and studded jackets… pins galore, patches and clunky boots. I'm not afraid or embarrassed to say it. Nikki Sikki sung, "You wanna see lots of black leather jackets. Lots of chains and spikes." The answer is yes! Fuck yes! That's just me and the people that share my tastes, that's not everyone else. Milo went to college with a different aesthetic, and it fuckin' ruled! Not his aesthetic, but the album named after that escapade. Don't you get it?! I know I can write in my own fanzine about this; or even put this along with one of my band's records, like how '80s/'90s crust bands would do to introduce the idea of veganism, or rant about the scene. (To trail off subject for a nanosecond, I've read some record rants where the writer attacks spikey punks on their fashion. Being relevant to this topic, may I ask, what the fuck?)

However, this is not then. This is right now. You may not have any interest in my zine or my band. That doesn't bother me and I respect your freedom to choose what ails you. Though, after that being said, wouldn't this be overlooked? *MRR* is probably the widest form of media in the punk scene. (No, I'm not trying to flatter your staff, I'm just being honest.) So I hope this gets printed, I want the topic of conformity in punk to be thought about. I see too often fascist/xenophobic mind frames oppress punks in punk. And that is exactly what it is: a mind frame. Please don't frame your mind. It could end up behind bars. It's a fluid thing that shouldn't be caged. "You got a brain so use it!"

—Kelly Gruenenfelder

COLUMNS



Inspiration and Desperation

One man's art is another's shit and we all stand around it and make our judgments and discuss with one another. Today I will be discussing some. Being honestly influenced and inspired to do something by a piece of art is something. Seemingly back to back, two very different pieces of shit have spurred me to get busy on my own.

The Death of the Liberal Class has deposited rage into myself that I haven't felt for some time. Reading this book is quite honestly probably bad for me and anyone else who already feels alienated from society, because this book will not do anything but make that feeling worse and not in any kind of cool way.

This book has taken something away from me. which frankly, needed to go. I still had some need to cling to the idea that some vestige of democracy, electoral processes and lawmaking could possibly curtail the corporate devastation of our planet and people. I trusted in the movements of the past, that they could be recreated, that life moves in cycles, or in the worst case scenario, one hundred years from now, people would be better off than I am. I *hoped* for democracy to bring those fed-up together in a loud repudiation of modern life! I *hoped* that circumstances would boil over and bring a regulatory revolution to modern unchecked capitalism! I *hoped* that everyone knowing what was right would eventually determine a dignified way to live!

How I lost these ideas was from this book's history of the depletion of progressive action through the centuries. It was always easy to see the naked, aggressive, ruthless fascism of men like Hoover, Nixon, Rumsfeld, Cheney, Reagan and Bush—they pushed a pro-corporate agenda. It was easy enough to watch the rise of aggressive corporate infiltration of all areas of life—business wanted it. The only part I never really understood, which is maybe the most important piece of the puzzle, is who didn't stop any of it and why. Of course, I knew the Democrats form a circular firing squad and they're divided and weak, but I didn't understand what the real, underlying psychology of the left is and why it doesn't work. This book explains everything as if it were a history of the largest untold genocide.

The book opens with a few portraits of modern Americans enduring desperation and fierce disillusionment before describing the beginnings of liberalism. Hedges then charts the decimation of the left during the 20th century from the Wobblies successes and militant vigilance against the state and corporations to the seduction of labor and the middle left from the first world war onward, with each passing year seeing the far left and communists sacrificed to their corporate friends. Each sacrifice brings the left closer to the right, systematically disemboweling itself and ultimately becoming a mockery of liberalism. The modern left adores business and capitalism, busies itself on making sure whichever corporation is worst for our survival employs people from all cultural backgrounds and then congratulates itself promptly. It never challenges business and the exploitation of our people.

Hedges picks on every aspect of liberal life that was formerly strong. In religious institutes, the left chose to keep their heads down and admonish any loud protest movements. In the art world, the left found a self- referential in-club to out-snob and compete with each other. Academia found the left promoting a business agenda and spouting literary manure to impress one another with. Journalism found a top-down system beholden to shareholders that didn't want any more *trouble* and *troublemakers* were discouraged and fucked off to self-publication and blogging. Only the most business-friendly writers are granted unlimited access to government and corporate informational sources. In every area of political influence, the left chose prestige, safety, comfort, money, and temporary peace over combatting their political opposites. And with every choice, they ultimately chose total annihilation of their political identity. What would an IWW labor hall of old make of the tepid, sneering, smug liberals on MSNBC?

An aspect of the book I really enjoy is that the endless facts are not provided to prove each point—not to degrade thorough research—but the book employs the attitude that you've been paying attention and understand aspects of, for instance, Clinton's deregulatory expedience, without having to list five examples each time the subject comes up. The subject matter is too large, taking in all aspects of liberalism, to get bogged down in all that. The larger picture is where the revelations happen.

Hedges future vision is bleak, needless to say. Finding the left to weak to resist the future corporate monopoly of all resources necessary for survival, a revolt from the right is warned of, something an interviewed Noam Chomsky echoes in the book to startling effect. Hedges advocates the end of the apathy, disgust and alienation we feel for one another and claims that only by working with the poor will we find any kind of way back to relevancy. So while this book is an alienating read at times, it ultimately aims against that consequence and asks, "what are you ready to do?"

The Death of the Liberal Class is a staunchly defiant tirade. Chris Hedges writes in a confessional fury that unleashes his own guilt from playing the game and playing it safe. What we are left with is only our own actions and consciences to examine.

And now for something completely different...

Beyond the Black Rainbow is the best film I have seen in years. Don't worry, there shall be no spoiling of events, just a loose roundup—I would not ruin this movie for anyone. This feels like the taunt, density and aversion to pandering of the best Stanley Kubrick movies of old, while exploring subject matter more akin to something Cronenberg would delve into, while also being lit up as gorgeous as an Argento movie! Brilliant colors illuminate this science fiction nightmare set in 1983. The Arboria Institute is at the frontier of scientific research and new age philosophy. Dr. Barry

Nyle, the protégé of founder Dr. Arboria, has inherited the research duties and prefers to spend his time torturing the psychically gifted daughter of Arboria to witness the effects of her power. Nyle moves between home and work life with the most unabashed disgust for conversation with other human beings that border on the hilarious in their extreme misanthropy. Soon we learn of Nyle's own sacrifices to the Arboria Institute in a black and white sequence punctuated by a psychedelic vision. When Barry has confronted his past and true self, Dr. Arboria's daughter, Elena, must try to escape the institute and Dr. Nyle.

Sure, there's a weird turn at the end where some heshers turn up that no one will love, but it does not in any way ruin the brilliance of this movie. You could argue that the appearance of a Venom song in this scene actually makes it break even. The dense synth score is fucking luscious! You will be seduced! The acting is excellent; whoever plays Dr. Nyle is so revolting that one scene of the man placing his finger in his mouth made me want to vomit. The colors are beautiful, the pace of the movie feels like an inescapable descent and the narrative creates many unanswered answers and a difficult mythology to unravel and puzzle over. The script never talks down and attention is required, though not so much that you can't have one viewing to thoroughly enjoy how good this film looks before diving in again. The final descent through the horrors of the Arboria institute compete with Dr Nyle's conversion to a Gary Numan-like monster for the best aspects of this film. This movie is a fucking must see, however, be advised; it is hell for both the high who watch it and their non-high friends. The high will see their evening severely challenged by the experience and the non-high will have to listen to the high ramble on about it all night.

End Notes:

1. My pal Joe made a movie of his own called *Stunted Child* and he wrote the soundtrack to boot. He's wrapping them up and selling them soon, so get in touch through fortmyersprintcorps@gmail.com. This features my acting debut and lots of my tasty thighs and goody-bits are on display in all of their glory! The movie really looks good and is only 20 minutes long so it doesn't overstay its welcome.
2. Some friends and I have been doing a podcast called Strobelight Funeral on and off for a while that plays lots of post-punk, goth, industrial, etc. type shit and you can find it here: www.strobelightfuneral.tumblr.com
3. Panzram will have a demo of new shit that we'll be recording proper later. Tune in at www.humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com or throw some cash here for a physical copy: John Fahy/15011 Lakeside View Drive/Apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL 33919/USA.

Hey, what up *Maximum*. I've bleached my roots, buzzed my sides, and after I finish this column I'm gonna do my nails, because I leave tomorrow on a two-month tour shilling this bright orange novel I wrote. I've cleaned out the car and I'm cooking all the food in the fridge, it's pretty exciting.

Also last month's column was some April Fools stuff. In reality if you're sixteen and you suck at playing the songs you've written about how it sucks to be sixteen, I'd rather listen to you than pretty much anything else.

I wrote a column for this month while I was in Portland, Oregon a couple weeks ago that was all like "hipster this" and "it's weird to see bands you've heard of in *Maximum* on the upcoming shows flyers in the windows of every bar here" that and "the riding a bike at night by myself after going to the queer punk show under trees when it's kind of cold and beautiful and none of that other stuff matters" other thing, but when I reread it I found it was boring. Luckily I had a text document open on my computer that was just the words Agatha, Rvivr, Ragana, Groke. Kinda sounds like an invocation when you string them together that way? I bet if you recite their names in that order thirteen times while looking into a darkened mirror at midnight they all show up in your basement and play so loud your house tumbles down. Give it a shot, let me know how it goes.

Hey speaking of invocations I think I mentioned Ragana a couple months ago but didn't really get into it—they're two lady-type people (I think; I actually haven't asked how anybody in this band identifies, so apologies in advance if I fuck it up, please let me know and I'll try to fix it) from Olympia (I think) playing punk metal or whatever. They rule, they put out two EPs that are both up on their bandcamp, www.rararagana.bandcamp.com, which I've been playing kind of all the time. I put their backpatch on my hoodie. I know everybody hates witch stuff right now because somehow it became kind of cool for a minute and now we're all over it but they play straight up witch metal. Their second EP *Unbecoming* came out in January and it's even more intense than their first one, *All's Lost*, which came out in June. They sing invocations and about growing and rotting and their song "666" goes one, two, three, four, five, six, six, six, which is just like...*that* is how you write a metal chorus. Anyway both band members sing and I think they trade off between really loud and distorted baritone guitar and drums? That's what it looks like in their youtube videos, I didn't actually get to see them when they toured down from Olympia. Also they're on hiatus because one of their members had to leave town to go to herb school, which is the most witch metal reason possible to put your band on hiatus. I'm not going to get into, like, Starhawk and chaos magic and candles here—Francesca is already gonna make fun of me for writing *this* sentence—but witch metal rules and Ragana rules.

Oh, I just looked at their tumblr—it's called growsrots—and it looks like *All's Lost* got reviewed in the March issue. Who knows where I was when that came out but I missed it, bummer. Anyway, if any of this sounds interesting I think you can download both tapes for free from their bandcamp page.

I also want you to know that crusty queer Providence, Rhode Island dreamboats Groke put out a tape in January! My band Correspondences got to play with them a couple times when we were still all living in the same place and touring—they rule. GROKE is noisy bass and drums and they play atmospheric drony crust. They also wrote the best song about being trans ever, titled "Dysphoria," the lyrics of which are "You look more like me/Than I'll ever look."

Whoa weird, I'm looking at their bandcamp page now too—www.groke.bandcamp.com—and it looks like their demo came out last June and the *Well of Loneliness* tape came out in January too. *These are exactly the same months the Ragana tapes came out.* Spooky!

I'm also totally stoked on Agatha right now. I feel like I'd been hearing about them for a minute but when I was in Portland my friend Kat's thrash metal band—I can tell they are thrash metal because Kat plays drums like "what if Lars from Metallica was good." (Have I done my Lars impression here before? It goes like this: "Hey guys I think I'm gonna alternate between the kick and the snare for the verse of this one")—Labryse put on a show titled Queer Aggression that was Painted Debris, Labryse and Agatha. Painted Debris was this wingnut lady playing unreal and overwhelming eight-finger tapping guitar hero weirdness, with a bunch of distortion and delay pedals and stuff; Labryse's singer wasn't there so they were instrumental lesbian thrash metal (I'm assuming it's okay to use the descriptor "lesbian" because their name is Labryse);

and Agatha were just, like, unreal.

I think they're from Seattle? Their record is on Rumbletowne, I think you can download the whole thing for free on their website—the URL's got a bunch of slashes hyphens and stuff, just google it. I don't know how folks in this band identify but it seemed clear that they weren't just a bunch of dudes; I didn't even want to buy a record because my debit card had already started getting declined and I needed the cash in my pocket to last through a trip to Philadelphia and back, but I ended up paying ten dollars for a record after they played a set of the hardcore punk or whatever they play. I think they play hardcore punk? None of the members of Agatha seems to play much like any members of Metallica so I don't really have a reference point. Lots of yelling and making me want to push someone, I think that's hardcore punk right?

Anyway after they played I went up and asked them "Hey what was the second to last song you played, I want the record with that on it." The singer said that it was called "Sissy Dang" and that it's on the 12", so I bought the 12". And it rules, I've been driving around town trying to get my shit together before I leave and banging my head at traffic lights to it; even better, they said that one's about the way the femininity is devalued in queer communities and how that's bullshit and I thought that is exactly what I care about! Like, for real. So thanks Agatha for being awesome, I'm totally stoked on your record.

Also on Rumbletowne is RVIVR! Who you probably don't need me to tell you about right, RVIVR fuckin' rules and I think everybody knows it. Their new record *The Beauty Between* is up on www.rvivr.bandcamp.com and it's awesome too. In the last couple days I've been listening to Punch, Agatha and RVIVR, depending on how intense I'm feeling. If my life were a Nintendo game with a little intensity gauge in the corner and if it was all red and *super aggro* then Punch would play while I jumped on turtles, and if I was a little less aggro it would be Agatha, and if I were a little less aggro than that and maybe kinda stoked then it would be RVIVR while I rode around on Yoshi or something.

One cool thing about the new RVIVR record is that they re-recorded the song "Paper Heart," which was on a 7" from a couple years ago. It is about feelings, it rules.

Another cool thing about RVIVR is that I'm doing a fucking reading with them! While we were putting together a reading in Olympia for a tour I talked to my friend Jess about, who talked to her friend Kelsey who is a librarian in Olympia. She said, "Okay the only day we have is a Friday but nobody shows up to Friday readings, do you know any Oly bands you'd want to play at your reading?" I panicked and blanked but Alex said "RVIVR, duh," so I thought "Oh yeah! RVIVR! Kelsey said "Okay great, they're friends with the library, I'll see what I can do."

What.

Turns out RVIVR was into it and Mattie from RVIVR said "Oh your column is cool" and I replied "Oh thanks your *band* is cool" and now I'm turning this column in a day late on March sixth and reading with fuckin' RVIVR in Olympia on March eighth.

I'm feeling pretty lucky right now. Pretty stoked. Music right now rules and I have a book out and I get to go on tour with my girlfriend and our dog for the next month. If I get hit by a train or some shit on this tour I'm gonna be so fucking bummed. Anyway tour dates are up at www.topsidepress.com and you can buy the book there too...actually though, by the time you're reading this the ebook will probably be done and we're going to put it up on Pirate Bay so if your computer can read a PDF or whatever, you should be able to just go download it.

I guess I love the internet?

The early Kyushu Island, Japan, punk and hardcore scene continues to be popular even outside of Japan. This is no doubt thanks to great bands like GAI, the SWANKYS and CONFUSE, which today are recognised as being just as important to the development of hardcore punk as their contemporaries in Europe and USA. But the Kyushu punk scene in the first half of the 1980s, which was largely centred in Hakata and Fukuoka, the two big cities in the nine states region, was larger than simply the aforementioned Violent Party bands (which also included bands like AGGRESSIVE DOGS, GEDON, NO CUT and a few others). There was also the band KURO, which today is a household name for punks everywhere, and their label KPP records, as well as another group of Kyushu punk bands centred on the label SS Company. These bands were called THE VIOLENCE YOUTH FLAK (or FLAK), RUIN and RED HOUSE, and have of course long been known to record collectors, but are perhaps a little less known outside of collector circles. Brutally speaking, you could argue that the SS Company bands weren't as genre defining or as important as for example GAI or CONFUSE, but that's no reason to write off these lesser known Kyushu punk bands. Of course there were other even more obscure Kyushu labels like Sex, with post-punk bands like X-Media, I'S and GIRAFFES, bands that may have been closer to performance art or the avant garde than DIY hardcore punk...

The SS Company label came out of the bands FLAK, RUIN and RED HOUSE who together arranged gigs under the name "Revolution". In the DIY mode of production used by punx worldwide, past and present, profits from Revolution Gigs were put into producing records and tapes under the SS Company label. In old Japanese underground music magazine *Doll* (Vol. 8, No. 28, 1985) there is a feature on Revolution/SS Company that reveals some of the early motives behind SS Company. By 1985, it was reckoned that the local hardcore punk scene that had started a few years earlier had begun to disintegrate as some of the older bands changed direction and new bands were more into playing heavy metal, "positive punk," Oi! and pop. "If it is just to have fun, ten it is no longer punk. We will always be about punk" someone from FLAK/ SS Company is quoted. At the Revolution Gigs heydays, any given gig would see 200-300 punx show up. "In the old days, gigs were about us being rowdy and breaking equipments". But those days were over. "Now it is more about self-expression. Not only punx come to shows, but normal people and even girls. Setting up a label will help us support all our punk bands. We want to change the current situation where punk in Hakata has gradually become exclusive. After all, punk is our life. It's pointless to kill our own scene. Punk is about being "more free". That's why we want to change things within the punk boundaries and start releasing our bands properly. First scheduled SS Company releases are tapes with FLAK, RUIN and RED HOUSE."

First tape release was FLAK, a band that looked very much like the bastard children of G.i.S.M and KURO. With a guitarist from a heavy metal background, FLAK claimed that they played "a purified metal sound with Oi! influences" setting themselves apart from hardcore which they thought had become generic with too many bands playing the same music and singing about the same things. Desiring a "burning sound," FLAK aimed to "bring out the wild side, the sub-conscious and violent impulses, and reveal the reality that everyone knows about but won't touch with straight and various styles

of punk rock". Next up was RUIN, a band that was best known locally for their ex-guitarist Sano joining the COMES, with a tape called *Too Fast to Satisfy*. And finally Red House, described in *Doll* as "old punk that is heavily influenced by the DAMNED."

Red House formed already in May 1983 and was indeed very inspired by the first wave of English punk, the SEX PISTOLS and the DAMNED in particular, which may be a little odd for a band in 1985. The temptation is to speculate how inspired they were by local bands GAI and the SWANKYS or GESS and NO CUT and the other Violent Party bands that played punk rock, as opposed to noise punk. The Red House tape, *Arm Up Boys*, is a mix of '77 punk and early second-wave punk that in places comes close to post-punk à la PiL, arguably even approaching an early pogo punk. Despite being local peers, overall, the STALIN is a better reference than the SWANKYS. At any rate Red House did not play hardcore and anyway the sound is far from noisy. I have two rips of this tape, one from my good friend Tadahiro "Tad" Shida that is from an original copy of the tape, and then another rip off the internet that sounds more like a fifth generation dub. In addition, the internet version has an intro from some war movie that even carries over into the first track, "Red Infect," with overdubs of bomb explosions; this is not on the other version I got from Tad. So in other words, there must be two versions of the Red House tape, even if the eight songs on the tape are on both versions and sound exactly the same: "Red Infect," "Greedy Economy," "Spit Face," "Sting and Sting," "Radio Tumult," "Atomic Revolt" and title song "Arm Up Boys". The four members listed on sleeve are Takahiro (vo), Hide (b, vo), Kengo (dr) and Die (g, vo). There's a live photo on the cover that reveals the bands' "old punk" influence: Takahiro is wearing a God Save the Queen t-shirt, Die is wearing a fishnet shirt à la Steve Jones and a sleeveless Hide is complete with Sid Vicious style stripy tennis wristbands. (More about the tape further down the column…)

After the first three tapes, SS Company released a tape compilation called *Hakata Punks Omnibus Tape: The End Of Your Generation* with the VIOLENCE YOUTH FLAK (aka Flak), ZOOM, CLOSE, RED HOUSE, RUIN, PISS, FRUSTRATION and REBEL. The last band, REBEL, the only band with a female punk singer, were supposed to have their own tape on SS Company, but instead the label released this compilation. Based on the often grossly misleading internet, REBEL had released a flexi already in 1983 (on a label called Out Works records) and some songs from that flexi were on *KBD Vol 3* and *Vol 33* bootleg LPs, but I think that's a different Japanese band. For what it's worth, in the *Doll* article, REBEL singer Yuki is quoted as "We aren't able to be satisfied in this world. How can you sing a normal song in this world!!? REBEL is a bunch of people with that kind of thought in their head somewhere. Our goal is to only become famous."

There were also other bands loosely associated with SS Company, such as ASTEROID who just like REBEL were scheduled to have a tape release, but they probably broke up or changed name and became ZOOM, CLOSE, PISS or FRUSTRATION, who knows? The same is probably true for DERANGE and DAMOS, two hardcore bands that probably never recorded anything (although there are some unfounded speculations about demos in collector circles), but both bands have regardless managed an obscure place in posterity thanks to photos published in *Doll* and *Blue-Jug* (and extended lifelines thanks to obscure noise-core collector wants lists). As for CLOSE, who were on the compilation, they had a impossibly rare tape called *Forever the Close…* I have also heard mentioned of two other bands called EXCLAIM and DISCLOSURE, also supposed SS Company bands…

The SS Company did a fanzine, or mail-order catalogue, which came out in 1985, called *To Punk's – SS Company – 1985 Revolution Kids*, covering FLAK, RUIN and RED HOUSE ("etc"). Actually I am not sure whether it was a separate zine or if it came with the omnibus cassette. Either way, the zine, which has someone from FLAK using his guitar as a hammer on the cover, has a two-page RED HOUSE spread, laid-out in classic 1980s ripped and torn punk fanzine style with a collage of photos of the band pasted on newspaper clips that may be taken from *Sounds* or some English music magazine (I can just about make out a few words here and there including X-RAY SPEX, the SEX PISTOLS and Anarchy in the UK). The live photos are all from a Revolution Gigs show, shows that are today perhaps best known from live photos of GAI and CONFUSE with the Revolution Gigs logo on the wall in the background. Once more the "old punk" influence is very much upfront: Guitarist and vocals Die is wearing mohair cardigan and sunglasses, vocalist Takahiro is wearing a studded bracelet, a scarf and a punk jacket with what looks like "Young Bastard of the Year" written across the front, bass player Hide wearing a beret à la Captain Sensible and is playing on a white bass guitar that looks like Sid Vicious'. An indistinct band live photo looks like it may actually be DISORDER with boobs in a sleeveless shirt instead of RED HOUSE, while another sees the crowd doing what looks like a circle pit. Finally, a group photo has the whole band lined up outside somewhere recalling the SEX PISTOLS of Gee Vaucher's CRASS rendition, and notably one of the band members is wearing a shirt with a seriously massive swastika print.

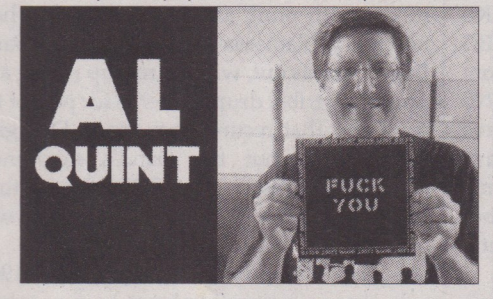
Following up on the tapes the year after, the three main SS Company bands (RUIN, FLAK AND RED HOUSE) all released flexis. In the case of RED HOUSE, they re-recorded two tracks from the demo and added two new ones. Also on the demo, the song "Greedy Economy" opens the A-side followed by "Everytime I'm Shouting" with "Lookout for the Brain" and "Atomic Revolt" (also on the demo) on the flipside. This time around Red House had a new line-up, or at any rate the singer's got a new alias: Pott (vo), Hide (b, vo), Die (g. vo) and Kengo (dr). After looking for the RED HOUSE flexi for years I finally scored a copy very cheap (from someone in Sweden selling visual kei flexis), but after first few plays I was actually a little disappointed. Based on the cover photo of the singer, who is doing his best to look like Johnny Rotten, and the fact that RED HOUSE was a contemporary to the SWANKYS, I had expected a band that sound pretty much like the SWANKYS. Instead what I got was a plain, almost generic post-punk rock band, not bouncy enough to make you wanna pogo and besides barely memorable. This was before I even knew there was a tape as well, so I had all but written off the band when I found out about the cassette. And as you should know by now, there is always a demo (in the words of Zach and Tom), and punk demos are *always* better than punk records. The same is true of the RED HOUSE tape. It's much better than the flexi! It's only after having listened to the tape over and over that I have started to appreciate the flexi. I am still quizzed as to why the flexi is so different in style to the cassette. Whether it was due to a new singer or not is impossible to say. Similar to FLAK, who had a metal guitarist, it sounds like the guitarist from RED HOUSE also came from a similar background playing heavy metal. In places the guitar leads and solos recall the type employed to great effect on POISON IDEA's masterpiece album *Feel the Darkness*, if you know what I mean. The effect is great and it sounds like a band being pulled in two different directions at the same time. Overall though, it sounds as if the RED HOUSE guitarist had to hide his guitar skills in order to play a "lesser" three-chord basic "old punk" style. The flexi is well worth getting if you find an affordable copy, but the tape is much better.

RED HOUSE might not be of interest to everyone, but I think the band fits nicely in a broad Kyushu punk and hardcore rock history, along with more popular bands like

the SWANKYS, DESPERATE CHILDREN and GESS, as well as more recent bands like the CUT or even PEOPLE. The biggest difference is perhaps that whereas the sound of those other bands are typically centred on a distinct and over-the-top vocalist, Red HOUSE's singer was more trying to sing punk with a snotty attitude like Johnny Rotten but did so without sounding very different to the original.

As for SS Company, in the 1990s the label returned with two new releases. Firstly a flexi by MISSING BURN (1991) that is probably best described as straight Japanese fast hardcore, followed by a new album by FLAK (1992), that by the looks of it may be a metal cross-over album. Around the same time, Kings World records released a CD compiling the SS Company flexis on a CD called *Broke Out Insanity* (1991, sadly it does not include the RED HOUSE flexi!).

Thanks to Sash Mori for Japanese translations and Tad for a rip of the Red House tape!



GREENY

Shortly before getting to work on this column, I found out that my "punk rock mentor" Paul Greenberg—or Greeny, as I've always called him—suffered a heart attack that required triple-bypass surgery. He's shown some improvement in recent days but has a long path to recovery ahead of him. He's been under sedation since the surgery and might need a tracheotomy.

I've written about Greeny in this space a few times, over the years. The short version is we were in the same class at Swampscott High School. We weren't close friends. I wouldn't say we were friends at all, really, but he was a DJ on the Salem State radio station WMWM when we were still in high school and was one of the first DJs I heard play punk. Hearing him play "God Save The Queen" by the SEX PISTOLS was a life-changing experience. And I still have the copy of the NERVOUS EATERS "Loretta" 7" that I won from him on his show (note: it's nowhere near as great as "Just Head."). He told me about the MIT station, WTBS (later WMBR) having this great show on Saturdays called *The Demimonde* that I should check out and that really opened my ears to an endless amount of great music.

He and I had actually gotten into some political disagreements on my F*cebook page in recent years, mainly when the health care legislation debate was going on. He was opposed to any "socialized" medicine and used to get quite irked at some of my posts, so much that he eventually deleted me. I don't want to go into it further, because there's plenty I could write that might be misconstrued. It's certainly crossed my mind that the cost of his care is astronomical and I hope he can afford it. One wonders if people who don't have insurance and have a similar type of medical episode would put off seeking medical attention and lose their lives. I'll leave it that, though. I always appreciated what he did for me and I wish him the best for a complete recovery Get well soon, Greeny!

JOE COUGHLIN, R.I.P.

I imagine a lot of you outside of Boston don't know who Joe Coughlin was—and there are probably quite a few people in the Boston punk and hardcore scenes who don't know either. Joe had battled cancer off and on for many years and finally succumbed in late February. He was a little bit older than me. I guess the best description would be scene fixture, although I imagine he was best known for his writing, mainly in local zine *The Noise*, which has been around for over 30 years and exclusively covers local music. I only had a passing acquaintance with Joe but always enjoyed reading his work. Joe's reviews, for both live shows and recordings, were unflinching and brutally honest. As a result, he regularly irked some of the thin-skinned musicians and fans in the area, who would fill *The Noise*'s letter page with complaints about how their band had been wronged, that he didn't know what he was talking about, why didn't the record get assigned to a different writer if he was going to slag it and so on. I figure if he's getting that kind of reaction, he must be doing something right since quite a few local rock performers have a tremendously over-inflated opinion of their sometimes dubious talents. I always thought his reviews were fair and if he didn't like something, he wasn't going to be anyone's friend. According to a tribute I read in the local arts mag *The Phoenix*, he described himself as *"Punk. Hippie. Nerd. Clairvoyant. Prophet. Baloney shredder."* Perfect!

Even though I didn't know Joe all that well, I imagine we had something of a similar musical education, at least when it came to certain bands. I'm sure we both came to punk around the same time. After he passed away, I was reading various tributes on the internet and Johnny Angel (who was in the Boston bands THRILLS, the BLACKJACKS and SWINGING ERUDITES) said that, besides the Beatles, his favorite bands were BLUE ÖYSTER CULT, the DICTATORS and the RAMONES and I dutifully played those three bands on my tribute I did for him on the radio show. I was (and still am) a huge BÖC. I spent the summer before my junior year of high school picking up all of the Cult's records up through *Agents of Fortune* and proceeded to spend pretty much the entire school year listening to that band. Last December, I wrote about how I devoured music magazines like *Circus* and *Creem* back then and would read about those bands and seek them out. This was pre-internet, of course, so I had to take some chances and it didn't always pay off. The first DICTATORS album I bought was their second one, *Manifest Destiny*. I'd heard their scorching cover of the STOOGES' "Search and Destroy" on the radio and read about what a hard rocking force they were. So I was kind of disappointed to find that the album didn't have much in the way of ballsiness until getting to the final trio of songs—"Science Gone Too Far," "Young, Fast & Scientific" and the aforementioned "Search and Destroy." I eventually discovered that the first and third albums, *Go Girl Crazy* and *Bloodbrothers*, were better. There was no such disappointment after reading about BÖC. Not all of their songs were pile-driving rockers but all of them quickly became personal earworms. One commonality among all three of those bands was a nod-and-a-wink cleverness or wittiness. The RAMONES weren't as dumb as some might have assumed. The DICTATORS and the Cult were both masters of humor and satire and it could be either broad-based or subtle, whether singing about the joys of wrestling, White Castle or world conquest. *Creem* had a similar vibe, especially when guided by Lester Bangs. All of those influences rubbed off on Joe and he twisted it into his own literary vision. R.I.P.

YES, I STILL DO RECORD REVIEWS

I hope you loyal readers realize that last month's column was an April Fools joke, although that email address at the end, whoneedsrecords@sonicoverload.net, is real. That issue just came out so I haven't had any feedback yet but I'm looking forward to any emails I get. In case you missed it, I said I'm out of space for vinyl and CDs and would only be reviewing digital media in the future. It was a backhanded critique of certain labels/publicists only doing "digital servicing" for review purposes. While I do play some mp3s on the radio show, I refuse to review them in this column or on my blog. Read between the lines in the last column and you'll get a handle on why.

So, moving right along, there are the two latest releases on Sorry State, the self-

titled album by BROKEN PRAYER and ROUGH KIDS' *The State I'm In*. After all these years, it's tough to find an innovative, fresh approach to hardcore and BROKEN PRAYER has achieved just that. This Chicago band, with members of CIVIC PROGRESS, CARDIAC ARREST, DAYLIGHT ROBBERY, LIBYANS and others, have a relentless sound with a chaotic nature similar to DOUBLE NEGATIVE, at times, but they take other turns, as well. For one thing, in addition to the standard guitar/bass/drums setup, they have synth as part of the sound, which is mainly used as an atmospheric element and it's often buried in the mix. But, in addition to the faster material, they have darker, doomier, cold wave touches on "What Did You Expect," "Settle for Less" and a few others—on those songs, the synth has a slightly more prominent role and actual melodies emerge from the fray. What a fray, though—and vocalist Scott Plant sounds mighty pissed off, beginning with the opening salvo, *"Sick of the scum on this planet."* That pretty much sums up the world view—pure, unmitigated bile, largely borne from alienation. It's early in the year but this is one of the better records I've heard so far in 2013.

Meanwhile, the ROUGH KIDS' oeuvre is snappy'n'sharp pop/punk/rock. It has the same sort of vibe as RED DONS, MARKED MEN and even the BOYS, with the piano plinking on some of the songs, especially "Cyanide." "This Techonology" even segues from a STONES-ish intro into irresistibly catchy terrain. There's lots of that here--irresistible catchiness, I mean. Even though this is on Sorry State, it sounds like quite a few of the bands on Dirtnap. Big ol' hooks, strong harmonies and tight arrangements make this quite enjoyable. (www.sorrystaterecords.com)

Getting back to the hardcore, GREEN BERET is a collaboration between Matt Smith (SOCIAL CIRCKLE) and Ryan Abbott (SOCIAL CIRCKLE, CONFINES, BLOODY GEARS, NO TOLERANCE and others) and they play all the instruments on their *Violence is Their Currency* 12", although they have a live lineup for their sporadic shows. They rip out short, succinct blasts of hardcore inspired by DISCHARGE and the VARUKERS, along with such Swedish purveyors of this sound as TOTALITÄR. In other words, it's loud and thumping fodder delivered at a mainly fast clip, although they occasionally slow it down to a galloping tempo. As I always say, it's a well-worn approach and only a handful of bands really get it right. These gentlemen fall into that group. Blazing. (Side Two, 6 Wadleigh Place, Boston, MA 02127, www.side-two.com)

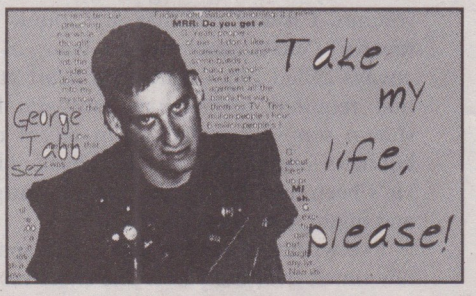
I recently reviewed HASSLER's 7" on Schizophrenic in this space and now there's a follow-up, *Amorality*, on Beach Impediment records. Once again, you get unfettered hardcore rage. That means gutteral vocals and a full-bore old school attack, with a hint of POISON IDEA in the mix. About five years ago, the underrated west coast band NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE had something of a similar vibe, especially on their song "Control," where their vocalist Jeff bellowed *"get the FUCK out of my way!"* Sounds like a good idea when this pain train is coming at you. (Beach Impedimednt, www.beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com)

Land of Nod is a compilation that is subtitled *Atlanta Punk & Hardcore Omnibus* and it's a collection of high-energy bands put out by Greg (GG) King and Ryan Bell, both of whom have played in a number of bands over the years. While there are few completely mind-blowing moments, just about every band on this comp has something worthwhile to offer, except for the noisy grind of GOD'S BALLS. But there's quality hardcore from Ryan's now-former band BUKKAKE BOYS, GG KING, MANIC and SHAVED CHRIST (with a couple of guys from AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER). WYMYNS PRYSYN, ACID FREAKS and GHB have a darker punk sound, while VINCAS have a harder-rocking Detroit approach. Some compilations suffer from inconsistency but that's not the case here. (Scavenger of Death, scavengerofdeathrecords.blogspot.com)

Finnish label Ektro records have a pair of interesting recent releases. The first is an archival offering from DC band MISSION OF CHRIST entitled *The Complete Sessions*. There were what could be called "outsider" bands that were tangentially related to the legendary HarDCore scene in the '80s but never fit in with those bands. In fact, it might be more accurate to say they never wanted to be part of that as it was. NO TREND was one of them, UNITED MUTATION to a lesser extent and then there was this band. They only released one 7" during their existence, on their pals NO TREND's label and that was taken from their "2 *Jews, a Black, a Woman and a Cripple"* demo (that comes from a rather unfortunate statement by Reagan-era interior secretary James Watt). There was also a second batch of recordings with a revamped lineup that was never released. All of that output is included on this disc. MISSION FOR CHRIST didn't follow a set formula—even the hardcore songs had an artier twist and it seemed rather tongue-in-cheek. So, along with thrashers like "Psycho," "Poseur" and "Stay the Course," there's the funkier "Pennies from Hell" (one of the tracks for the single--the other was the dub version that follows it), the PIL-ish vibe of "Blunt Instrument" and the abrasive drone of "Nancy Reagan," which might be sincere, taking the piss or both. Not a 100% success rate by any rate. Except for "Blunt Instrument," the other songs by the later lineup are dispensable and some of it sounds almost like make-it-up-as-you-go-along. It depends on how much art you can take (ouch!). I can take some, I can leave some.

For something of more recent vintage, there's SOKEA PISTE's second album *Väliksi*. If you're looking for uplifting sounds, search elsewhere because, if you read the English translations of the songs, it paints quite the bleak picture. The ravages of a "market-based" economy and how it results in not viewing those victimized by such systems as human beings. And that's just on the first song although it's a running theme throughout this album. "Dark" is an overused term for musical descriptions but the musical mood is certainly overcast. SOKEA PISTE don't choose to create a moribund ambiance, though. Strong and sturdy songs with a KILLING JOKE-ish flair mixed with punk and hardcore flair where necessary. "Samassa Veneessä" ("In the Same Boat") stands out, with a fired-up riffing and pounding tribal drum patterns for part of the song and that recurs throughout. Dragging on occasion but this band's moodiness is mainly an asset. The CD tacks on their first album and 7", as well. (Ektro, www.ektrorecords.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net, www.subvox.blogspot.com



"Sorry we're late," I said to the Houghton-Mifflin chick and her lawyer, as we entered the conference room dripping wet, "we couldn't find a fucking place to park."

"Yes," said the Houghton-Mifflin chick, "It's very difficult to park here in Boston. Glad you could make it."

But she wasn't. In fact, I'd wager that she was very, very unhappy to see us. We were the thorn in her lions paw. Davey to her Goliath. Hell, I'd venture to say we were a razor sharp kirby. And I bet her ass was hurting just about now.

The fact that we were now facing the third or fourth lawyer they hired for the case was proof. It seemed no one wanted to stick with

this case. Well, except for us. And the case is very, very simple.

It goes like this. I applied to the patent and trademark office for the word mark "Furious George." The reason? So other bands would have to stop using a name I thought of first, and I heard a movie of the same name was being made. Then Houghton-Mifflin objects to my trademark of the word mark, saying that my use of their trade dress (red and yellow colors) plus my use of "a monkey" destroys the "wholesomeness" of Curious George. Then they go and file a huge motion for summary judgment saying I'm destroying their poor little trademark, and profiting from their multi-million-dollar-a-year enterprise. To date, Furious George is in the hole for about ten grand. And that's with *no* legal expenses. Just regular punk rock band shit.

So that's the case. Houghton-Mifflin Vs. George Tabb. They are seeking to destroy my word mark trademark. Now, remember, I said "word mark" trademark. I am in no way trying to register a monkey or any colors. Just the words "Furious George." Two words. And the word "Furious" is different than "Curious". So what if there are monkeys and special colors on past Furious George records. It's got *nothing* to do with the "word mark", Furious George. *nothing*. Something Houghton-Mifflin should have thought about before they began spending all this money "defending" their pussy monkey books.

Anyway, the deposition begins, and Andy starts asking all these questions that seem stupid to Ms. Houghton-Mifflin, who is the Vice President in Charge of Special Marketing-blahblahblah. The more stuff he asks, the more she sighs, and answers him like he's an idiot.

But take it from me, Andy Krents is no idiot. And neither was Columbo. The strategy they both employed was the "rope" one. The one that says, if you give them enough, they'll swing from it.

So Andy gave them plenty.

And the Bitches of Beastdick ate it up.

I really can't go into all the details, as I'm not a lawyer and don't know what I can and can't legally say about the deposition, but I can tell you that both women had were too pretty to be defending something so ugly. Or would turn ugly.

At the end of the hearing, after a steady stream of questions that lasted over two hours, Andy finally got to that "One more thing" part. And he said it just like Columbo.

When they asked what it was, Andy asked them to re-read my trademark application. The same application Ms. Houghton-Mifflin, the Vice President in Charge of Special Marketing-yadayadablowjob told us she couldn't read earlier, because, "I'm not a lawyer," to which Andy responded "neither is my client, he's a punk rocker, yet he managed to fill it out".

Ms. Ho re-read the thing. Andy asked her, from what she read on the trademark application, what his client was seeking to register.

And she had to answer it. Answer what was circled as plain as day on the form. What I've been yelling about for years now, and her fucking stupid monkey-spanking corporation has been fighting me on with all their might.

She had to answer that I was seeking the *word mark* only.

And since it is *only* the word mark, no monkey, no trade-dress, the likelihood of confusion issue, which they have been pushing all along, really does come down to the letter "F" and the letter "C".

With another great Columbo accent, Andy said "Thank you very much," then packed up his briefcase and left the room with the noose dangling just low enough for the chicks to slip around their necks. Instead, they followed him out of the door.

As I packed up my stuff into my "Um Lammer Jammy" back-pack, I asked the old lady court-reporter what she thought of the whole thing.

"Very entertaining," she said as she smiled uncontrollably.

I reached into my pocket and gave her a Furious George sticker.

"Oh, my, grandchildren will love this," she told me.

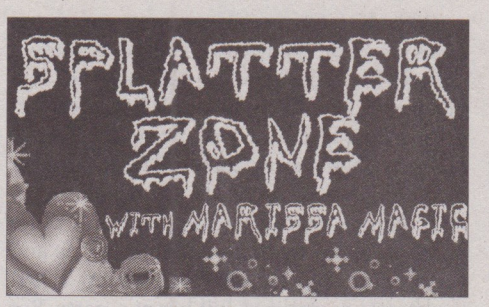
"Really?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said with a widening smile, "and they'd probably like you too, Mr. Furious. And that's with an "F"."

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. My pal in Mohawk Barbie sent me a couple of their CDs, "Deadaduh" and "Doomsday Culture" and they are as I suspected. Real, honest to God, early hardcore, complete with the roaring guitars and vocals about everything from spitting on graves to, well, doomsday. Lots of fun for the whole family.
2. Speaking of honest to God early hardcore, see if you can find some tracks by Floriduh's "Hated Youth". To this day, I've never heard a band play faster or more angry. And be that clever. All in under fifteen seconds.
3. I think it's been almost ten years since my pal, Johnny Ramone, passed away. He is really missed and very imitated. Even if the people who are imitating him now have no idea where they got those moves from. Every punk rocker should see "Rock'n'Roll High School" to learn where it all came from. And be grateful. Punk Rock.



I woke up the other morning at seven-thirty and I was wide awake. I got out of bed and got stoned and listened to Dinosaur Jr. and danced around my room, head down, feet shuffle. My sister would be by to pick me up in an hour or two. I got hungry and I got sad for a fleeting moment about not having any food but I went to the kitchen anyway to scrounge up some coffee, there was a box of some kind of candy type cereal, the kind that was forbidden in the house I grew up in. But the cereal! Two bowls. I had been up until three the night before. I felt alive with inspiration and creativity and ready to conquer the world and knew it was probably a manic episode and that I might not sleep for the next couple days, but I would probably get a lot done because the manic tends to be coupled with insane productivity.

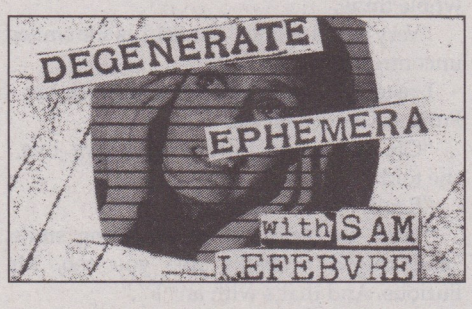
I was never one to go on shopping sprees or do anything reallly wild or dangerous, or see things during an episode, and to get technical it's actually just hypomania, which you can think of as mania lite. For me I usually just end up mainly talking a lot and really fast, thinking a lot and really fast, being washed over and deep into epiphanies, getting a lot of shit done, possibly even cleaning my room thoroughly, not really sleeping and an intense need to party party party. So I was standing in the kitchen wolfing this cereal humming to myself and I wondered how I got there. Sometimes these episodes hit me out of nowhere and sometimes it's connected to the real world. Could it have been the excellent show I played the night before? It was Wet Drag's first show, and the detached garage was jam packed with buddies and the music is high energy and maybe goofy at times and everyone cheered. It had been a first show with a new band for all three of us in at least two years, but for some maybe more like five or six. It was so fun! I got a ride home, tumbling drunk in the backseat, receiving and sending flirty texts from a crush. I got home and my roommate said this guy I think is cute was asking about me, and then I ate this really good pizza, I went in my room and listened to some records. So then I thought, was it just a really good night? And I wonder if I really am bipolar or just intense or maybe even simply dramatic. Or just delusional about what it feels like to feel.

When I left Olympia I was pretty convinced I was crazy, or, if anything, everyone in town thought I was crazy. A few years earlier I had broken up with this guy and it had been real grizzly and I kind of lost my mind. Lots of obsessive behavior (phone calls, etc.), crying in public, maybe a couple screaming fights. And then he started sleeping with this other girl who was even more nuts than I was and she told people (i.e. half the town) I had threatened to stab and kill her at a party. But really I was kind of agoraphobic and maybe a little suicidal. It was at this point in life where the majority of my time was spent sleeping on a fold out couch in the living room of a three bedroom house that everyone had moved out of. I had a bedroom that I never went into. Every day I would watch either *Steel Magnolias*, *Little Women*, *Fried Green Tomatoes* or *Thelma and Louise*. In *Steel Magnolias* I never really cared about when the Julia Roberts character dies, she was always kind of irritating to me. The part I find heart wrenching is when Sally Field breaks down in the graveyard. Because it's like watching your friend in so much pain and there isn't much you can do and that pain is so true. And she just keeps screaming "I wanna know why" and obviously I've never outlived a child but that base feeling, the feeling so terrible and all you can think is why? *Why*?

But after six months of only leaving the house when I went to work I went back on anti-depressants. Whatever, I know there is a whole fucking echelon of people who believe that anti-depressants are just a money-making conspiracy for pharmaceutical companies, and really fuck you. I had panic attacks when I went grocery shopping. I cried everyday. I had pretty much lost the ability to take care of myself. Not trying to tug at heartstrings here, I'm just saying I was deep in a hole that I was getting deeper into and I needed a fucking hand out. I would go days without speaking, months with little to no physical human contact.

I went back on anti-depressants and suddenly started hanging out again and surprisingly enough I think I got really popular. I suddenly felt OK and was on top of the world and talking was easy. And I drank so much. I moved into a new house with new people. I set up a lot of shows. I had a best friend and we had sleepovers most nights. I drank so much. I fucked a lot of people. I had another best friend, and there were a couple times where, I shit you not, we would walk into parties and literally everyone would cheer. For as far as I know it was the first and most likely the only time in my life where I was the life of the party. It could happen, I could do it. My mom said as a baby I'd always wake up smiling. I think I was pretty alright until about twelve or thirteen. Around then I got real depressed. Didn't really have any friends. I stayed in my room. I listened to a lot of Depeche Mode and Babes in Toyland. I got really into photography. I got really into cutting. I got really into writing in my diary. I got teased a good amount but I feel like that is a pretty universal thing. Bad anxiety. But I feel like being a teenage girl is a pretty horrid experience in general. I went on antidepressants for the first time when I was nineteen. That helped but I only stayed on them for about a year and then weaned myself off. Whatever. Gnarly sexual side effects, I didn't come for like a year.

But I didn't get the bipolar diagnosis until I was like twenty-nine or something. Once I got that I got on mood stabilizers. I'm still taking them. No shit sexual side effects. They shorten your manic and depressive episodes and make the time in between them longer. Which sucks in a way because sometimes I'll just end up with months of blah. The blahs are the worst, worse than the depression. At least when I'm depressed I feel things, I spend time crying a lot or being upset. Blah is just blah. It's absolutely nothing. But the mania is the best, I mean for me it is. And then sometimes it's not hypomanic or depressed or blah, it's just racing thoughts of total hatred, of anger and cynicism. But everything that happens I know it will pass at some point.



I'm interested in how musicians perceive what's written about them. Clearly, writers tend to project what they want to hear upon music. In some instances, bands laugh hysterically or grimace when they read some critical assessment of their work, even when it's positive. Some music lends itself to misinterpretation more readily than other, though. Take minimal synthesizer music or harsh noise, for instance. It's the vagueness of music like that, or what Robert Christgau calls blankness in this illuminating quote, that empowers consumers and critics: "The blanker music is the more you can project on it—the more listeners (and also professional interpreters) can bend it to their own whimsies, fantasies, needs."

For *MRR* readers, blankness functions differently between punk and hardcore. Hardcore, being more direct and assertive than punk, is more difficult for listeners to extract their own meaning from. There isn't enough time allotted in a track, or dynamics and subtlety in the delivery for its intention to be ambiguous. Hardcore makes its sentiments crystal clear. Because of that, it's difficult to write interestingly about. The clarity and brevity deflects heavy-handed interpretation or speculation. Because of that, I admire the few who consistently write about the style well.

Punk, on the other hand, is blanker. The style is fraught with cheekiness, irony and sarcasm. Its significance often comes veiled in its opposite, or it taunts the listener to think so. Relative to hardcore, punk's intentions are labyrinthine. This encourages listeners and critics to project, speculate and appropriate punk songs for their own ends. In that respect, it's easier to write about than hardcore.

Such differentiations are beside the main point of this column, though. With an interest in how musicians perceive what's written about them, I wrote the following tidbit of an article about a San Francisco punk trio called Scrapers. By the time of this publishing, I will have delivered a printed copy of the following article to each member of the band, along with a red pen, and encouraged each member to essentially "edit" the piece. As in, urged each member of Scrapers to critique, belittle or alter the following piece written about them. Then, I will present (probably in *Degenerate*) the original article alongside the three raw "edited" versions of the piece as an exposed anatomy of band/music writer dynamics, or at least that's the idea.

Really, I just want you all to know about Scrapers.

In a sub-basement at 16th and Mission there's a meat-locker at the end of a hall. Its exterior is adorned in a garish mess of flyers and dirt congealed by industrial chemicals. Yank it open and Scrapers are rehearsing. It's the kind of space used in another era but appropriated at its moment of obsolescence by creative-types before opportunist developers sink their teeth in. The downstairs descent is unnerving, cell-phones don't work behind the steel door and it's at the crux of public transportation. In other words, it's impossible to imagine Scrapers practicing anywhere else.

Vocalist Billy Schmidt conjures absurdist imagery above Scrapers' rudimentary thump to grapple with simultaneous terror and amazement at modern San Francisco. His harsh monotony is tempered by cheekiness. It's as if his bewilderment is too acute to face with austerity, so he injects facetiousness into the surreal narratives of liquid lips, Haight St. hypocrites and self-loathing. As of now, Scrapers' sole release is a demo. Schmidt's vocals are mixed prominently so that every line of reflexive resentment and malodorous imagery is easily audible. Obscuring Schmidt's vocal clarity on future releases would be a

crime against art and punk treason.

Scrapers are a trio so scrappy, whose punk is so devolved, that the rubble of each song's collapse is crystallized. The ramshackle instrumentation achieves transubstantiation. Scrapers' performances transcend the mere sum of their parts. With Schmidt's prophetic screeds from a stained bus seat above the transcendent clamor, Scrapers' demo is fully realized.

While bands form incessantly on the praxis of comingling styles in original ways or capitalizing on trending tropes, Scrapers formed around phrases. As Chelsea recalls, "it started with, 'would you like a bite of my face?'"

1. If the potential gain for involvement with major press outlets and non-autonomous record labels is so much less than what it once was, why do groups continue to seek it? A DIY practice is more effective than ever. The tools and networks for recording, record-releasing, touring and promotion are more accessible to an artist than ever. So, why are groups more eager than ever to outsource all of these aspects of running a band to exploitative agencies?

2. Two columns ago, I published a portion of an essay and wrote at the end that it was unfinished and unedited. In hindsight, this declaration at the end seems pretty chicken-shit. I apologize for typing that lame preemptive deflection of criticism. It wasn't criticized that much, but I should own what I send to print or leave it at home.

3. Write me at degeneratezine@gmail.com or Sam Lefebvre // PO Box 3272 // Berkeley CA 94703, but preferably the latter although the two work well in conjunction with one another. I'm not a Luddite, just sentimental.

4. Suss out the malodorous post-punk hype and iterate your manifesto in *print.*

Where were you in 82?

In February, 1982, Youth Brigade, TSOL, The Adolescents, Wasted Youth, Social Distortion, and the Blades played at the Hollywood Bowl, a show produced by Better Youth Organization. Close to 4,000 people attended. At times, there were three distinct pits going; a regular hardcore punk pit, a skinhead pit, and a Suicidal Tendencies pit. The bandana-wearing Suicidal punks were particularly aggro, both in the show and on the streets afterwards, getting drunk, doing drugs, creating mayhem, causing violence. As transient and prone to petty crime as these crews of Suicidals were, the LAPD considered them extreme pains in the ass, more so than the hardcore punk groups and on a par with the skinhead gangs of the day.

Not that the police had officially designated any of these groupings as street gangs per se, equivalent to the Crips or the Bloods. Thanks to Rodney Bingenheimer, whose LA radio show "Rodney on the ROQ" popularized punk rock throughout southern California, punk was huge by 1982, indeed international, with many millions of fans. Punk had penetrated everywhere; musically, philosophically, artistically/aesthetically, literarily, socially, etc. By the end of the 1970s and the early 1980s, the skinhead subculture had taken a turn towards white power, as well as towards gang-style organizing, which earned it the attention of various law enforcement agencies, among them the FBI. In turn, the punk counterculture had responses of its own—to excessive drug use within punk and to racist skinheads on the periphery of punk. In Boston, musician and filmmaker Elgin James formed a hardcore punk crew dedicated to two principles; anti-drug straightedge preaching and kicking racist skinhead and neo-Nazi ass out of the punk scene. Called, alternately, "Friends Stand United" or "Forever Stand United," this group was commonly known as "Fuck Shit Up." FSU for short. FSU provided a zealous following that established chapters across the United States, Canada and northeast England around the charismatic leadership of James, a quintessential gang structure that lead the FBI to officially declare FSU a street gang. This was all temporary and short-lived. FSU splintered, then disintegrated, and James was arrested, then imprisoned. The 1980s youth rebellion was not quite as expansive as in the 1960s, but it was impressive nevertheless, incapable of being limited by the powers-that-be with declarations of illegality.

In NYC during the 1960s, the Dada-inspired, but ephemeral anarchist affinity group Up Against The Wall, Motherfucker (UATW/MF) described itself as a "street gang with analysis." Concurrently, the more substantial Puerto Rican Young Lords street gang got Leninist politics to become the Young Lords Party, promptly to be hounded by the FBI and its CoIntelPro. NWA (Niggaz Wit Attitudes), a Compton, LA hip hop/rap group, received a letter from the FBI in 1988 essentially advising the group to cease and desist by warning that "advocating violence and assault is wrong and we in the law enforcement community take exception to such action." Gangsta rap developed a complicated relationship with various street gangs, not to mention the FBI, at the time. The FBI has taken all of this to entirely new levels of fascism. And I do not use the term "fascism" here lightly.

A sub subgenre of hip hop/rap formed around the white duo of Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope calling itself the Insane Clown Posse in the late 1980s. Along with other musical acts associated with the Psychopathic Record label, this style of rock music, also termed rap rock or horror rap, had managed to garner over a million dedicated followers without earning any radio airplay whatsoever. In 2011, the FBI's National Gang Intelligence Center published a report entitled "National Gang Threat Assessment," subtitled "Emerging Trends." In that document, the FBI identified the followers of the Insane Clown Posse as a "loosely-organized hybrid gang." These youngsters, and they are mostly youngsters, dress up in clown makeup, carry around toy hatchets, and call themselves Juggalos (or Juggalettes if female) or, generically, ninjaz. It is crucial to get the flavor of the FBI's indictment by innuendo here, so I'm going to quote the section of the report on Juggalos in full:

Juggalos

*The Juggalos, a loosely-organized hybrid gang, are rapidly expanding into many US communities. Although recognized as a gang in only four states, many Juggalos subsets exhibit gang-like behavior and engage in criminal activity and violence. Law enforcement officials in at least 21 states have identified criminal Juggalo sub-sets, according to NGiC reporting.**

• NGiC reporting indicates that Juggalo gangs are expanding in New Mexico primarily because they are attracted to the tribal and cultural traditions of the Native Americans residing nearby.

Most crimes committed by Juggalos are sporadic, disorganized, individualistic, and often involve simple assault, personal drug use and possession, petty theft, and vandalism. However, open source reporting suggests that a small number of Juggalos are forming more organized subsets and engaging in more gang-like criminal activity, such as felony assaults, thefts, robberies, and drug sales. Social networking websites are a popular conveyance for Juggalo sub-culture to communicate and expand.

• In January 2011, a suspected Juggalo member shot and wounded a couple in King County, Washington, according to open source reporting.

Juggalos' disorganization and lack of structure within their groups, coupled with their transient nature, makes it difficult to classify them and identify their members and migration patterns. Many criminal Juggalo sub-sets are comprised of transient or homeless individuals, according to law enforcement reporting. Most Juggalo criminal groups are not motivated to migrate based upon traditional needs of a gang. However, law enforcement reporting suggests that Juggalo criminal activity has increased over the past several years and has expanded to several other states. Transient, criminal Juggalo groups pose a threat to communities due to the potential for violence, drug use/sales, and their general destructive and violent nature.

- *In January 2010, two suspected Juggalo associates were charged with beating and robbing an elderly homeless man.*

**Juggalos are traditionally fans of the musical group the Insane Clown Posse. Arizona, California, Pennsylvania, and Utah are the only US states that recognize Juggalos as a gang.*

Now, I need to make it perfectly clear, to restate Richard Nixon, that I consider the whole Insane Clown Posse's slasher shtick idiotic, its lumpen lifestyle degenerate, its type of music stupid in the extreme, its childish spirituality asinine, and so on. Yet, to indict the Juggalos as a street gang, as the FBI does on the flimsiest of evidence in its report, is a terrifying abuse of federal power and authority. On the trumped up evidence presented by the FBI quoted above, virtually anyone associated with the 1960s hippie and the 1980s punk countercultures would be accused of, and no doubt convicted of, being in a street gang. And so Violent J is correct to contend that it is the first time in the history of music in general and rocknroll in particular that the followers of a type of rock music, those who listen to a specific kind of music, have been declared members of a gang, thus criminalizing them for what they listen to, what they wear, what tattoos they get, thus attempting to eliminate the Insane Clown Posse, Psychopathic Records, and their Juggalo fans.

The Insane Clown Posse has taken the step of filing a lawsuit against the FBI for withholding information as to why it put Juggalos on the National Gang Threat Assessment list in 2011. In addition, ICP has formed a legal defense fund at JuggalosFightBack.com where fans can get legal help for free against FBI and law enforcement harassment. I urge all of you reading this to support their efforts, no matter how inane you think the ICP and its music are. Further, I recommend that you push civil liberties organizations like the ACLU to get involved on behalf of the ICP against the FBI. Finally, I hope you as punks stand up for your own rights against the FBI and the cops in this time of increased police militarization and federal encroachment. To paraphrase the famous Martin-Niemöller quote, and thereby somewhat mangle its spirit in the process:

First they came for the Juggalos, and I didn't speak out because I wasn't a Juggalo...

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, End Time, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called Fim in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

This month you get, a short column about the Post Office. The Post Office is one of the least punk things I can think of, on the surface at least. But for decades the US mail has been an integral part of our subcultural landscape. Primarily in shipping zines and records across said landscape. Granted, now most of the information that used to travel by mail (zines, flyers, pen pal letters) now is online, but for those of us still reading zines and listening to vinyl, the post office is a mundane but necessary part of daily life.

To go back to the beginning, the founders of the republic decided that the country needed a post office run by the central government. For years the post office has been part of the infrastructure of the country just like the highways. There have been challenges to the postal monopoly in the past. In fact, the Massachusetts Anarchist Lysander Spooner set up a rival postal company to compete with the USPS in the 1840s, but was shut down by the US Government. Despite competition from FedEX, UPS and other carriers, the USPS is still the only game in town for letters. Furthermore, the way the USPS pricing is structured, it remains the primary option for most people shipping records both inside the USA an overseas.

The USPS recently raised its rates. The new rates only went up a small percentage for domestic mail, but the rates for shipping outside the USA went up dramatically. I think it's important to point this to readers outside the USA and clarify some of the changes. The hardest hit was Canada. Canada has long enjoyed rates that are more than domestic US rates, but less than shipping to Europe or Japan. Now the Canadian rates are up to what it used to cost to ship to Europe It now costs something like $10 to mail and LP and 8$ to mail a 7" to Canada. This is a big blow to a lot of US labels and distros. Canadians buy a disproportionately large number of records from US labels and distros. I'm not sure why this is, some say because the economy there is better, some say because there are fewer Canadian distributors to buy from. Also prices to Europe and the rest of the world have gone up, especially on smaller parcels. In fact, once a parcel reaches 13 pounds the rates are the same or even a few cents lower than they were before the January increase. However, for smaller parcels the rates are now almost prohibitively high, that is to say it costs much more to ship a record than most records are priced at. The rates are now something like $12 to ship a 7" and $15 to ship one LP. This is a killer for small labels and distros, especially those pushing just one new 7" (as opposed to a distro with a large selection from which to make a larger more efficient order). From talking to labels and distros, foreign orders are way down. Some of this business may come back once the shock wears off. But for a lot of foreign buyers, they are now only going to order a single 7" if it's one they just gotta have because the shipping is invariably going to be great than the cost of the 7".

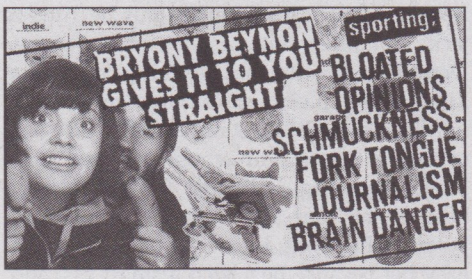
Some suggested strategies have been trying to get more people together to make larger orders to economize on shipping. Ideally, foreign distributors would be ordering releases from US labels in bulk and thereby spreading the shipping costs over a larger number of records. However, not many overseas distributors are ordering much from the US at present, and I doubt that sales are going to increase to make up for the loss of mail orders due to the postal rates. More likely people will just buy fewer imports and US labels will send fewer records overseas. While the increased postage rates will probably not have much effect on the eBay seller dealing in $200 rare 7"s, I think it's really going to hit the small labels with a few releases. I think there's something of a psychological threshold you have to cross when the cost of the shipping is greater than the price of the record. And people are only going to cross that threshold for the most illest of records.

For shipping records, the US Post is still the best deal. Inside the USA the Media Mail rate cannot be beat. One of the important things to note about the USPS is that since it is part of the US Government, vested interests can lobby congress to get special treatment. Junk mailers basically get to write the rules for the post office and get super special low rates

and service. Lucky for us, book and record companies also lobbied to get a special low rate, vinyl records and CDs (as well as videos and books without paid advertising) can still be shipped by Media Mail inside the USA. It's slower, but the price cannot be beat, about 3$ to ship and LP. For mailing large parcels of records it's still cheaper than UPS or FedEx, although you have to pack it up really good, because the USPS is incredibly brutal. The USPS also loses or destroys about 1 out of every 100 or so parcels most of the time. Around the Christmas season, that's probably closer to 1 out of 50. Still, the love hate relationship continues. There has been a lot of talk of the USPS eliminating media mail. When and if this happens, the domestic rates will be as proportionately prohibitive as the overseas rates, as everything over 13 oz is going to be Priority Mail which is pretty expensive and would jack up shipping one LP to about $6.

For shipping overseas, again, UPS and FEDEX, though more reliable are much more expensive. If you live near a big airport, Airfreight might be an option for really big parcels (like 50 pounds or more) With air-freight you generally pay about $150 in paperwork and processing fees, and then a comparatively low rate per pound afterwards. However, the recipient usually has to pick it up at the airport and sometimes there is a hassle with customs and import taxes. This makes it mostly suited for big record deals between labels and distributors involved many hundreds of records. Some years ago there was an "economy" or surface rate for shipping overseas. This was eliminated about 8 years ago. Such a rate still exists in some countries and a lot of foreign customers can't understand why the shipping costs are so high and "why can't you ship it economy rate." When the USPS eliminated the surface option, exports dropped dramatically for a lot of labels, those rate increases helped kill off a lot of the DIY trading that was going on in the 1990s and early '00s and helped advance the monetization of punk records that was already underway.

Back to where we began, a lot of people feel that the mail is an integral part of the economic infrastructure of the country. They argue that it's better for the government to provide this service that private business. There is another side that argues that post office is some kind of socialist relic and the post office should be sold off to FedEx and UPS and run more like a modern business than a government bureaucracy. While this does have some appeal on the surface, it would probably also lead to drastic reductions in the already low quality of service and complete destruction of what morale actually exits inside the USPS as the workers pay and benefits are cut. The post office is currently in big financial trouble, part of this is due to a fall in mail volume. But much of it is because of a law passed a few years ago which required it to fund its pension program many years in advance. No other part of the federal government has this pension funding rule. Critics argue, that this is a scheme to bankrupt the USPS with the dual purpose of breaking the union (one the largest, if not the largest, remaining unionized work forces in America) and allowing the USPS to be bought out by its competitors. Some people argue that the USPS just needs to modernize like many European postal services have done, improving service and adding more services. Personally, I would rather the USPS just do the one job it's supposed to do properly and not add any more "services." I don't have a good solution, but I do know that the current situation is bad and looks to get worse... I hope this column has helped, especially readers overseas, understand our fucked up postal situation.



Sometimes things move fast and you can only reflect on what happened from a reasonable distance. It's a Friday night in March and I'm drinking alcoholic ginger beer, wedged between a newly-fixed radiator (long, long winter, cold is like a bedsore inside my bones) and an ailing record player, spinning that Rip Off records compilation to buoy my mood, and reflecting hard on a crazy week.

Maybe you live in Ohio or Peru, but welcome yourself, for a moment, to Britain. The British establishment clutches at rotten straws, trousers, piss-soaked and drooping around golden ankles, mouth agog, eyes shifting. Newspaper lies and dead girls and public outrage that has to be imagined by the media, a populace so used to the rotating cesspit above their heads that another splash of bullshit raining down barely even registers. Layers of peeling inquiries, vomit flecked, bile on demand from the tabloids, endless inquiries and committees set up quickly to "learn lessons" from scandal after scandal. Another nameless death in custody, another rapist politician, comedian, priest. Another gagged whistleblower, another brutalised teenage protester. This is an island hurling from the motion sickness, green-gilled from an endless carousel of redevelop/restage/renege.

We are as fucked as we've ever been on this merry olde island, and nowhere more so than in the field of housing and public space. Buildings begin to spin, too, their fasciae blurring into scaffold and hi-vis, spinning again into glass and girders. Not for you, though. Social housing as a right has paled to a laughable anachronism, the term "communities" rears its head now only in marketing brochures for luxury "apartments" where once there were flats. The project of breaking up the post-war social housing initiative is decades old, you could blame it on Thatcher and you wouldn't be far wrong. The twists and turns in that story are long and winding. Of course, the amount of social housing Britain has as a percentage of overall housing stock is high when compared to other European countries, but to bear witness to this calculated decimation of our proud, imperfect history of utopian housing plans, watching bricks being slowly pilfered by property millionaires until they fabricate a decent excuse to raze the blighted estate and build gleaming, locked towers, well, it wounds all the more. I have been reading. I have been drinking.

For the purpose of tonight's reflection and indeed most of my brain space where punk and the politics of space are concerned, for me it all comes back to the squat. The Squat. The Idea. So much of the most potent and uncompromising germs of the punk rock imaginary (and what is that if not a germ itself, rippling contagions of discontent meet possibility) emanated directly from The Squat. Unfurling like wild flowers. (As an aside: my relationship to squats has always been extremely romantic, probably because the only one I ever lived in was transferred into hands of those who squatted it in 1978—back when those kinds of miracles still happened—and was suitably bougie as a result.)

What now, then, for the sound of an enormous door, open wide, creaking hinges singing in the depths of our neo-liberal nightmare? Open door. What does it mean? Space is still the battlefield. Yet squatting has never had the wider social acknowledgement that it has had across Europe, where many now well-funded youth centres began life as occupied space. The idea of the commune, and thus its property portfolio, has always held a certain weight in European public life, even in the minds of politicians. (Of course, this continuum has abruptly stopped in places like Holland, which has now criminalised squatting.)

Although you can trace this secret history of communal UK squats and social spaces through fliers and social history archives, it

has been a more marginal concern in the UK for many years, as more people went under the radar to protect their insecure living situations as a first priority. So, the visible squatted space is increasingly rare, and that's even just in the last five years since I moved to London and began putting on gigs in squats. This is owing to a booming private security sector and the fact that there were plenty of laws already in place that protected the hordes of vulnerable landlords looking to protect their investments, while carelessly forgetting where they left their property portfolio.

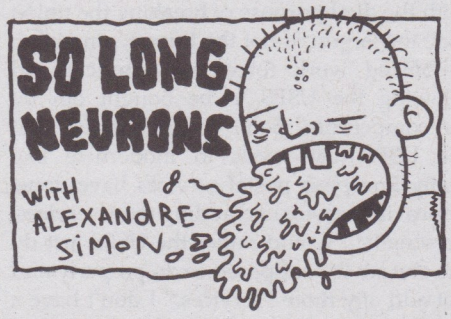
In spite of all this, last summer, the government voted to criminalise the squatting of residential properties. Four days ago, this policy claimed its first life. A homeless 35-year-old man, Daniel Gauntlett, froze to death on the steps of an empty, unoccupied bungalow, too scared to re-enter on fear of arrest.

After some time putting on gigs in "unusual spaces" and committing to autonomous spaces as the dreamiest place to see bands, to play, to be, I initiated a project with some friends, to start something permanent along these lines, which I have written about in this column before. DIY Space for London has been raising money to get a lease on a building for an autonomous gig space since last summer. A space for London equivalent to the 1 in 12 in Bradford, or Wharf Chambers in Leeds. As part of this groundswell, we'd been vaguely in touch with a group that squat an old warehouse just south of the river, in an area called "Elephant and Castle," (a name which only seems bizarre when you write it down, somehow.)

We went to a meeting in their freezing, enormous space to talk about using it for an open meeting to get more people involved in DSFL project. I petted a huge, docile dog, and listened as plans unfolded. The crew was inviting us to be involved in a new project, and they spoke of a building they'd been scoping close by, with visible excitement. The criteria were that we needed to have a political conception of public space and a commitment to their safer spaces policy. Check and check. I grab my bike and we go check it out—"don't be too obvious". Neck craned up at this imposing '60s tower block, fucking absolutely *massive*, I try to stem the sudden overtones of Crimethinc-y idealism rising in my chest with a beer, and try to think instead about practicalities, getting my PA here, what we could do, what's possible, how long it will last. The stoical women from their crew talk about riot police, illegal evictions, violence. As it is a non-residential building, only the one-time-only entrance of the building is an illegal act in itself, while the occupation, once it happens, is a civil courts matter between those "occupying" and the owners.

Things move fast. We're suddenly catapulted into one of those perfect moments where everything comes together. "Self-Organised London," a gigantic seven-story tower block autonomous social centre, is born.

To be continued…



This month, I interviewed Lammie from the Netherlands. In French, we pronounce his name "*l'ami*," which means "the friend." I've never met the guy—I can't even remember how we first got in touch—but he runs a sick mailorder with a memorable name, Don't Buy records, that has fair prices and a killer selection of current punk, garage and hardcore records. Most importantly, he's one of the few people with whom I still exchange long emails regularly, just for the sake of talking shit and sharing book and record recommendations. Interviewing him was an easy bet because he's such a smart ass, and as I read the result, I kept thinking, "Fuck. *He* should be the one writing a monthly column for this rag… not me."

Lammie, you run one of the very best punk distros in Europe, yet I feel no one even knows it exists. Is it just me? Do people buy records from you, or do they take your advice *not* to buy them? What's your strategy not to lose too much money, if you've got one? Also, how come you don't have one of these online shopping carts the kids seem to be crazy about? What's wrong with you, Lammie?

I don't know whether I run one of the very best punk distros in Europe, but thanks for the praise. The reason I started out was that I wanted to hear records that weren't available around here. I found out about wholesale and figured I could easily sell four copies of a record I liked to other people, and it would make a better deal for everyone. So, my motivation was to get more records for a better price. I've always tried to get the stuff I couldn't find in European mailorders.

How far my mailorder reaches is a mystery to me. I'm no good at plugging it. That feels disgusting to me. I always figure people should contact me because they'd like to get the records I offer. I'm not going to shove them down their throats or convince them they "need" them. That's stupid. All I know is that I've got a handful of returning customers who make big orders on a regular basis. They are Don't Buy Records' feeding tubes. People seem to find out about the mailorder because my Internet presence is a blog—I've been meaning to build a website for years now, but I'm too lazy or it's too hard; you be the judge of that. My blog is on Blogspot, which is owned by Google, so if you do a Google search for some record, my mailorder will pop up.

Strategy? Damn, that sounds very businessman-like! I never really had a strategy. I figured that if I wanted to hear a record, there must be at least a few other idiots in Europe that would like to hear them, too. So that would make doing the mailorder a beneficial thing for me, as well as other punks. That train of thought turned out to be somewhat misplaced—idealistic, perhaps. I guess I was naive when I started out.

The truth of the matter is that over time, you've got to care more about *you* and less about punks because it's *your* money you're wasting. To keep things going, you have to make the whole effort worthwhile for yourself. When I started doing the mailorder, I had huge issues with making any money on a deal at all. To a degree, I still do, but once you realize that some punks don't mind giving you a hard time, that the postal services will screw you in the ass on a regular basis, and that it's *you* taking the (financial) blows, you won't feel as bad to make a couple of euros on some deals. That said, I'm not making money altogether. I'm probably losing money. I try not to think about it too much, because it should be fun to do the mailorder! Money is no fun. Business is no fun. Life is no fun. I try to keep the mailorder fun by keeping those three things out of the equation as much as possible.

Whenever I order stuff, I make up a price that will give me my own copy for free after selling the other copies. That has always been my "strategy." My copy of a record is my reward for flipping the rest—and that is apparently enough of an incentive to keep me going. That approach, however, does mean that when you don't sell all your copies, you're losing money. That happens a lot, but at least you can curse the punk rock world for their shitty taste and hate the scene for letting you down again in those cases. That brings some relief.

You basically can't stock everything. Even when *you* think something is worthwhile, that doesn't mean other people will agree. Although your personal taste is the only point of reference you have, it's not to be trusted. After a while, it gets old to curse the

punk rock world in bed late at night in tears, so you try to prevent that from happening. You can't, but you try. What records people will and will not pick up remains unclear to me. You know you'll flip the Toxic State and Deranged releases, but that also makes it less exciting to sell them. They're good records, but everybody already knows about them. There's no thrill in that.

I occasionally get emails from bands and labels I've never heard of asking me whether I'd be interested in stocking their releases. When I just started out, I wanted to help those kids and stock their stuff, but in most cases it's not a smart thing to do. I try to give all the bands and releases a listen, but often they're no good. There have been exceptions. For example, I found out about the Energy from Houston that way, and I *love* that band. In most cases, however, it's just kids trying to get rid of their stuff. It borders on spam. I think that if the other party only cares about your money, you don't have to care about them. Fair, right?

The reason I don't have a shopping cart system is that I don't like the idea. It's convenient, but convenience is a drag. The whole click-and-buy mentality is so impersonal to me. I also feel like it diminishes buying records to a mere transaction. It has no passion, no zeal. It's just another occasion not worth a dime in this grey landscape we live in. It's like buying something at the supermarket. It is boring. It is horrible. I don't want one of the few things I care about—music, that is—to be part of that so I don't want to sell records through a shopping cart system. That said, it's the only way to do things for big mailorders and labels, so I get that others use it. La Vida Es Un Mus probably couldn't operate on the scale it is operating *without* a shopping cart system. I am just a small timer so I can do things this way.

I also feel like the shopping cart system turns what I do into a service you pay for, which it is *not*. People better know that I'm not making money. Buying records from me isn't like buying a CD through Amazon. There's a frustrated individual struggling to make rent every month behind the whole mess that is Don't Buy records, and people ought to realize that. I'm not saying that they should respect me for it or anything. I choose to do this. They can consider me insane or a loser for all I care. I just want them to know that I'm doing things differently for better or for worse.

Talk about your favorite records you currently have in stock.

Everything I stock is something I want to hear. That doesn't always mean I end up liking it, but in most cases I do. Records I'm stoked to offer are the bits of shit LP, *Cut Sleeves*, which is a great punk rock record with awesome vocals. The Cuntz LP on Homeless, *Aloha*, was really good, as well, but I sold my last copy last month. If there's a repress, I'll have copies again and everyone should pick it up. That band is weird as hell, but so good. The Fall if they were a noise band? Something like that. Stripped down, dumb and depressing music. I just had the Astral Travel 7" in from Vertex which is a record worth checking out if you're into old DIY art punk from the UK; the band is from Oz, though. The *femme* on vocals can sing, and the bass lines rule. It's not something you'll love if you still have a hard on for Crazy Spirit and the Hank Wood and the Hammerheads LP, but it's good. I wholesale the thing, so mailorders interested in stocking the single should get in touch. I'll soon get the Soviet Valves 12" in from Vertex, as well. I've only heard a few tracks so far, but those were solid punk rockers, so keep an eye out for that.

See how cunningly I turned my answer into shamelessly plugging labels I've befriended? So lame... Those records are all cool though. Another record I'd like to mention is the Hungry Gayze 7" on Florida's Dying, which is such a fun record. It's dumb and ugly synth punk. I bought their single on discount from a mailorder shortly after it came out, which has me thinking nobody cares about this band. Has Chuck Barrels addressed that record in his column yet? Does he still do a column in *MRR*? He should be creaming over this thing! The single kicks ass, and the artwork rules, too. People should also pick up the Mirrorism tape. They're a band from Italy doing psychedelic garage that isn't boring, but actually catchy. Forget about Thee Oh Sees and Ty Segall and all that other trite shit. These kids are *punks*. They'll have a single out on Trouble in Mind soon. The Solid Attitude LP is killer—that's a term I learned through the pages of this rag, by the way. Creepy basement punk with some of the snottiest vocals ever to reach my eardrums. I don't understand why Rich from Terminal Boredom gave both the 7" and LP by this band such shitty reviews. I figured it'd be straight up his alley. To my surprise, *MRR* gave the LP a really good review a few months ago, though. Druid Perfume is also a band people should listen to. I still have copies of their second and third LPs. I *love* the crazy mayhem they call music. It might not be considered punk by some, but to me, Druid Perfume was one of the punkest bands out there. It's a shame they quit.

Most *MRR* readers live in small towns like Springfield, Colorado, and they work at McDonalds to pay back the loan they got from their bank to study baseball at university, so they don't get to travel and see how awesome Europe is. Could you be a good sport and tell them a bit about your home country, the Netherlands? Make them dream, you know—good bands, good squats, good places to drink and smoke dope legally, etc.

I don't think I'm the right person to make people dream. My girlfriend is a traveler, and she forces me to go to exotic places with her, but I always figured that shit will suck no matter where you are. You're always taking yourself *with* you, right? What can I say about the Netherlands? You can still smoke weed here—by the way it's not legal, but you won't get arrested for it. However, the government is slowly taking steps to criminalize marijuana. The previous government was anyway. I don't know how things will go under our "new" leaders. There's still legal prostitution here as well, but again, it's fought. The Red Light District in Amsterdam is in a very expensive part of the city, and it seems local authorities are chasing away a lot of the prostitutes under the banner of combatting injustices in prostitution, but that seems to be a load of shit. If a prostitute is working illegally under some criminal, it's probably not going to help to shut her doors. It will just put her on the street. Perhaps actions are taken to prevent this, but I think it just boils down to a real estate matter, which boils down to money, which is no fun, remember?

As for bands, I feel really jaded. I don't like many Dutch bands. Seein' Red were great, but they are done for. So far, I don't think there have been many new bands worth mentioning. Traumahelikopter were awesome when I saw them a few weeks ago, but they got a deal with a major here so we're officially not allowed to talk about them in these pages. I was impressed by Sex Drive when I saw them live last year, but their record doesn't live up to their live show. It's nice though.

The only reason I visit squats is because bands play there. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't fuck prostitutes—my girlfriend forbade me. I don't like to party. Maybe *you* can party hard here. Perhaps the squats are *awesome*. I wouldn't know. People should tell *me*!

The first time we got in touch, I was surprised by the long-ass emails you tend to write. Now I'm used to it. Do you do this with everyone or is it just because you love me? Anyway, in the emails (or should I call them novels?) we exchange, we frequently mention books, so please recommend some stuff to the readers of this column. Are there any good writers in your strange country?

Alex, baby, you know I love you! Why so insecure? When I first started corresponding with people I was going *crazy*. I think I literally mailed Mike from *No Thanks Fuck*

Everything fanzine ten-page emails just because he was a guy involved with punk and hardcore who actually seemed interested in correspondence. In retrospect, I must have drowned him in my frustration and random thoughts about music. It's kind of funny how I now realize we don't like the same music overall, but at the time, that didn't even enter my mind. He was just another punk willing to talk. It was exciting to me. I've taken the mania down a notch over the years, but I'm still lengthy. I just like writing. It's putting your thoughts to paper and you never really know what's going to come out.

The reason I mention books when I write you is because I know you like to read. I try to read as much as possible myself, which still doesn't make it all that much really. I won't recommend books to people I don't know whatsoever. It's pointless. It's like saying, "You must hear this record." If some random person tells me that some record is a "must have," I just zone out. It's completely uninteresting if things get obligatory. It's like everyone agreeing the first record by any hardcore band in the history of ever was the band's best. It's boring. Canonization is a drag. It's sad to see people cream over the same stuff. I think punks should turn against such generalizations and come up with something of their own instead. Too few people try. So I won't say read Charles Bukowski or George Orwell, as has been said in these pages before. I *will* say reading can be the best and it's a pity if you can't enjoy a book. If you don't like to read, you probably never found a book that was any good. Your hero Hank said that most literature is shit, and he's probably right.

I used to talk to this Russian punk living in Vancouver. He would recommend the craziest literature to me, and it was awesome. We lost touch unfortunately. Hey, Steve, if you got around to picking up *MRR* to rediscover your punk rock roots and read this, write me sometime. I know he won't, but hey...

Thanks Lammie. Just one last question: If you had a label and could put out a record by any current band, which one would it be?

Don't Buy records was *supposed* to be a record label, but I never had the money to do a release, so I figured I'd start with a mailorder instead. If I could put out a record, it would be by a band I know members of one way or the other. It would be a band I like that no one showed interest in. I would have a hard time selling the record, and I would hate the world for it.

Find Lammie at dontbuyrecords.blogspot.com. Find the interviewer at ratcharge@gmail.com.

One of my favorite memories of 2013 so far—and not just exclusively from this year—is tripping on mushrooms with a friend on our sofa in my living room while we tried to figure out what that weird, *Nuts* fanzine poster hanging on my wall is supposed to be. We noticed a scared look on the face of my flat mate, who was our lookout. Poor guy. At one point while tripping, we pretended that we thought he was made out of cheese and that we were going to eat him. Fun times. He did not end up in a fondue.

The new Pissed Jeans record is good, but it came out on Sub Pop just like Beach House—another band I love for different reasons—did. It's OK to love bands like the Kinks because the passing of time has made caring about their economic surroundings less relevant. They made money and probably treated women shitty or beat the shit out of boys in expensive hotels while in some fancy drug daze. Yes, the Kinks never said they were associated with punk, so they never really stabbed anyone in the back, just like Barack Obama never said he is punk. He just sounds too close to a Have Heart song filled with esoteric bullshit. Regardless, we blame him.

But my friend was right: Pissed Jeans' *Honeys* sounds like the agony of a heroin addict who is choking on his own puke while on a burning mattress. The sounds scratch your ears like solid rocks of heroin would bruise your veins while they race to reach your heart and cause some major damage. I know filthier records, for sure, but this one, I feel, is fine enough. It's a record that just sweeps all the rest of the dirt under the rug so you don't care about it. It is filth that covers treasure. And it is set in an office environment.

I hope someone will explain that this is total corporate bullshit. Just like *Family Guy* on TV shoves racism down our throats by making it kind of OK and funny—and even diminishing it to show it's part of our everyday life and personality—Pissed Jeans' rants against having an office job make us believe it sucks. But at the end of the day, it doesn't suck that much because you can relate to it and you can tell yourself, "Wow. This is me, too. What a good song." In a way, the record makes it easier for me to look for and find a job where I don't have to swallow dust all day and be in the cold. Maybe they have evil intentions, but for me they just sugarcoat shit; I believe it's marzipan.

I could just say I'm turning my life from a Cro-Mags song into one by Pissed Jeans. But my friend, who just started working at a company where she has nothing to do all day—just stare and look busy—says it's the worst. I don't know yet, but hopefully, I will find out. All I know is that lately I'm hooked on food porn, which I watch while I'm eating veggie-filled sandwiches.

Again, I have the desire to buy records. I just bought a Really Red LP for about $40, which was basically a good deal. I buy records for the music rather than for the value they have, so even if it's a 30-year-old oval-shaped plastic thing on my shelf that becomes more valuable with every day that passes by, what really matters is that I felt really good when the music was blasting. I know $40 is a fair price because this record is really that cool. I bought the record on the same day we took the mushrooms. I paid for my fandom, not for how old the record is or how rare it is—but for how I feel when I listen to it. Regardless, $40 is a lot of money. Especially here in Hungary. Especially for me.

Luckily, it seems I will receive some free music in the upcoming months, so let the money roll. I never thought such things—getting free shit—could happen to me. Recently I even arranged to get free tickets for the upcoming Swans show; I'll get paid, too, if I write about it. But I'm not planning to become a writer because that's a lame profession. It's not good when the sacred thing you like to do for fun (avocation) becomes the thing you *have* to do to buy food and keep your apartment (vocation). Seeking a job is hell, especially if you feel like you are a stupid sixteen-year-old who has to prove himself to adults in a cruel second-world country with a fucked-up economy.

For now, I only care about the upcoming national record swap where I want to throw money around at everything. First, a This Heat LP? Give me that shit, along with some NEU! I guess I will just find and buy some Kinks records, or if the spirit of Sid Vicious is with me, New Order or Buzzcocks. This Heat and NEU! both make music that is weird but at the same time simple to understand, as well. Like Swell Maps: Music from instinct—those tribal sounds and noises of our surroundings, be they nature or just a flat with dripping water pipes and a bouncing heating system. When music surrounds you and it's not just, "This is the beginning, here comes a bridge, that's the chorus, and that was the end." When each title just marks the minutes and the songs blend into something cohesive. When it's the actual music and not

the lyrics that are used for expressing nature, people, feelings—everything. Those sounds help me appreciate many other bands that are more classical in their approach to writing music.

In some of those rhythms, brief noises, and feedback, I can find a whole world. I'm probably projecting my beliefs on these minor moments of sounds, but I don't care about the truth when it comes to being entertained; I can believe in my own universe. It's like being under the influence of mushrooms: You just believe it, and you feel happy because it seems very real; it feels as if you're not only in an altered state, but in a completely different dimension.

I fell in love with Aspirin Feast while I took a stroll through the rain-soaked streets to the grocery store one night. I had no idea that they were around at the end of the 1980s and the beginning of the 1990s. Many people, including me, seem to mistakenly think that the '90s were all about shitty, over-the-edge bands in almost every type of music—and that acts like Born Against redeemed the entire decade. As always, when you think something is universally true, sooner or later, it'll turn out that the only thing you should be sure about is that you don't know anything.

One good thing about our culture is that it's full of hidden gems that make everything fresh and permanent. Something that was recorded before we were born can sound like something that hasn't existed until *now*, when we first hear it. Just take Death, the early '70s band from Detroit. They appeared out of nowhere. What impact could their cool jams have had if they had appeared *earlier* in the history of punk? Would they have sent the then-future but now-past bands in different directions? Instead, they just became the best band that has never mattered because we forgot them. When they came back, everybody was enthusiastic like it's a fresh band that just got together a year ago.

Not only trips on controlled substances make me psyched but trips to the greengrocer, too. I went to the market for Jerusalem artichokes, Brussels sprouts and beets—foods I'm obsessed with—in beautiful spring weather. It made me feel that although everything is kind of shitty lately in many parts of my life, sometimes, if I focus on other aspects of the whole, I can still appreciate life. Sometimes I feel sad, but when I see something or encounter something while I'm out that is just *good*—like a painting on a wall, a tree, the clouds, someone who's doing something, an object that belongs to nature but is included in the universe—I feel that this life and this planet are not that bad after all.

Sometimes, there are those little things in which you just lose yourself—and even if it's just for a moment, it feels infinite. I just felt right buying all the food, walking around, taking the tram, and thinking about what I will cook and how I will send my mom the recipes along with my ideas for the movie selection for our weekly film club.

I was listening to the first LP by the Sods while I was doing all those things, and it just *grabbed* me. The week before, I spent a lot of time reading about how lame Iceage is. I know; I've seen them, and then the magic just disappeared (even if I got hooked before the first LP came out and a bit after it as well). But the Sods are just *so* much better—and not just because they were playing earlier or because, unlike being a novelty act, they would later morph into Sort Sol and still keep their goodness. The Sods are good because even *Minutes To Go* is just a brilliant record that ranges from sharp *Killed by Death*-style punk hits, to weird fucking cold punk that sounds like robots were given hearts only to realize that being a human kind of sucks, screaming for their desired love. There's also a desperate dub-like song that is more violent and desolate than the Specials' "Ghost Town" but is about the same topic. It just stomps my head how the feelings of this record are still relevant. It ends with a lot of crazy guitar jams that continue to worm into my brain, swirling around and around forming the infinity sign. So good.

Other records have grown on me over time. Weird music makes me appreciate music in a different way. Take the Meat Puppets' *Up on the Sun*. It's like a precursor to Destruction Unit's second-generation kraut rock in the desert, but unlike Destruction Unit, the Meat Puppets go *nowhere*. It's just perfect for sitting around and getting high. (Incidentally, I like *Sonoran* better than *Void*—the record, not the band, because I love Void more than everything but pizza.)

Also consider Wire's *Chairs Missing*. I always preferred *Pink Flag* and the subsequent danceable era, but recently I finally sat down and realized how amazing *Chairs Missing* is. I used to feel like that about the weird Big Boys lullaby "Sound on Sound" or the crazy Dicks hit "Gilbeau." Sooner or later, every record by every good band will just turn out to be right.

But I don't want to like jazz-era Saccharine Trust. I was listening to classical music lately, but thanks to the guitar sound of Koro, I couldn't really dig myself too deep a hole. I'm kind of afraid I'm getting close to understanding jazz, and I hate that. Naturally, I think we need things to hate—something opposite to what we believe in. I don't want to end up like that dude who thinks there are two kinds of music: good and bad. It's not true. You should never become objective when it comes to things that can be liked or hated. That's the end of everything; either you won't care enough because of cold-headed professionalism or you won't care because you don't give a fuck. Irony and apathy are enemies, for sure.

I'd rather be that guy who thinks Super Wild Horses is amazing and who still has their debut LP on his playlist. That's a record that only could have been made by women. It's cool and dreamy—and it gives us insight on a secret and better world. With all the small moments that they share, you can feel that the people are really there: their secrets, their lives, their nights falling asleep on dirty sofas still in coats half drunk at parties. The slashing, cloudy guitar sound embraces me while I swing on my sofa patting my thigh and smiling into my beer. Spring is here; I have to have it in my head, as well.

I think I'm doing too much lately. I recently saw *Get Him to the Greek*, and it felt like I was watching some Michael Haneke movie; I almost cried.

My friend just put out Diskobra, his solo D-beat record (www.diskobra.bandcamp.com) and I'm not ashamed to hype my own band Norms (www.normsbp.bandcamp.com). This is the end.

vargyai.viktor@gmail.com / www.punkersblock.blogspot.hu

MIND LESS CONTENTMENT
WITH CHUCK BARRELS

If you're a fervent reader of *MRR* like myself, you probably remember a great interview with Mr. GG KING done way back in the September 2011 issue. Alongside his tastefully done centerfold pictorial, there was talk of his back story with the mighty CARBONERS, his hardcore roots playing drums in QUESIDILLAS and a bunch of info surrounding his first LP *Esoteric Lore*, which was one of the best of that year. It was a very well done interview that covered all the bases, but I figured we should catch up with the guy as I know there's another GG LP coming soon and plenty of action on the Scavenger of Death label you need to know about.

Since 'we finished this interview last week I've actually come into possession of a copy of the *Land of Nod* LP, and I have to say it's the first mandatory record of 2013. There are killer songs all over this thing, with PREDATOR, MANIC, ACID FREAKS, COPS, VINCAS, RALPH and more, with

two prime cuts from GG himself. It's not often that I recommend compilations that aren't part of the *World's Lousy With Ideas* series, but *Land of Nod* is all thrillers (and a *lot* of them—at least 10 bona fide burners and a couple more than are incendiary enough), no filler (well, maybe except for those grindcore tunes, but it's kinda funny) and as good a way to spend fifteen bucks I've come across this year. I thought the regional comp was a dinosaur, but this proves that if you have an exciting scene you need to flaunt it. Buy or die, goobers.

Thanks to GG for answering some questions and being an all-around classy guy. Please send all SUICYCO related memorabilia to me via *MRR* or email chasbarrels@gmail.com for further correspondence. *RIP Reg Presley*!

CB: Firstly, tell us what's going on with the next GG KING LP. Is it recorded or are you in the process now? What can we expect on it and when? What's the line-up of the band for this one?

GG: We started the (very slow) process of recording a second GG KING album some time late last year. Ryan (Bell, the man recording it) gave me a CD-R of what we had done and it was like 40 minutes long. But, of that there were only like three usable songs. The rest of it will likely be chopped up and used as noise-y interludes and whatnot. We're set to begin recording again very shortly, I'm hoping to have it finished in the spring. This new LP will be somewhat of a departure from the last one in the same way that the last one was a departure from the singles that came before it. As far as the lineup goes, the majority of it will probably be just me and Ryan handling all the instruments, with a few friends helping out here and there. The live lineup we had imploded last October and I haven't put a new one together yet.

CB: What other bands are you involved with currently? I saw you playing drums for GENTLEMAN JESSE last year, is that a regular gig or were you just helping out on tour? Is COPS an active band?

GG: I've been playing drums for Jesse since Dave Rahn moved to NYC a couple of years ago, but the band is relatively inactive these days as Jesse is busy opening a restaurant/bar with Bryan Douchemaster. COPS plays out every couple of months and we have a loose plan of doing an LP. We've been pushing Jesse to write some slow pounding tunes and it turns out he's got a knack for it. I also play drums in PREDATOR, another band whose status is somewhat in limbo. We've got some new recordings of old songs about to surface on cassette and vinyl and are set to play a couple of shows. Beyond that I don't know what the future holds, as Mike and Brannon are concentrating on some new projects.

CB: Can we expect more or less black metal on the new GG record? Perhaps a move into a crossover thrash direction? What's your favorite "genre" of metal while we're on the topic?

GG: Ha ha, I don't know, I've only written about half of it so far. I did re-appropriate a riff from a black metal-ish song I wrote sometime back in the '90s, but it's slowed down and kind of doomy now. No crossover thrash on this one, though I do still have fond recollections of the DRI/NASTY SAVAGE gig I went to when I was fourteen. I love all kinds of metal...CELTIC FROST, MERCYFUL FATE, ARAGORN, PENTAGRAM, WITCHFINDER GENERAL, VENOM, TANK, REPULSION, first CARCASS LP, etc... That's the stuff I spent my youth obsessing over!

CB: What do you have coming up on Scavenger of Death this year? Who else is involved in running the label with you, by the way?

GG: *Land Of Nod* Atlanta punk and hardcore comp LP is literally gonna be in our hands this week. Some of the bands on it are BUKAKKE BOYS, PREDATOR, GG KING, GENTLEMAN JESSE, WYMYNS PRYSYN, GOD'S BALLS, etc... Comes with a nice newsprint booklet as well. Also a PREDATOR cassette and LP with new material and some old unreleased FRANTIC songs that never got recorded. Ryan "Dinosaur/Bukkake" Bell is my partner in crime for Scavenger of Death, and he actually deserves the credit for dealing with most of the bullshit that goes with running a label. Big ups to the Dinosaur!

CB: How do you feel about SUICIDAL TENDENCIES? Sometimes I wish more bands sounded like *How Will I Laugh Tomorrow...*".

GG: Ooh, pivotal band! *How Will I Laugh Tomorrow...*, my brother gave me that cassette for my birthday in fifth or sixth grade, I probably haven't heard it since like 1989, ha ha. *Join The Army* was my introduction, so it remains my most cherished of ST releases (we blasted it all the way down to the Savannah Slamma pro skate competition in my parents minivan way back when—my folks = very good sports).

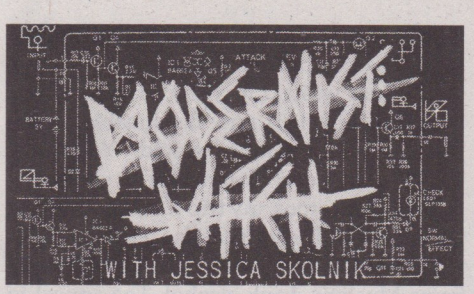
CB: If you had to pick one current local band (besides your own) to play for somebody to get them stoked on ATL music, who would it be and why?

GG: That's a tough one, I'm tempted to say PREDATOR (even though I play drums for them) because that's totally Mike and Brannon's beast, and I've always been a fan of the shit they do, but I'm gonna go with WYMYNS PRYSYN. They've got a cool sound—loud, distorted, discordant, but with some sick hooks buried underneath. They've got Bobby from BRAIN F≠ and DOUBLE NEGATIVE drumming for them now so I imagine that's going to up the ante quite a bit as well.

CB: I think the ATL comp sounds awesome. I was just lamenting to someone the other day how regional comps are becoming more and more rare. I would have been lost as a kid without stuff like *New York Thrash* or *Hell Comes to Your House*. Why did you feel the need to put a comp out? What was a comp that had a big influence on you growing up (or ever)?

GG: Ryan and I started kicking the compilation idea around shortly after we started the label. It had been on my mind for a while to do something of that nature, but it wouldn't really have been possible up until the last couple of years (not enough bands before that). I like the idea of putting something fairly well known (like GENTLEMAN JESSE for instance) on the same record as some band that hasn't even made a demo yet, and likely won't make another appearance on vinyl. Like a lot of other people out there reading this, I cut my teeth on the obvious HC staple comps (*PEACE/WAR*, *Welcome to 1984*, *Master Tape*, etc.) as well as some generic thrash metal samplers (*Speed Kills* series on the Music For Nations label, probably the first place I ever heard BATHORY!). But as far as something a little more personal, there was a cool local tape comp that came out around 1990 called *The View*. There was definitely some mediocre stuff on it, but it had the best-cut local hardcore legends (and long gone by this point) NEON CHRIST ever did, called "Saviour". It was an awesome metallish BLACK FLAG damaged tune from the period after they slowed down the pace. The tape also had my fave local crossover band O.C.B., as well as local skinheads the ANTIHEROS and KICKER BOYS. They still turn up occasionally in the used cassette bins...Enough jabberin', thanx for the questions!

Contact Scavenger of Death records at: scavengerofdeathrecords@gmail.com
Scavenger of Death discography:
SOD-01 – RALPH s/t 7"
SOD-02 – RYAN DINOSAUR demo cassette
SOD-03 – ATLANTA DEMOS cassette (with the CARBONAS, COLD STARE, DIE FICKEN, DESPOT HUT)
SOD-04 – GG KING *Esoteric Lore* LP
SOD-05 – COPS demo cassette
SOD-06 – WYMYNS PRYSYN s/t 7"
SOD-07 – GG KING *Last of the Night Wiggers – Ruff Demos* LP
SOD-08 – MANIC s/t 7"
SOD-09 – PREDATOR s/t cassette
SOD-10 – *Land of Nod: Atlanta Punk and Hardcore Omnibus* comp LP



essential/logic

There's nothing new in punk/DIY/HC fests that highlight the musical and other community contributions of marginalized people—Ladyfest/CLITfest/Smash It Dead/Black and Brown Punk Show (to name a few from this year and other recent years) are storied things, part of a long tradition of punks who aren't straight white cis men advocating for space in the punk community. I can think of fests and shows like this going back to before 1990, and the fact that they're still going strong now is a sign that this isn't an equitable space yet, as our larger society isn't (as much as some punks would like to think that just declaring themselves radical and accepting is enough).

Here is why punk being an equitable space is important (this is so obvious as to seem silly): because there are a lot of punks who are marginalized in some way by our identities in society. This isn't something we asked for. We get stereotyped, condescended to, mocked and silenced at best; denied civil rights, healthcare and other social services, are injured and murdered at greater rates than average, and are at much greater risk of suicide at worst. The more marginalizations we shoulder daily, the worse it gets—for instance, there're mounds of anecdotal and statistical information out there showing the mortal dangers that affect black queer trans women to a much greater extent than anyone else in any other demographic category. That is the weight of compounded marginalizations. (I have it pretty good compared to many others, and a lot of that is because I read white.)

We weren't all drawn to punk just because we are angry—I know part of the reason I love harsh fast noisy loud music is because I'm fucking pissed at a lot of things in this world, a lot of them having to do with how I and the people I love are forced to interact with a world that dismisses us to varying degrees. But I also just plain like the aesthetics, and I want to hang out with the friends I've made in this world without feeling so much of the stress and pressure I do in mainstream society. Punk is for partying and celebrating as much as it is for speaking about important subjects. The thing is, we can't party and celebrate in a space where we know we're being mocked or stereotyped just because of one or more aspects of our identity. We can't party and celebrate when we're always on the defensive.

What I would like, personally, and what I know other people would like, is to have my identity recognized and respected in its totality, and I would like that for everyone in this stupid world. I would like to have access to basic human/civil rights and services, and I would like that for everyone else too. I am my marginalizations, but I am lots of other things too. So is everyone else. Essentializing, stereotyping, and using those stereotypes as reasons to dismiss the voices of the marginalized is one of the ways people in power stay in power. "I can't hear you because what you have to say is invalid because of who you are and the position you occupy."

There is nothing inherently essentialist in such fests existing. I've helped organize more than one and I've played more than one and I've attended many more. But there are two ways such fests can be used in the service of essentialism, a dangerous thing that undermines all the good they can do.

The first way is if the organizers themselves don't question the status quo. If a fest meant to highlight women is cissexist ("cis" is a Latin prefix roughly meaning 'on the same side'; it refers to people who identify as the gender they were assigned at birth, as opposed to trans* people, who do not identify as the gender they were assigned at birth), if it bars trans women from participating and assigns non-binary people to a gender we're not, that's a problem. If the most privileged people within that marginalization take up the most space at that fest (continuing with the women's fest example, white women), that's a problem. If you're only getting submissions to participate from certain demographics ("why are only white cis women applying?"), look at your outreach, look at your organizing team, look at who gets the most space and the most attention. If you're going to claim to be a cool space for and by women, you should have lots of different life experiences, ideas and sounds reflected in your programming.

The second way is by creating a narrative of essentialism *around* the fest. If you're not doing a subgenre-only fest, having lots of different-sounding bands on the bill is incredibly important for resisting the essentialist narrative. We were talking about lesbian acoustic singer-songwriter coffeehouse music on the way home from Split Feet practice one night, and I was thinking about why I dislike it so much (outside of the aesthetic). I realized that a lot of that music and its style can trace its lineage directly to the '60s radical feminist scene, a scene that notoriously had—and still has—problems with racism, cissexism, transphobia and transmisogyny, and yet in a lot of record stores that's what you got when you looked under "Women's Music". I remember thinking "Okay, that's *these* women's perspective. But what about me? Where do I fit in? What about all the other women making music who don't end up under the 'Women's Music' banner? Why are they excluded?"

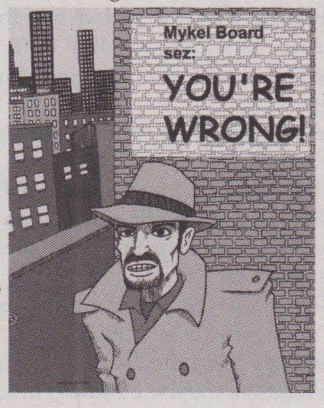
That's the essentialist point of view in a nutshell—that there is only one way for women to sound (when in reality women make whatever the hell kind of music they want, thank you very much). But who gets to say who belongs to a certain marginalized group and who doesn't—that's scary and important stuff to think about. Who has the power to make the rules?

If you're a journalist, resist the essentializing narrative when writing about these fests. Explore them in all their complicated, multifaceted glory. Talk to more than one organizer and/or participant if you can. If you're an organizer, try to resist the essentializing narrative when talking about what you're doing and why.

If you book shows and/or you do a label and/or you're in another band, and you see a band at one of these fests that you're into and that you might have not otherwise heard (that's the point, right?), think about putting them on a bill organized based on their sound rather than their marginalization. As much as I like playing with other bands that feature queer musicians, for instance, as much as I like supporting my community, I also like to play with other punk bands that are doing similar things stylistically. Sometimes those qualities mesh, sometimes they don't. Nothing says "I only see your marginalization when I look at you" like *only* booking you with other queer bands even when that's not what you want.

Let's create, maintain and expand spaces that celebrate creativity in punk/HC/DIY from many different perspectives. We can't do that when shit gets oversimplified, stereotyped, and thus dismissed.

As always, you can reach me at www.themodernistwitch.tumblr.com or at modernistwitch@gmail.com.



"A man does not learn very well. Women, yes, because they are used to bending with whatever

wind comes along. A woman, no matter the age, is always learning, always becoming. But a man stops learning at fourteen or so. He shuts it all down. A log is capable of learning more than a man."

—Edward P. Jones

She's in her late 20s... maybe Dominican... maybe from Brazil... with the kind of Latina ass that white girls tsk tsk about *objectification* but you know they really envy. She's in the middle of the gym, working with a trainer. I'm on the mats, stretching my 75-year-old muscles, trying to keep the creaks from popping too loudly, depressed that my body will *never* be objectified. I watch the girl as I spread my legs and pretend to stretch this gracilis, then that one. This satorious, then that one. This rectus femoris, then that one.

I watch her bend down and grab a barbell. Then, using her own rectus, she stands and holds it several feet from the mats. On the barbell are huge weights. The biggest in the gym... at least two hundred pounds on that barbell... She sets it down and lifts it again. My corpora cavernosa fill with blood and stiffen.

I shower at home, not wanting to deal with the engorgement problem among the sweaty jocks in the lockerroom. Leaving my bathroom shower, I dry myself, dress, and open the day's mail. There it is: in no wrapper at all, the newest *MRR*.

I flip to the letters section... scanning for my name. There it is: two letters. One's from my pal Marc Rentzer... upbeat and cool. The other, strategically run right before Marc's letter, is from someone complimenting *MRR*, and PS-ing that *"Mykel Board is an old perv."*

Yes! Another dissatisfied customer.

The comment stokes the engine of a thought train. Are there *young* pervs? When young people do *perv* stuff, it's *experimentation* or *curiosity.* A teenager who jerks off to Victoria Secret catalogs is a victim of *raging hormones.*

But an *old perv*? Isn't that redundant? The problem isn't the action but the age. Old people are not *supposed* to do that. They're supposed to sit in the park and feed pigeons.

It gets me thinking. What do people my age actually do?

In the summer, I see a few in Central Park, feeding pigeons or sitting on a bench slumped over a newspaper. But that doesn't account for most.

A Google images search for "old people" brings up mostly faces. But when the people are doing anything, they're flipping the bird, getting a tattoo, muscle building, fitting into a thong... anything but *acting their age.* At least anything but acting the cliché of their age.

Maybe that's WHY the images are there. They're unique, because these older folks *don't* act their age.

Back when I was 30, I wrote a song called *When You're My Age You'll Be Selling Insurance.* Now, when they're my age, those letter-writing punk rockers will be cashing in their 401Ks.

I doubt if I'll be invited to the Bar Mitzvah of the guy who wrote the *old-perv* letter. But, if I live long enough, I might go to his graduation from business school.

Me? *I'll never act my age.*

Scene change to the school I teach in... teacher's lounge between classes.

I ask what April, my favorite colored girl, has been doing lately. She hasn't been at work. I hear she had made it to off-Broadway.

"Mykel," says a liberal teacher, born and bred within the shadow of the Whitehouse, "you can't say *colored.* It's like saying *Ni**er!"*

"It is not!" I protest. "Ni**er is a pejorative... an insult. *Colored People* is used by colored people themselves! There is an organization called *The NAACP.* That's *The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.* You heard of them? Civil rights for colored people exist because of them. You even heard of *The National Association for the Advancement of Ni**ers?* It's not the same thing at all!"

"That was an organization started by African Americans," she answers. "they can call themselves whatever they want. You're white. You can't do that."

Her comment is like Ct your race.

It gets me thinking. What do people of my race do?

In the summer, I see white people at the beach, trying to darken up. At night, they walk the streets in large chested packs of fratboys and soror-sisters? Boys ugh ugh ughing as they guzzle Bud Light while watching colored guys smash each other up in pro-football. White girls chew gum and worry about how their ass grows to the side and not the back like their more aesthetically pleasing colored counterparts.

Among the people I recognize from a Google search of *white people,* are Michael Moore, Bill Gates, John McCain. A screen capture from FOX News shows a little white girl crying with the FOX caption "Stolen Pony." The headline, added after by the picture clipper is: white girl problem?

Many of the pictures make fun of white people. A few defend them. There are almost no photos of people actually doing anything... except one of a white girl on her knees... taunting a bull.

I spend most of my life with non-white people. During the day, I teaching Japanese folks how to talk good. When I travel, I mostly avoid places where white people live. I used to deny being white at all.

"I'm not white. I'm a Jew," I used to say. Unfortunately, it is now fashionable to like Jews, to bring us into the fold. We're anti-Muslim, ya know? That makes us white.

Well, buckaroos, my trip to Africa brought me a ton of Muslim friends... even to drink with. Just like some Jews (like me) eat pork. Some Muslims drink alcohol. The appeal to me? Most Muslims aren't white.

Me? I'll never act my race.

FLASHBACK: High school gym class; Hicksville High School 1960s. Along with *study period,* it's the class I hate most. Out the back yard... over a fence... to Al's Pizza on Newbridge Road. I'm convinced that my regular consumption of pizza while cutting gym class was responsible for my serious teenage acne. But at least on the days I made it to Al's, I didn't have to suffer through being the last to be picked for the baseball team, football team or any team.

In baseball, when I can't cut out of class, I hide in the outfield... hope that no one hits a ball to me... run away when they do... use my glove to protect my head instead of catching the ball.

"You play like a girl," one of the jocks tells me. "Why don't you pick flowers or something?"

Flowers? What about flowers? I love flowers. In America, guys never get flower. One of my life's highpoints was visiting a friend in Holland and meeting him at the airport. In his hand was a bouquet of tulips. Girl enough for you?

I ask directions, for G-d's sake. Several times. Is that non-manly enough? It's one of my favorite ways to meet people... and to judge the character of a country.

ASIDE: The worst place to ask directions is Venezuela. Even if you ask in Spanish, the people look right through you... as if you're not there.

Better is Japan, where instead of explaining, people will walk with you a bit, and make sure you're going the right way.

Best is Trinidad, where, when you ask directions the answer will be. "Yeah man, what's your hurry? Let's be havin' a drink first, a little limin'. I'll get you where you want to go. But what's the hurry?" End of A side.

What does asking directions, hating to play sports, and liking flowers say about Men from Mars and Women from Venus?

Way before that book, Samuel Johnson said: *Men know that women are an over-match for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant.*

Weakest? Most Ignorant? I don't think so. I certainly don't want to hang out with... much less fuck... any girl who can't beat me

up. But that's not how guys are *supposed* to think.

Me? I'll never act my gender.

I may be an old pervert. Chronologically I'm old, even if I refuse to act it. A pervert? Well, if we go back to the Latin root it comes from *pervertere* "overthrow, overturn, corrupt, subvert, abuse... sounds pretty punkrock to me. So my answer to the guy who called me that? Guilty as charged... and I'm just getting started.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column. Your zines, CDs/records, and... er... *private videos*... can and should be sent to me at: Mykel Board, PO Box 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012]

-->*Drug your kids for money dept*: Does your child have bad moods? Poor school performance? Difficulty focusing? Even if s/he doesn't, could you use some extra cash? "Compensation for time and travel."

Let us drug your kid and we'll pay you!!!

So says a company called Acurian Health that encourages parents to submit their kids to drug testing... and will pay them cash to do so. Get those welfare kids into something productive... like drugs! Go to www.KidsDepressionStudy.com for details.

-->*Speaking of act your gender dept.*: I'm in love. I went to Brooklyn to see my friends World War IX and Blackout Shoppers play at the Trash Bar. Opening for them was this band called inCircles. The girl vocalist/guitar player is amazing. She moves on stage like Sam McPheeters or that dancing guitar player in Meryl (sp?). Wow! Best new band I've seen in ages. And that girl, hah! Guitar hero showdown time! No boy is gonna match that!

-->*Record stores are not dead dept:* Used to be that Bushwick was the scary part of NY. Now it's got an organic bakery... scary in a different way. But, it also has a great record store: *Heaven Street records*. No CDs, but they have an extremely tolerant buying policy. They're honest, and owner Sean sings barefoot with *Cult of Youth*. Find 'em on Facebook and ask 'em to carry your records! They probably will.

-->*Faith in humanity... even the Swiss dept:* *The Nation* reports that the residents of Wolfenschiessen, Switzerland polled slightly in favor of a nuclear waste facility near their town. An industry group figured that they could get more support by giving money to each citizen who endorsed the facility. Instead, local support for the plan went down. The bribe cut the rate of acceptance in half. Even when locals were offered more than $8,000 each, they turned against the program.

Yow! PUNK ROCK, I'd say.

-->*Was the harasser acting her gender? dept:* The *Associated Press* reports that the widow of a New York City police officer says her husband committed suicide because *his female supervisor demanded sex from him in exchange for a favorable work schedule and job assignments*. The widow is now suing.

According to the suit, the cop's career depended on his "submission to the sexual advances" of his married supervisor.

"Officer Schindler was made to understand that he would suffer tangible detriment in his job, job assignments, working conditions and future prospects if he did not submit to the sexual advances," the suit says.

The pressure was too much and the cop shot himself.

You haven't heard this story, but if the dead cop were a woman, I bet you would have.

-->*Google Acts Its Race dept:* A new study has found racial bias in ad results from Google. Harvard Professor Latanya Sweeney studied names typically associated with African Americans. She found they were 25% more likely to produce Google ads offering *background checks* or suggesting *the person had a criminal record*. Sweeney conducted the study after a search for her own name turned up an ad reading, *Latanya Sweeney, Arrested?* with a link offering background checks. Sweeney concluded: "There is discrimination in the delivery of these ads."

-->*Oh yeah dept:* I expect you figured it out. My last column, about taking over the dictatorship of MRR, was an April Fool's column. The endnotes, however, were all true.

For *Maximum Rocknroll*, from the Penetang Prison

When I was contacted by *MRR* and offered an opportunity to write a guest column, I was humbled and honoured. My first inclination was to write about the experience of following the Pussy Riot trial from inside an Ontario Prison.

I am on the home stretch of a 20-month sentence for my part in organizing for the riot that graced the streets of Toronto in the summer of 2010 when the G20 Summit came to town, militarizing the city and bringing with it the so-called leaders of the world's richest countries who, at that meeting, committed the global economy to ten-to-twenty years of an austerity agenda.

Austerity is a next phase of global capitalism whereby social spending, education, health care, welfare, social services, etc—is to be cut in order to keep the capitalist system as profitable as possible for the wealthiest of people, making the poor and middle class pay for the State sponsored bailouts of recklessly greedy bankers and corporate robber barons.

Writing from the Central North Correctional Centre of stolen Anishinaabe land, the Pussy Riot trial—which brought pictures of protesters clad in brightly coloured balaclavas and protest-punk lyrics into my life inside prison via the pages of the daily newspaper—seemed liked an appropriate topic to write about for a punk magazine.

The criminalization of dissent is something in common between their case and mine. That topic would have allowed me to write about the reality that all imprisonment is inherently political, and the politics of criminalization—of the poor, migrants, people of colour, queer and trans people, indigenous people, people struggling with mental health needs, anyone whose very existence challenges the dominant norms of this society—in general.

My second thought was to write about Canadian protest-punk, which was immensely important to our community organizing during my years in Kitchener-Waterloo. It has been of tremendous emotional importance to me personally.

One of the founders and operators of Revel Time records, was once a member of the direct action collective that was one of the primary avenues for all of my organizing in the years leading up to the No2010 campagin. In addition to working towards the Toronto G20 Summit, that campaign also included organizing against the now defunct North American Security and Prosperity Partnership (SPP) which was a jacked up and militarized successor to NAFTA, and also against the 2010 Vancouver Olympics under the banners "Homes not Games" and "No Olympics on Stolen Native Land."

RTR bands and like-minded groups—from the Class War Kids to the Rotten—were the musical backbone of the (mostly talk) radio show that I was lucky enough to co-host on Sound FM (100.3) in Waterloo. Those bands would also usually play shows at the KW Community Centre for Social Justice (which was opened and operated by the previously mentioned collective, but has since shut down) when they passed through town.

I don't know how I would have made it through a year and a half of restrictive bail conditions (including six months of house

arrest) without the latest albums from two Vancouver bands, Cambridge and the Rebel Spell.

But I'm not going to write about those things. Instead, I am going to use the opportunity of having access to this space to address a long standing concern of mine which I saw examples of in some columns from the December issue, including Mariam Bastari's column which contained a valiant defense of *MRR* against the intrinsically bogus charge of being too "PC".

The concern itself can be addressed in its essence through the often repeated phrase, "Nazi punks fuck off". But on one hand, an easily marketable slogan that so easily fits on a patch or sticker begs to be deconstructed and to have a deeper meaning drawn from it. On the other hand, Nazi punks fucking off isn't good enough; their apologists too, and all those who have allowed punk to be a place where Nazi scum can develop and fester, all need to fuck off as well—or better yet, work to make punk a more anti-racist place in general.

Despite the traditional presence of anti-racist elements, punk—as an entity—has for a long time served as a haven for neo-Nazi sub-culture. Yes, punk has also been a force that has fostered street level anti-fascist and anti-racist organizing, propaganda, and confrontation. However, the presence of antifa does not erase the endurance of Nazism and overt white supremacy in punk scenes.

Antifa and anti-racist contingencies in the world of punk need to step up their game to eliminate Nazism from the broader punk movement. Punk, as an entity, needs to be more actively aware of (and challenge) how it functions in the larger socio-political system, which is deeply rooted in a culture and ongoing history of white supremacy.

White supremacy is not just a platform held by neo-Nazi and other intentionally explicitly racist groups. Rather, it is the underlying foundational basis for national legitimacy in most Western countries. It is not less than the institutionalized and dominant norms and culture of so called modern western civilization.

In the North American content, in addition to the day-to-day racism experienced by people of colour that is no insidiously inescapable, white supremacy is the myth of legitimate nationhood in countries premised on land theft, ethnic cleansing, slavery and genocide. It is cultures that continue to propagate the mythologies of "founding nations" and "founding fathers"—all colonial migrants settlers—while having the audacity to talk of "illegal immigration." It is governments that rule with the language of freedom and equality while conducting racist wars overseas and continuing colonial and imperial ethnic cleansing within their own violently imposed illegitimate boarders.

White supremacy is the ongoing social construction of whiteness as superior, and the domination over people of colour, indigenous peoples, and migrants. It is the normalization of white privilege and entitlement, and the idea of whiteness and white-centered culture as the norm. Hate crimes committed by neo-Nazis and other white nationalists are merely the most obvious and basest expressions of this all-pervasive system.

The dominance of whiteness is readily apparent in the entity that is punk. Further, there is far too much acceptance of Nazism and casual association with Nazi symbols. The presence of these symbols casts the entire entity as a racist character, regardless of intentions. Symbols send messages to people, and the presence of these symbols define the character of an entire space by its taint; this is a reality that cannot be shrugged off (no matter how "punk" it might be to shrug things off and not give a shit about other people).

Fortunately, there are real and meaningful anti-racist tendencies within the broader entity. Those of us that identify as anti-racist—especially white people (like myself)—need to fight to normalize that tendency. And let's be clear about two things: There is no such thing as reserve-racism. And if one does not intentionally act in anti-racist ways, then that is to act in racist ways (by perpetuating the normalcy of the dominance of whiteness).

Making space for white supremacy and budding Nazism under the guise of championing free speech is itself a grossly racist action. Likewise, posturing as "anti-PC" is a form of racism that makes space and creates cover for the most violent and dangerous forms of supremacy, which is not something that should be accepted as part of punk culture.

The political organizing for which I have seen imprisoned has always sought to hold anti-racism at its core. The collective which for years I was a part of, much like punk, was dominated by white folks. Sometimes we fail to be good allies to people of colour and indigenous people, but we always strive to do better.

A group of a scene or a movement that is predominantly white is exhibiting the patterns of societal white supremacy. This does not make the group or its members irredeemably racist. It does however make imperative a constant anti-racist praxis. In difference places at different times that will look and feel different, as it will be informed by local contexts and circumstances. But I fail to imagine any circumstance in which apologizing for Nazis (or tamer expressions of supremacy) is the right thing to do. And I can't think of any reasons other than racism, cowardice, or ignorance (or perhaps ignorance's more innocent cousin, naïveté) to deny the white privilege that is so predominant in a movement like punk (as it is in most activist movements as well). And whether in activist movements of in the entity that is punk (or the places where they intersect and overlap), we should not defend our privilege, we should smash it.

I need to close by recognizing that I could have just as easily written a similar column about patriarchy and misogyny. With respect to these all too pervasive dynamics—like with whiteness—punk is but a crust reflection of dominant culture.

Punk may be in revolt against dominant culture, but the revolution is at best ongoing, if it can even be said to have begun. In punk the seeds are there, as they have been from the beginning. The time is now to smash racism, smash patriarchy, smash the state, smash the system.

Given that I only have (just over) 90 days left in my sentence at the time of writing, the best way to reach me is through my blog—www.alexhundert.wordpress.com—where you can also read more of my prison writings. Also, support your local Anarchist Black Cross and any other orgs working to support imprisoned people and to smash the system.

Alex Hundert CNCC Unit 5 / 1501 Fuller Ave / Penetanguishenge, ON L9M 2H4 / Canada.

Lame is Punk!

New Orleans. "Hee heee. Why are you looking at the ground?"

Bren has come up behind me, putting her hand on my back. She usually teases before saying hi. But it's true, while I keep my right hand extended for my own interior sense of balance, my left hand on my lap, my thighs clutching a beer, I am keeping my eyes on the cratered tarmac. We're marching in Eris/Heiress, the anarchist parade. A band fronted by my silky pretty and fierce as fuck friend Tiara is leading the way in a Cinderella coach pulled by a truck. Things are never smooth, but we've got grease for days.

"I'm having a great time, I swear. But someone has to make sure we don't fall."

Bren nods immediately. Carmen is pushing me and doing a fine job, all my friends do, but I know my body and my chair (Mikey we call him, short for Michaelangelo, the painter, but more importantly, the Turtle) better than anyone. I roll out into the world vulnerable every day, because I choose to trust lovers and friends and strangers alike with my body. Sometimes this practice of informed vulnerability works well. And sometimes we lose balance. And that's where I come in. I've got strong arms, bad wrists, a fast tongue, and lot of, well, pride I guess it's called. I don't want you to fuss over me, worry about me, tell me what's good for me and what's not, because I'm willing to fall. I'm able to get back up. And I'm always ready to dance, no matter how inaccessible the venue.

Something I loved about New Orleans punk and anarchist scenes is that the party or show, for the month and a half that I was in town, was usually outside. And I'm used to being one of the kids outside. Weeks before I began the trek down with Nico, folks I knew from the Northeast who had already been, had fallen in and out and in love again with the place that survived, who did not survive and who did survive—they had a lot of advice for me. Some of the advice I appreciated, like "You wouldn't think it, but sometimes bounce night is mostly oogly white people and sometimes there are fist fights." Or, "Don't be surprised if you run into everyone you wanted to and never wanted to see." But when I got sit-down talks (ha ha) from two of my nearest and dearest leg walky friends about how physically inaccessible the city was, with a shaking of heads and so many sorrys and I don't knows, that's when I started to reel. According to my lovelies, New Orleans is basically one big crater that you are constantly falling inside of. *Even able bodied people have trouble*, they said. Imagine that! There are no ramps, just like there is no hope. And also the ground is lava.

I'm sorry, but have you ever hitch hiked around the United States using a wheelchair? Have you ever lived in non-touristy areas of New York City, Chicago, or any town or city really, while using a wheelchair full time? San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland have their merits in that they are the founding areas of the disability rights movement, which means that disability, adaptability, accessibility *exist* there. But the Bay isn't even disability justice paradise. It's just that there at least they know we're real.

Disabled punks: DO NOT EVER LET A NON-DISABLED PERSON TELL YOU NOT TO DO SOMETHING BECAUSE IT IS INACCESSIBLE [NON-DISABLED PEOPLE: IF YOU WANT TO TELL YOUR FRIEND WITH A DISABILITY THAT SOMETHING MIGHT BE CHALLENGING BUT THAT YOU WANT YOUR FRIEND TO COME, TELL THEM *HOW* YOU'RE WILLING TO PROVIDE ACCESS SUPPORT]. Even if they love you. This is just another way of asking you to hide for your own protection/your [their] convenience. Life is not convenient. And I don't think being a punk, a traveler, an anarchist, or an artist was ever supposed to be convenient either. I have an inconvenient, unlikely, unexpected body, and I love it.

The truth is, New Orleans does have terrible roads. But whatever. So do a lot of places. The curb cuts were not more infrequent than any other place I've been to. And the people? Jeez. Some of the most vibrant, loyal, helpful, engaged humans and nonhumans I've ever been around. When I say the people, I am speaking both about native New Orleanians (both people of color and whites), and transplant punks (both people of color and whites). The transplants, the ones who fell in love with who New Orleans really is—not some stupid gentriferific idea of how easy/cheap it is to live there—what makes her brilliant and scary and special and worth fighting for, those ones have adopted the attitude and the way of the people who have lived there forever and the ones who have returned. There is a vigilance and a patience to everyone I met. Many understand struggle in a very nuanced way. I need that in my life. The ramps take only hours to build but if you understand what struggle means to someone's body and life, and you understand that adaptation and hustling are necessary to survive, that often DIY and mutual aid are the most sustainable ways to go about it, then you are already functioning in more of an anti-ableist framework than many people I have met in more "accessible" cities.

My friend Peter and I were talking one night at the St. Roch, on a quiet, non-bounce night, over Newports and our own cracked hands, about anarchism and community. How we keep each other alive. The sentiments of the primitivists (gag) and the survivalists and the anti-civ revolutionaries don't work for me any more. I related at one time. I'm probably still an insurrectionary anarchist in some way, but I recognize my disabled body and the bodies of other disabled and chronically ill people as worthwhile now. There has not been enough factored into the discussion about us. Peter says, "We have to expand what we imagine to be possible, and start the changes in physical, tangible ways, even if we can't see what it's going to be yet. We have to alter our landscapes." Well he said something beautiful like that, I'm paraphrasing probably a combination of things we both said. DIY and punk are all about how we respond to people who say that things that we want to create are not feasible, functional, possible, sustainable, likely, or likeable, and saying, what was it? Oh yeah, "*Fuck you*. I have an idea."

My back is getting sore and this library is making me a little nervous and I'm trying to keep this under 2,000 words or something, so to sum up some highlights of the fieriest, drowning-est, drunkest, loving-est, most possible yet unlikely past month and a half of my lame punk life:

1. Winning a 1950s themed dance contest at the Bakery (accessible venue and home space run by rad people) with my friend Ben Passmore. Check out his hilarious and on point comic, *Day Glo Ay Hole*.

2. Dance party after Eris at the Slab. I will never forget with what relish those punks (including myself) danced to "Trouble" by Taylor Swift.

3. Mea Culpa [female fronted puuuunnnnk and members of Crackbox; members of Mea Culpa and Curvedog also made a killer X cover band] generator show at the Strip Mall. New Orleans punk shows are sweet and dirty and fun and make you remember why you love rock'n'roll.

4. Vibe Ruiner generator show in City Park. Yeahhh, gorgeous trees, fire, and thrashy post-hardcore.

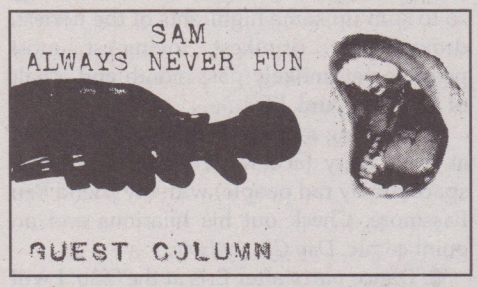
5. Raunch at the skate park. Some hardcore ladies all *over* that day. I didn't watch enough of this show because I was trying to figure out how my chair would do on skate ramps and I was checking out hotties.

6. The greatest all cover band show I have ever seen in my life. Line up of fourteen bands included Operation Ivy, Nirvana, Hole, Metallica, the Smiths, and X. Hole had three times the Courtney Love and the Smiths had a superbadass queer Morrissey.

Listen, no matter where you go, there is another disabled person (even another disabled punk) there thinking that they are the only one. Or maybe they are old and badass enough to not be that self-centered and they are already completely aware of the fact that they are not the only one. I am still young and extremely self-centered and therefore am shocked and excited when I see old badasses in chairs, scooters, hover-rounds and the like racing down the street with bells on. I love that shit. I have so much to learn still about existing in places with the body I have, the way I have to get around. The thing is, I choose not to avoid difficulty. I choose to confront it. I'm not saying it always works. Sometimes I leave places because the lack of access to a toilet, shower, stove, house, venue, trees, etc. is killing me. We are all dying in different ways. And we all need different kinds of help. It's not lame to need help. Or maybe it is. I'm taking that word back. Lame is punk. Because I think that rolling around, falling down, getting back

up, moshing and dancing in wheelchairs, and showing up where nobody wanted or expected you is punk as fuck. <3

Email me or check me out: foxlovesriver@gmail.com, www.nohandsbreakfast.tumblr.com



The State of Affairs of punk in Aotearoa (Land of the Long White Cloud).

Ever wondered what it would be like to be stuck on an island paradise? To analogize for a moment. In 2011 I got this picture in my head and I thought "Yeah, I reckon Amebix's new album could be good aye," then reality smacked me in my dumb-ass face. "Ahhaaa it sounds like fucken' Linkin Park!" New Zealand (Aotearoa) is a bit like this. You think of *Lord of the Rings* and although it looks nice, it's pretty American and homogenous but trying exceedingly hard to be cool and different. It's a great place to visit but being stranded here has a lot of stinkness attached.

My colonizing ancestors were sold on Aotearoa as a paradise, mind you anything would have looked like Shangri-la compared to the British Isles at the time with its rigid class system, its patu religious outlook, the potato famine in Ireland, the overcrowding and the poos in the street, basically the list goes on. But still they were told the now-capital-city-of-the-artsy-fartsy-culture-mulched, Wellington was "a place of undulating plains suitable for the cultivation of grapevines, olive and wheat." Ha ha ha, suckers. When they got here they realized the undulating plains had turned to pretty nasty valleys, swamps and cliffs not really ideal for honing out some wheat and olives and that where weren't many corner stores to buy bread and top up their cell phones at.

Skip forward through a bunch of wars with the local Maori, mass colonization, land appropriation, the requisite (we're told) political holding hands with first the British crown and now the United States and you come to a time where you can buy bread from all the corner stores but it's bloody expensive! It's pretty expensive to do most things in this country. Petrol costs NZ $2.12 a litre (and although mathematics is not my strong suit, I think it works out at roughly $6.61 USD a gallon) and a block of Tempeh, yeah and not even the flavored stuff, sets you back close to NZ $10 ($8 USD). All this consumer shock horror, first world problems would not be all that bad if, like a lot of other expensive countries, you got paid decent, but wages are pretty lame which has given rise to the term "the brain drain" whereby skilled graduates bugger off overseas to get paid way more.

The consequences for the punk scene are manifold and lead to the isolation that this scene tends to endure. There are no pressing plants here, the last one shut down in 1987 and rumors abound it ended up in the sea because EMI didn't want to sell it to their competitors. "...Unlimited supply! EMI, Goodbye." So when we want to press records we have to import and the postal rates are extreme. Because there are only 4.4 million people here and most of them like Ben Harper and Coldplay there ain't that many that will fork out for vinyl, so the pressing numbers are usually small, which hikes the prices further. So when someone in the states, or elsewhere in the world, wants to buy an Aotearoa punk record, they are usually shocked at the initial price, let alone the postal costs which can be as much as the record itself. Just sending records to *Maximum Rocknroll* for review ends up costing us a sheep and a pair of gumboots worth, so I'm guessing we could probably count on one or two hands the amount of New Zealand punk records that have been reviewed in the past couple of years.

This doesn't mean that the punk scene here is small or that there isn't a decent output. There have been a lot of solid releases that'll kick the zombie head off of many an international punker! Nor does it mean that we're an insulated scene in the way that maybe we used to be (think Flying Nun days) and thus maybe our bar is lower. Au contraire, in this global (fiasco) age we live in, well over 80% of New Zealander's use the internet hard out so and this corresponds with the punk scene where we know full well that Amebix's *Sonic Mass* sucks and that the No Statik, *Everywhere You Aren't Looking* LP rips. If anything, it makes the bands try harder so as not to sound lame because there ain't nowhere to hide (...pure speculation on my part, but maybe well informed...). It's just a hard slog to be heard outside of our sandy shores.

So what about touring bands then aye? Well, we get the usual geriatric cash tours, Steve Ignorant, Subhumanz, UK Subs, Flipper etc. but as far as current (and in my opinion: relevant) bands go, they tend to have neither the time nor the money to make the trip. In the last eight years there have been a few that have made the expedition, namely the always-intrepid Conquest for Death, Lebenden Toten, Limp Wrist, Severed Head of State, Born/Dead and a bunch of Australian bands, and a tip of the cap to them all. Bugger all in the past little while though. So we're substantially starved. There are little to no punk fanzines like there used to be and the same with distros, which essentially tend to operate on a "friends and friends of friends buying shit" basis.

What I'm getting to here, is that we need some overseas patronage from distros and labels. In the same way that if *Maximum Rocknroll* wants to be distro'd here, it'd need someone dedicated and with the money in the first place to get it going. I have known people but it eventually gets too expensive and they've opted out. So what is the point of this patronage from their point of view? Stuck with a bunch of records from a band no one has heard of and that will probably, in all reality, never tour outside of New Zealand. Once again, you could count on a sheep's hooves the amount of underground NZ punk bands that have toured outside of Australasia in the past decade.

So we're fucked and we know it. We live under a centre-right government that is selling off state-owned assets and crushing long-held labour laws for multinational movie companies. Successive governments that have defied international law when it comes to indigenous rights and that seem hell-bent on the expansion of offshore oil and gas drilling. Inextricably linking our trade, copyright laws and broadening our police surveillance powers with the US brand. There seems not a soul to hear us scream but ourselves and no other option but to keep screaming. Get in touch at stunsmas@yahoo.co.nz

ENDNOTES: For some great sites pertaining to the diffusion of NZ punk check out www.punkvinyl.net, www.punkvinyl.net, for old school vinyl rips, www.drugviolence.blogspot.co.nz, www.drugviolence.blogspot.co.nz, for more recent demo rips. I also have some NZ vinyl stuff available at alwaysneverfunrecords.wordpress.com, alwaysneverfunrecords.wordpress.com.

A small list of only a smidge of the current notable NZ bands to check out (most of which have bandcamps and such)—Fantails, Johnny and the Felchers, Boltcutter, Trepanation, Sex pest, The Methadonnas, Numbskull, Rogernomix, Whiskey and the Wench, Conniption, High Risk Maneuver, Open Tomb, Electric Mayhem, PCP Eagles, Whizz Kids, Viking Weed, Shitripper, the DILFS, Meth Drinker, Influence, Gravemind, the JOHOs, the Bludgers. There are also many many more that would feel right at home being squished into the pages of *MRR*!

[Ed: check out this month's photospread for more NZ punk action!]

"No man is an island. [...] Each man's death diminishes me, For I am involved in mankind. Therefore, send not to know, For whom the bell tolls, It tolls for thee."

—John Donne

Working in collectives is highly rewarding. Not in any selfish sense, but in the true sense. Working with like-minded people you respect or even admire, working on a worthy cause together, in the knowledge that what you are doing is making the world a little bit better… Yes, but. Punks don't live in a vacuum—at least not all of them—so working with others means having to consider everyone's differences, similarities, strengths, abilities, possible weaknesses, etc. Just because everyone *wants* to work together in harmony doesn't mean it can actually happen. So while most of us agree on what that we want to get shit done, we take ages dancing in circles around the who's, how's and why's.

I remember back in Athens, when I was part of the Katarameno Syndromo gig collective. We used to run a tropical wet basement in the dingiest part of town. It was just glorious. We knew what we wanted to do, we wanted to book cool gigs, with bands that *we* enjoyed, in a feelgood punk environment (nearly every show was like a festive party), standing against the norms and having complete control over our basement as possible. It was our *stèki*, our hangout spot, and we learned to love it despite the difficulties; and more probably in spite of them. We were no club and people who had never made an effort to come down and actually meet us, and just sent us messages on facebook along the lines of "Hey we're a new rock band, can you book us a show at your bar?" would not really be appreciated.

Of course we were open to new friendships and encouraged people to help out. We were also a little wary and maybe even a bit disbelieving, as we had all been through enough weird, amazing and downright bad situations in our own experiences with punk, collectives, gigs etc. to know how easily something can turn sour. Of course, a lot of people got easily excited, but then their commitment quickly deflated, like a balloon left out after a party. Like with any relationship or venture, when you realize that actual work has to be put into it, you can suddenly change your mind about how much you want to engage. And, as easy-breezy or reckless as some punks may be, they aren't usually the ones who are getting the job done, know what I mean? The real doers are usually to be found behind the scenes doing their thing, focused on the cause, too busy to sit and moan, or gossip.

Of course we wanted people to come up and talk to us or ask questions on how to get involved. We wanted to uphold the DIY ethic, spread it even, but we were not giving workshops, ey. We were not going to take each person by the hand like a small child and sit and explain why and what and who and how—hence why we didn't really. After a certain period in your (collective) life, you like to work with people who already knew the deal, who didn't need the introduction, but instead already know what the conclusion should be and how to achieve it—people who would take action, as opposed to waiting for instructions.

That's where that fine line hovers. The one right between "taking initiative" and "getting consensus from the group." Yes, there are certain things that need to be run by the group, but then again, the whole idea of a DIY collective (what an oxymoron) is that each person's own effort is why the combined efforts of the group are fruitful. Each person is good at something and you apply that skill to accomplish your goals. That's why ganging up on a project is often a good idea—more brains, more skills, more ideas, more critical thinking and more positive effects The actual group tasks shared among the group though are the trickier ones.

Inevitably there will be shit that no one wants to do, in any collective, no matter what it does. Menial tasks, complicated shit, odd shit, risky shit, dirty and smelly shit. You can have ten people show up to a meeting, but you'll usually only see the same two or three people actually doing all the shit you discussed. We are all but feeble humans, bound by certain biological, psychological and physiological factors, which we cannot often deny or change, even if we try. So no matter—we work with what we have and do our best to improve.

And this is where mutual respect and investment in the cause comes in. If something is overall bad for the group or the final outcome, it should probably be reconsidered. I know collectives obviously want to achieve change and whatnot, but seriously, if you let it rot from the inside out, or let your ideals get tainted from exterior randomness, you're gonna be in a pickle. Yes, we all like things a certain way, but we do so in our own time, we don't do it to the detriment of the rest of my group. We are individuals but we must also remember that, to create as a group, we must move and work like one, or else we don't develop a group consciousness—a devilishly rare thing might I add. The über-general idea being that we care about the well being of the group, and jeopardizing its ability to continue and thrive, or treating it badly only gets in the way of actually doing something.

End Notes: Between doing my solo month after six months of training in the shortest month of the year and the computer crashing and having to do some things from scratch, and getting a new job at an awesome bookstore, navigating various personal legal issues, doing the day to day at the coord desk and managing one more issue Han style (solo, that is), I barely had time to write this column. But you already knew that.

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

Hey everybody! I hope you all enjoyed the April Fools issue of *MRR*! Welcome to May! The weather should be better, school's almost out and hopefully this is the prelude to a kick ass summer. This sounds like a high school yearbook, but I am feeling pretty optimistic today so as nauseating as this may sound, I wish you well.

With that said, I would like to extend my congratulations to our new content coordinator. That's right; we have found a new content coordinator that will be taking over my duties. She is badass. You will see.

There are a couple things that I would like to share with all of you about *MRR* that you may not be privy to. I feel like everyone has ideas about how things are done around here, often leading to strange assumptions or outright shit talking. Everything we do here is pretty much transparent. We have nothing to hide, this is not a secret society nor do we make decisions on a whim based solely on personal politics. There is a system that works, but is mutable enough that each new coordinator has room to make it their own. Coords past and preset do not always agree, but you know how it is—things change. But there are a couple of rules that make *Maximum Maximum*. Here are a couple…

What can be reviewed and what cannot be reviewed? This is the most contested system we have here that people do not seem to understand. It is a constant topic of discussion around here. It is admittedly complicated ,because of the way music production and transmission has changed. Remember, before DIY labels, punk went on major labels because that is what was available, so we review reissues of old bands if they existed before DIY labels existed, mostly pre-1979. As you probably know, *MRR*

has never and will never review anything major label or corporate sponsored. Once a band has gone major label or has accepted corporate sponsorship, they are no longer DIY. They are no longer supporting DIY economy, which is built upon self-management and self-sufficiency. Whether or not you readers think it's a judgment is not what we focus on, we are a DIY punk zine—plain and simple. Each band is treated like its own entity therefore if a band member of a major label/corporate sponsored band is in a DIY punk/garage/hardcore/crust band, the DIY band is absolutely reviewable. It's not some sort of "punishment." We stick to the DIY ethics, Tim Yo believed in it and so do we. Also, if a band puts out a record on a DIY label that has exclusive major label distribution, we cannot review that record, but we can review other releases by that band. I know this may sound confusing, but these rules are the results of responding to issues that never existed and, most importantly, it's fair. It's not arbitrary, it's not because we have "our woman's periods," it's not personal, it's because this magazine is for DIY punk, hardcore, crust, garage bands and people who want to keep punk independent. I listen to some major label stuff and what I do in my own home is my fucking business, but we don't cover that shit here. That's that.

We do not review digital downloads. I know that it is the most cost-efficient way for bands to get their music around, but we don't do it because we stick to the old custom of fully interacting with a release. That sounds kind of ridiculous, but I don't really know what better way to put it! Punk is all-inclusive when aesthetics are involved, lyrics (absurd, "offensive," political, etc…) are important, artwork is important, all of the shit that makes a release yours is important. We want to see the finished product. In tandem with that, we also never have and never will review "promo" versions of a release. The most recent change we have made is in the "Demos" section. If you send us a CD-R of your band's Soundcloud page without any lyrics, artwork, information or any effort put into making it a demo, we aren't fucking reviewing it. If you have any more questions, hit us up.

Another issue that has come up is this comp we have been working on. I have been hearing a lot of misinformation and really hilarious gossip about this. Why people get mad about this stuff I have no idea, but I would like you all to know how it works. The comps are not a popularity contest, a "friend band" selection, a "non-hype band" crusade or anything equally stupid. The comps are done by blind listen. Only one person knows who the bands are and everyone who volunteers to be on the comp committee listens and votes. There are around nine to fifteen people involved at a time and we argue a ton on why something is good or sucks—it gets pretty heated. There is no one person who makes the final decision; it is a group of shitworkers with extremely different tastes. We also ask that the tracks be exclusive and if you use the song that you sent us for something else or post it somewhere, we cannot use the track. When we send the info out about the comp to those who ask, it is very clear. The selection process is in place to give all bands a chance and to make sure that, even if a band is known and liked, the track is what is considered, not the band's body of work. This is also not a "first world only" comp, as we have been accused of. That's great to throw that out there for people to check themselves, but submissions are from all over the world and the music is what is judged, not the language of the lyrics or even the recording quality (though it is a factor), but how good the sound is. The reason this is done, if it's not obvious, is to keep it fair. You may not agree with the process, but no one can argue that it's not fair.

Visiting the compound. Anyone can visit as long as a coordinator is present. You have to schedule it with us, you can bring beer, and you can even cook food here if you clean up after yourself. You can't pitch a tent in the courtyard, no hard drugs allowed, no smoking in the house and if you come with bags, you have to leave them by the door. You can bring blank tapes and make mix tapes and listen to records, but you have to re-file your own records and if you fuck up and break something be prepared to pay up. We do have Christian punk records and a rather impressive white power punk collection, this is an archive, but it's not shit we play in the house. If you want to hear that garbage, you are welcome to listen to it at a listening station. With that said, I do not endorse Christians or white power "punks" to come over (see the asterisk below). We have our record jail affectionately referred to as "the vault" that houses the rarest records of the collection, which can be opened upon request, but we only offer limited handling of these babies, because of prior theft problems. We have a zine archive that is finally being organized, that includes every *MRR* ever made, plus an impressive amount of rare and old punk zines. We have a photo archive and a demo tape collection, all of which can be looked at and will most likely make you shit your pants. If you act like a jackass, you will be promptly ejected and if you get caught stealing…the result will not be positive. There are people who are not allowed in this house, most of which are known record thieves or violent people. Mike Thorn and Rob Noxious (also known as Tony from Hawaii, Mike and Ray Ernst, Ilene Dover, Fahad, lewdsnot, zoloft_anaconda, thingsdogsdo, amateur_gynecologist) are never welcome at the *MRR* compound, no matter who the current coordinators are (see the asterisk below).

The *MRR* compound is not only where the record collection lives and where we work, it is also our home. *There are weapons stashed in this house and they have been used, so no fucking around in here. Otherwise, we are happy to have people in our home to check out the collection and see where and how we work. The archives we have are considered a resource, not a trophy. We have parties, get faded, play records, bust piñatas, occasionally have bands stay over, it's a laid back place as long as it's respected…just like most houses.

Business. We are a business, we do not make any money and the three coordinators do not get paid. We are compensated by having a place to live rent-free, so really, it's a trade. There are two content coordinators at all times, one who is the "senior" and one the "junior" and this is solely based on how long each one has been doing the job, but they are equals at *MRR*. There is one distribution coordinator. We do all of our own accounting and handle our own distribution. We have a "lawyer" and an "accountant" who are actually two older punks who were shitworkers for years. They give us advice, but we do not have them on the "payroll" (we do not have the capacity to sue anyone, nor is anyone that important, hahaha! See asterisk above). We do have to file taxes, we have a bank account, a *MRR* landline, a business relationship with our printer and the other shit that come with running a business, but we do not make money and do not have savings. This is bare bones and DIY errybody. Our budget is tight and we manage, but it's not easy. Our revenue is generated by merch, ads and subs, and we try to charge a reasonable amount. We don't want *MRR* to be unaffordable, but we gotta keep this baby afloat, especially with the giant postage hikes. Total bummer.

So that is my rather dry logistical column this month. To end I just want to say that I am typing this at Smash it Dead 2013 fest in Boston! It is great! The fest is a benefit to raise money for Boston Area Rape Crisis Center. So many killer bands on this bill and the vibe is solid! Tons of punks! The organizers did an amazing job putting this together. Best bands were Breathing Light (Chicago), In School (NYC), Shady Hawkins (NYC), Peeple Watchin' (Boston), Priests (DC), Joyride (SF), Force Quit (somewhere in Canadia), Sourpatch (San Jose) and St. Ripper (Boston). St. Ripper is my favorite band of the fest-four women playing mid-tempo punk with tough vocals and an intimidating vibe. Hit them up for a demo! saintripper666@gmail.com.
Laters, tour calls…

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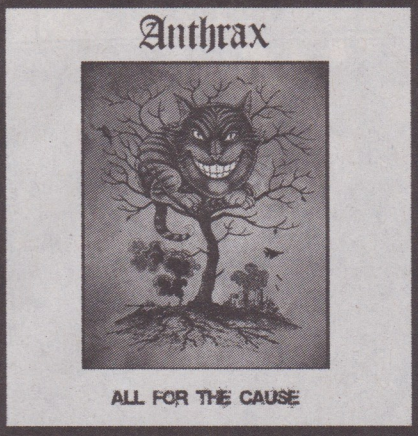

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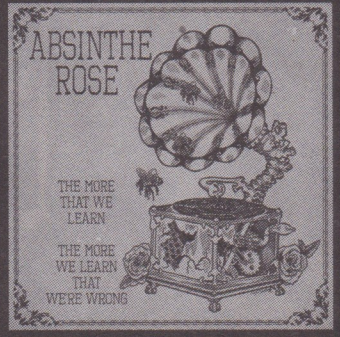

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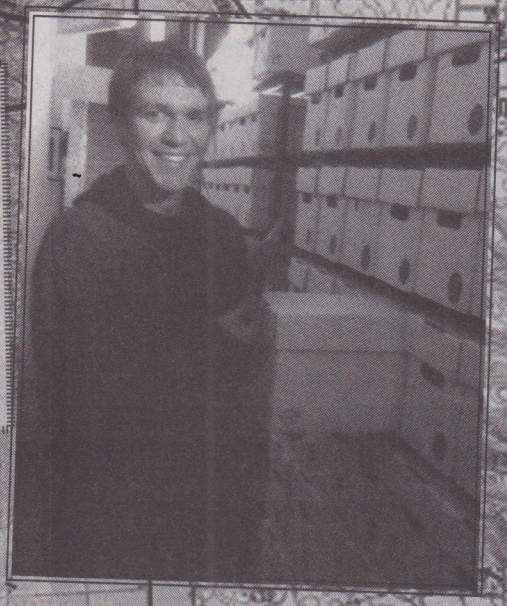
Welcome to another edition of MRR's

Shitworker of the Month!

Matt Badenhop

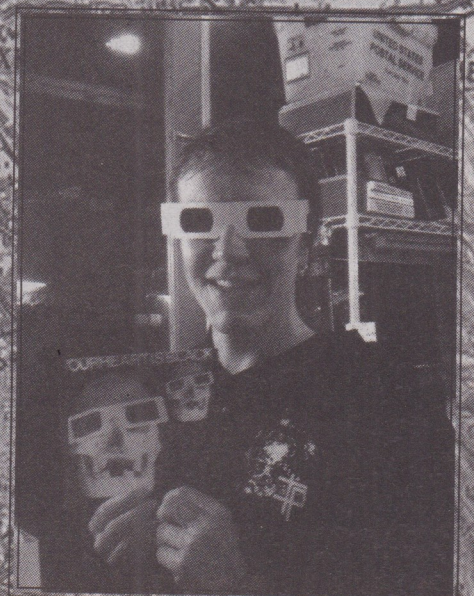
Matt Badenhop is originally from Dallas, Texas and after moving to San Fransisco a couple years ago, he jumped right into the *MRR* family! Matt is a kind-hearted person, but he is not without conviction, ethics or charm. He is always a pleasure to be around and stories from his tours, or his life in general, are as fun as they are pensive. He is generous and always comes to the compound bearing treats, he likes to play Devil's advocate in a debate and thinks before he judges.



* He does record reviews *and* provides us with demo reviews
* Helps out on New Issue Day, almost without fail
* He's a major part of the Record Reorganization Project, currently underway at the *MRR* compound
* He's on the new *MRR* international compilation commitee
* He always makes sure to edit and format his reviews, making our task as coords that bit easier!
* He is tidy, reliable and always exposes us to amazing, obscure bands, whether from Estonia, Bolivia, Indonesia, Japan or Russia!

"When people compare bands to Die Kreuzen they're wrong, because there is no one like them."

Matt has played in a number of bands, like Criaturas, Vaaska and Deskonocidos, and now plays with New Flesh and Merdoso. He works at a dildo factory, much to our pleasure, as he leaves us samples in our mail boxes! He also runs a music blog, called Music Not Noize, where he uploads his favourite punk discoveries (www.musicnotnoize.blogspot.com). He likes making mix tapes (and is very good at it too!) and appreciates good company and good beer!



NEW BLOOD

BY KAT SMITH

5 QUESTIONS TO 4 NEWER BANDS

1) DATE/LOCATION FORMED

2) REASON FOR FORMING

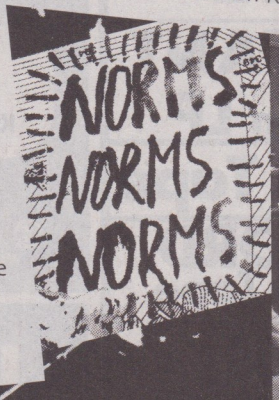
3) LYRICAL CONTENT

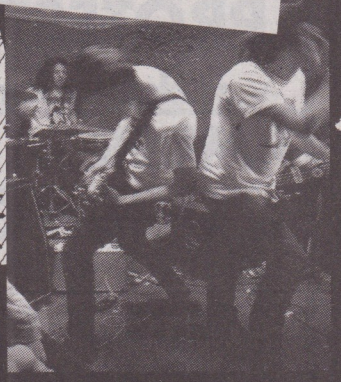
4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND

5) FUTURE OF THIS BAND?

OBLIVIONATION

1. December 2010 in Lowell MA.
2. We are four friends who experienced deep personal tragedies and hardships in 2010 and 2011 and this is our therapy.
3. Character flaws and the flaws of personal politics in general. General issues of anger, frustration etc.
4. Our influences are Poison Idea, Agnostic Front and Final Conflict. Demo is free online so decide for yourself.
5. Finishing up a 12" called *Language of Violence* coming out on Rock n Roll Disgrace.



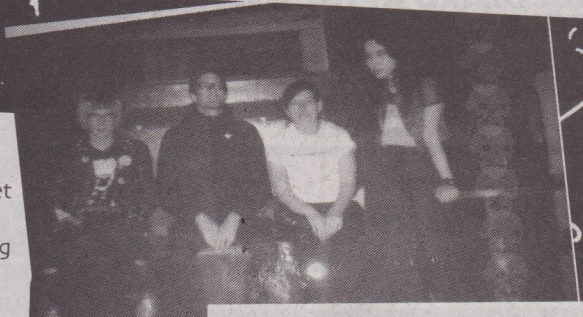


1. Theoretically in 2011 September. First practice was in 2012 august when Fefi moved here to BP, Anna came back from Russia and learnt to play bass and when Marci gave in to join us. We operate from Budapest, Hungary.
2. Viktor was depressed and wanted to cope with his shit through screaming and dancing, Anna was told she could do whatever she wanted, Fefi wanted to fulfill his role of "Prince-on-synthetic-drugs" with overfuzzed vomit-smell riffs, Marci always wanted to play sickening fast hardcore punk with his ideas and combine everything with tons and tons of harsh noise/whatever. Luckily these things fit.
3. Anti humor, rhymeless rants about sad sex on a battle field of us vs them.
4. We wanted to deliver the love child of Swans and Die Kreuzen but dropped the baby into a feedback bucket and it drowned instantly.
5. Get released on vinyl, tour, play on beaches, galactic domination and/or possible wage war on the cocaine-warlords of Siberia.

1) We started jamming about six months ago and played our first show in september 2012. The band was formed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.
2)Rob and Ben had played in bands previous and wanted to start another project together. We decided to go the way of the raw D-beat approach and after practicing with Julia on bass we asked Liz to take the on the roll of vocals. We are all close friends and work well together. Our goal is to make raw D-beat noise to the best of our ability.
3)The lyrics are about a range of topics, such as social standards and anxieties, state control and manipulation, world collapse, human waste, everything comes to an end...No hope no future type stuff.
4) The sound we strive for is noisey raw D-beat punk and nothing more.
5) We have recently released a demo tape and just completed a short US/Canada tour.We are going to record shortly for a 7" and plan on touring again in the summer. If you would like to get in contact with us for any reason please email us at rawdistort@gmail.com or check our blog: www.lifechaindbeat.blogspot.com

LIFE A CHAIN

1. Born in Philly Summer 2012 and immediately moved to the Bay because that's where Monk lives.
2. It began as a way to confuse our bosses and evolved into a method to upset our neighbors.
3. Pig hate, people hate; annihilationism. Being crushed beneath the stomping of life.
4. Distorted punk with much respect for black metal and Japanese HC.
5. Moving forward as a four-piece with a new singer. Releasing our second demo tape *Controluuufuuckerr II* this Spring and touring with Life Form but they don't know about that yet. Contact us: understanddischarge@gmail.com



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Anti 007 antisect 7 inch out of the void
Anti 008 anti-system lp a look at life w/demo & comp songs w/44 page booklet
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Anti 013 pink turds in space cd all records demos live 74 mins w/24 page booklet
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NEWS

Maximum Rocknroll News compiled by Donny

THREE WOMEN A DAY KILLED BY A PARTNER IN SOUTH AFRICA

by Michelle Faul for the Associated Press

Reeva Steenkamp, the model and law graduate shot and killed by Oscar Pistorius, was statistically just one of three women killed on Valentine's Day by an intimate partner, according to a study on violence against women that damns South Africa as having "the highest rate ever reported in research anywhere in the world."

Steenkamp's killing came the day before she planned to wear black in a "Black Friday" protest against the country's excruciatingly high number of rapes, spurred by the particularly brutal gang-rape and mutilation of a 17-year-old that made front-page news in February. The girl managed to identify an ex-boyfriend among her attackers before she died.

As the world marked International Women's Day on March 8, South Africans were locked in public soul-searching over the high level of murders and rapes perpetrated against women.

In the month before International Women's Day, among other cases in South Africa: a court charged a man accused of chopping up and beheading his wife with a machete; police arrested a 29-year-old accused of raping a 2-year-old toddler fighting for her life in the hospital; and police are investigating the rape of a 100-year-old great-great grandmother. Police still are hunting for two of 15 men accused of gang raping a 23-year-old woman. Her ordeal lasted hours.

Newspaper editorials and talk radio shows are examining traditional chauvinistic attitudes, gun control laws and weaknesses in the police and court systems that allow many perpetrators to walk free — thus discouraging women from reporting. In early March, police disclosed that they do not have enough rape kits, needed to collect evidence.

"Of all the [high school graduates] in your class, one third have been raped!" says a public education announcement on Talk Radio 702, referring to statistics that estimate more than 30 percent of girls have been raped by the time they are 18.

It seems there are few places for South African girls to be safe: Many are raped in their homes by a relative or family friend; many are raped at school, often by teachers; only a quarter are raped by someone they do not know.

In South Africa, statistics say someone gets raped every four minutes. Only 66,196 incidents were reported to police last year and their investigations led to only 4,500 convictions.

"If data for all violent assaults, rapes and other sexual assaults against women are taken into account, then approximately 200,000 adult women are reported as being attacked in South Africa every year," Lerato Moloi of the South African Institute for Race Relations said. The real figure is considerably higher, she said, since most cases never are reported.

The rate of murders of women in South Africa is equally troubling. A woman is killed by an intimate partner every eight hours in South Africa, a probable underestimate because no perpetrator is identified in 20 percent of killings, according to a study published in August and co-authored by Professor Rachel Jewkes of the South African Medical Research Council. That is double the rate of such murders in the US, according to the report. The study was based on a sample of deceased females aged 14 years and older at national mortuaries, since police statistics do not separate the killings of women by partners from those by strangers.

It found that although the murders of females has gone down between 1999 and 2009, as have all homicides, the percentage killed by intimate partners has increased—from 50 percent to 57 percent. Half the women were killed by partners they were living with, 30 percent by men they were dating and 18 percent by their husbands.

The study also found rape was suspected in more than one in four of the killings. "The proportion of women killed by non-intimate partners where there was a rape has significantly increased, but those figures are hidden" in police statistics, explained Jewkes, who has been researching gender violence in South Africa for 20 years.

The study compared statistics from a similar project in 1999 to find evidence of progress in reducing such killings: "Our assumption would be if our gender-based activities were having an impact, we would see a decline, but there wasn't. In fact, gender-based non-intimate and intimate murders have increased, though overall homicide is decreasing."

Something "is going terribly wrong," Jewkes said. A major obstacle is the number of men who are rapists. Thirty-seven percent of men in a survey in Gauteng Province admitted they had raped a woman, according to a survey that Jewkes did with other academics. Gauteng is the smallest but most populated province of South Africa.

Jewkes said it can be difficult to work with men, knowing that one in three is, statistically, a rapist. "This must be a huge obstacle to getting anything done from police to make arrests to decisions in the court room by magistrates and so forth," she said.

At least half a dozen police officers have been arrested for alleged rape since November, including one accused of raping a 14-year-old boy and an officer accused of raping a woman who came to the police station to report domestic violence. In the month of February, two police officers were arrested for alleged rape; one officer was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment for shooting and killing his girlfriend and another officer was arrested in the shooting death of a woman he was involved with. Two police officers are on trial for shooting and wounding their wives. The February figures come from the Independent Police Investigative Directorate, which investigates crimes committed by officers.

The public discussions come as the wife of a multimillionaire Cabinet minister is suing him for divorce alleging domestic abuse. Opposition politician Lindiwe Mazibuko has described "a silent war against the children and women of this country. ... We live in a deeply patriarchal and injured society where the rights of women are not respected."

President Jacob Zuma, who was acquitted on charges of raping the daughter of a family friend in 2005, launched a national "Stop Rape" campaign in March "to rid our country of this scourge, to cure our nation of this sickness." South Africa has strong laws protecting women and children, but they are not being acted on.

Some of the few victims who report domestic violence receive inadequate support from officials, according to an Inter-Ministerial Committee on Violence against Women and Children. "There is evidence that victims reported cases of domestic violence to police or social workers, but their pleas for help fell on deaf ears or [they] were told to resolve the matter with their partners," said its recent report.

The committee was set up in May 2012 and reviewed research on the subject in February "with the view to develop new strategies." At the same time, it noted "a need to move from policy to action."

CRIMINALIZING SOCIAL PROTEST IN LATIN AMERICA

by Manuela Picq for Al Jazeera

Sumak kausay is the Kichwa word for "living well," or *buen vivir* in Spanish. It is an indigenous principle that entails the harmonious interaction between man and nature, the respect for life and ecosystems, and an equitable and sustainable sharing of resources. This millennia-old idea has gained visibility in plurinational states of Latin America.

Bolivia's President Evo Morales, first elected in 2005, invoked this ancestral value against the capitalist principles of extraction and growth, and Ecuador made it a constitutional right in its 2008 constitution that was internationally acclaimed for defending the rights of nature.

Paradoxically, principles of harmony between nature and people can also forge terrorists. In Ecuador, 10 young people who gathered to discuss their understanding of the political agenda implied by *sumak kausay* have been arrested on charges of terrorism. Over the last three years, various indigenous leaders protesting water rights have been accused of terrorism.

Ecuadorian social movements are crying for help, but their calls may be falling upon deaf ears, as repressive responses to social movements are surprisingly widespread. From Chile to India, charges like terrorism, sabotage and sedition are becoming an all-too-common tactic of political control by dominant elites.

On March 3, 2012, three groups of special forces barged into a living room in the Luluncoto neighborhood of Quito where 10 young men and women had gathered to discuss a political plan of *sumak kausay*. After the 10 were arrested that day, it took four months for formal charges to be issued; they were accused of "terrorist acts" under Article 160 of the constitution, which entails sentences of four to eight years.

The youth were suspected of putting three pamphleteer "bombs," which resulted in mini explosions designed to spread political pamphlets, in public venues in 2011. If jailing people on terrorist charges for distributing political pamphlets seems like a disproportionate reaction, the rest of the evidence was even more flimsy and included Che Guevara material and the horror film *The Exorcist*. This has struck many observers as quite ironic for a leftist government that openly espouses socialist values and whose leader pledges "hasta la victoria siempre" (a most classic line of Latin America's communism) on national TV.

The alleged terrorists, for their part, could not have a more boring profile. Most are parents, including Fadua, a 19-year-old law student who was pregnant at the time of the arrest (and carried her pregnancy to term while in jail until the government allowed her to be placed under house arrest once the baby was born).

The group also includes a dentist (who started caring for the teeth of his fellow prisoners), an engineer (who gave computer classes in jail), a lawyer (who taught prisoners about *sumak kausay*), and Cesar Zambrano, the youngest of all, only 18 years old (who assumed responsibility for the prison library).

The "bin Ladens," as they were nicknamed in jail, have been demanding due process for almost a year, and the Bar Association of Guayas has taken their case to the Inter-American Court of Human Rights in Washington, DC. They proclaimed their innocence in recent court hearings.

The "Luluncoto 10" is not an isolated case. Over the last several years, around 200 protesters have been accused of terrorism in Ecuador.

In 2011, Pepe Acacho, a Shuar leader and then candidate for the presidency of the Confederation of Indigenous Peoples of Ecuador, was accused, along with two fellow protesters, of sabotage and terrorism during the Amazonian strike that protested the Law on Water back in 2009.

They were released from the infamous penitentiary Garcia Moreno, but criminal charges against Acacho are still pending for allegedly killing one of his own family members during the confrontation with the police.

Another such "water terrorist" is Carlos Perez Guartambel, a lawyer, indigenous leader for collective water rights, and the author of *Water or Gold: Kimsacocha, The Resistance for Water*. He was arrested while leading an indigenous march against mining. In a process marked by faulty judicial procedures, he was initially charged with terrorism, but because the accusations were unsupported, he was subsequently convicted for public disturbance.

For Perez Guartambel, such cases are serious because of the judicial precedent they create. It has now become possible to criminalize the constitutional right to social protest, which can be labeled a terrorist act at the government's whim.

The Luluncoto defense team claims the terrorist laws used against them date back to 1965 and are a direct inheritance of the US advocating the Doctrine of National Security in the context of the rise of military regimes across Latin America. As puzzling as it may be, some of the new-left governments in the region are resuscitating laws first promulgated in response to the US pressure during the Cold War to undermine social opposition.

Glancing at the region, one can find all too many governments reviving old laws from authoritarian regimes to punish dissident voices.

In Chile, even progressive governments like those of Ricardo Lagos and Michelle Bachelet used terrorist laws created under the military regime of Augusto Pinochet to jail Mapuche activists resisting extractive activities on their ancestral territories.

Argentina's anti-terrorist laws in 2011 were starkly criticized by human rights activists because they were so broadly defined that anyone the government deemed a threat could be prosecuted.

In Bolivia, the reform of the penal code is geared at criminalizing social protests like those of the Isiboro Secure Indigenous Territory and National Park.

Elsewhere in the world, one can find similar patterns. In India, for example, sedition laws dating back to British colonial times are now being used to clampdown on dissident movements. Following the recent protest against a nuclear plant at Koodankulam in Tamil Nadu, sedition cases were filed against 8,455 people. At least 19 of the defendants are accused of "waging war against the state."

It is disquieting to see democratic governments, many of which came to power through elections with the support of today's "terrorists," criminalize social protest and revive the authoritarian practices they had pledged to eradicate. It is also paradoxical to see clashes between social protesters and governments ostensibly committed to the defense of social justice.

In countries like Ecuador and Bolivia, both the government and protesters claim indigenous principles of *sumak kausay*. Erstwhile allies have frequently become bitter opponents, vigorously resisting each other.

But there is always a bright side. As Perez Guartambel is about to go to jail, the courts in Ecuador reduced his one-year sentence to eight days, arguing that his struggles were "altruistic." Does that mean he is a "good" terrorist? Perhaps, Latin America is about to redefine the meaning of terrorism altogether.

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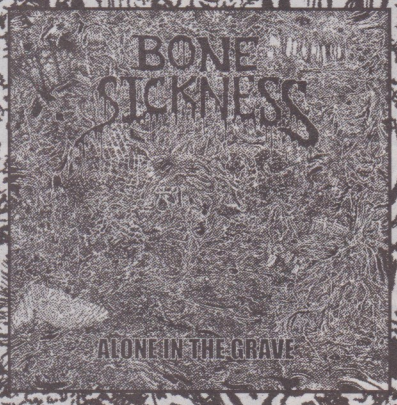

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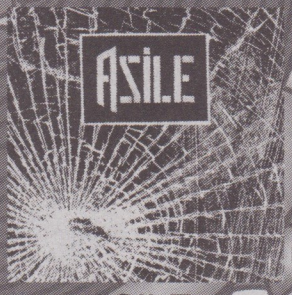

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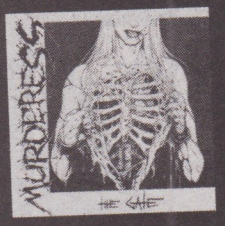

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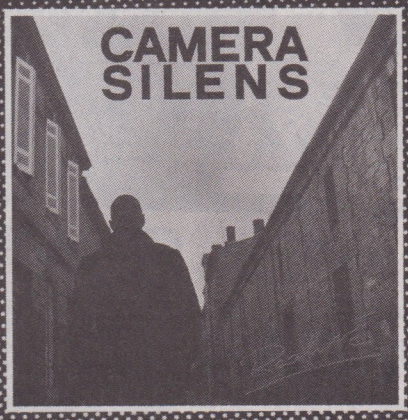

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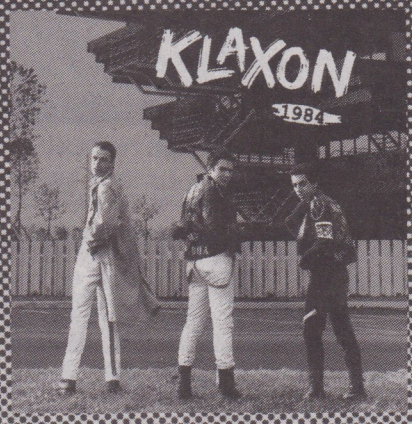

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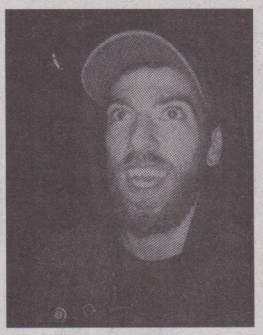
MRR asks you!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question was "What is the most extreme case of dropping out of punk you've seen?" Asked at the Knockout with Die Hard, in SF, CA. By Rachel and Ethan.

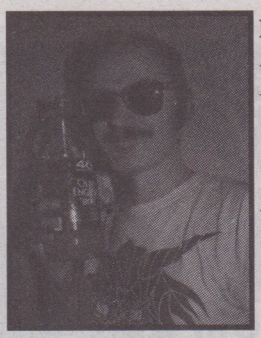
Aswahoa, LA, CA
Henry Ivry's Cocksparrer tattoo says he'll never walk alone, but I guess he's realized since then that a better strategy is walking alone and displaying the tattoo through neon colored low cut V-neck shirts.

Reece, Oakland, CA
When Dave Grohl used Paul McCartney to replace Kurt Cobain in a Nirvana reunion.



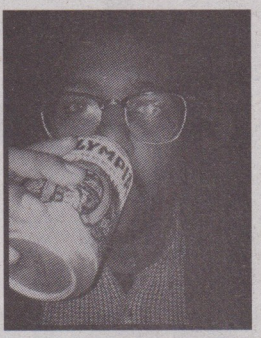
Rich, San Jose, CA
This dude who sold 200 records and moved to Seattle to become regional manager of Noah's bagels.

Dan, San Francisco, CA
Brace Belden at the end of Warkrime when he started dressing like Austin Powers.



Feffy, DC
Dood Eric who ran Dood records. In no way a sligxht towards him, but when he started running his lavel and even before he was so into punk it was insane. It inspired me to a degree. He fell out hard and started DJing world music.

Kris, Oakland, CA
I grew up in North Carolina and knew this dude who used to be really into punk and hardcore and played in a bunch of bands. He dropped out of that to be in Warped tour like pop punk/emo bands.When he didn't pull that off he became a day manager at Red Robin's and dates a stripper.



Kevin, San Francisco, CA
The Doors or the Beatles. I just can't decide.

Jeremy, San Francisco, CA
Zach Lin. Alkaline Trio>Discharge.

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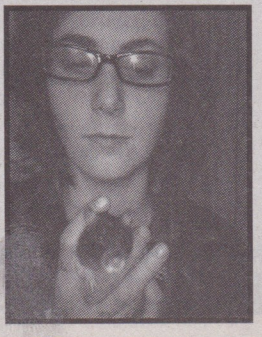
Laura, San Francisco, CA
When Johnny Depp became an undercover cop!

Lisa, Pittsburgh, PA
The singer of Half Life who became a cop.



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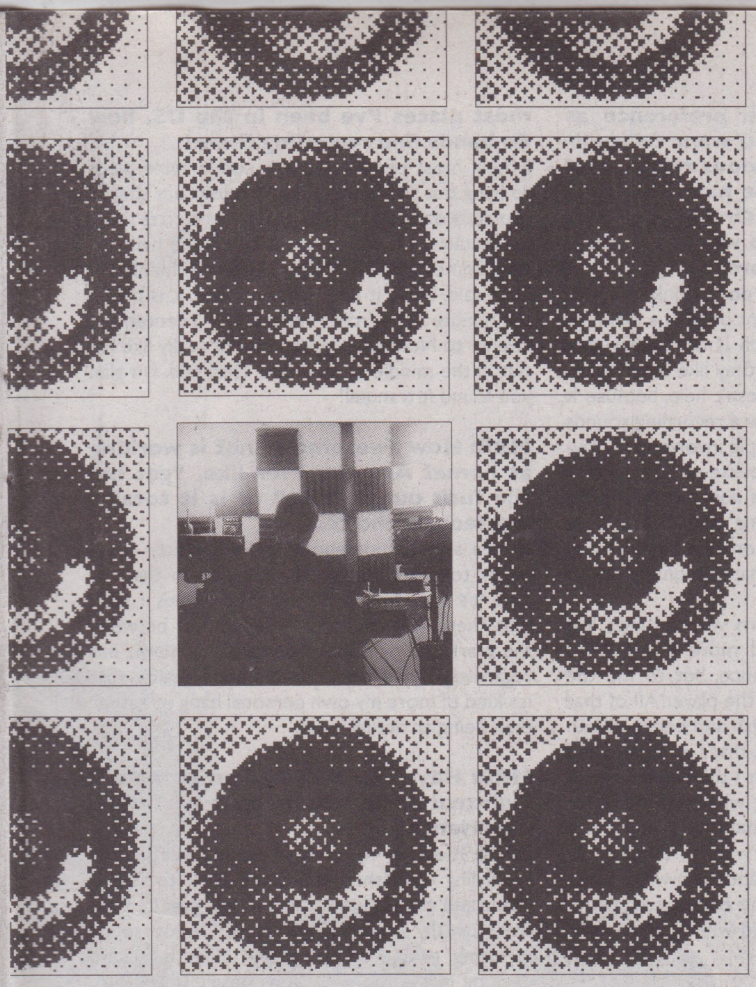

Recording for well over a decade in gorgeous Western Massachusetts, Will Killingsworth (aka Will Dandy) has recorded a vast amount of hardcore punk noise. Hundreds of bands have recorded at Dead Air over the years, including everyone from the Repos to Foreign Objects to Book Slave to Outbreak to White Guilt and of course, some of Will's own notables like Vaccine, Ampere, Orchid and Bucket Full of Teeth. This is just the tip of Dead Air's recorded iceberg and the studio shows no sign of slowing. Between playing in several bands and recording, Will is also responsible for releasing records through the Clean Plate label. After recording with Will personally, becoming interested in his methods while working and thinking about what an institution Dead Air Studios had become in the punk underground, I decided it was time to ask some questions. Interview by John Fahy. Photos by Meghan Minior, Chris O'Coin and Mark McCoy.

DEAD AiR

MRR: Give me some history of how you got into recording at first. How and why you decided to start Dead Air.
I think I got into recording like a lot of people have, or at least those who grew up in the world of affordable cassette four-tracks. At some point in high school I was the guy in the band who decided to get a four track. In college I took a recording class to be able to use the limited studio there and I became the guy who could help you record your demo—it kind of kept building from there. I made the conscious decision to have my own studio set up when I realized that it was something that I could do that could possibly pay some bills while being able to do something that I enjoyed and that was creative.

MRR: How did the studio start to pick up momentum?
It's all pretty much always been word of mouth. After I had set up shop in my old house and recorded some bands demos who started getting some attention, then inevitably some of their up and coming contemporaries would hit me up for a demo when the time came. Also, I think I had different reputations to different people, that didn't hurt me either. Some folks were looking to record with "the guy from Orchid", while others knew me as "the dude who recorded Mental" or whatever, but either way word of mouth kept spreading and that was that. I still go through busy and slow periods though, as I think most do, so it's not like I'm constantly swamped, but I certainly can be sometimes!

MRR: What is your tactic when a band comes into the studio? You've told me before that you try not to influence anything that isn't a band decision. Do you ever point out something you think is glaringly wrong? How much do you respond when bands look to you for direction?
I usually try to approach each band/scenario with what seems like a fitting approach. If a band is looking to be on their way home in four hours

and high-fiving over sloppy takes, I'm not going to demand that they tighten up and spend all day tweaking shit. Or, maybe they're just a really tight band recording a demo and they can bang out their songs live in a couple hours and don't feel the need to nitpick it to death, or add a bunch of overdubs or unplanned backup vocals that eat up studio time. Alternately, if a band clearly wants to be as precise as possible, and spend the time to do so, then I am happy to point out anything that strikes me as questionable. Most bands tend to fall somewhere in the middle of all this.

In my mind, it shouldn't be up to me how a band presents itself and what they're satisfied with. The more I get to know a band through a days interactions, or multiple recordings, etc., the more I understand what they're looking for as well. So, I guess to an extent my comfort in offering directional advice depends on my comfort in thinking that I understand what the band is trying to accomplish. I think that assuming that every band is aiming for the same thing is a mistake. I think some engineers try to switch into producing a record, or essentially act as if they're joining the band for a day, or however long, and to me that's not my place. Furthermore, if I was recording I wouldn't want someone trying to join my band either.

MRR: If you're trying to be impartial and create a recording to what you think a band or project would want, do you ever find that you do certain things that still make a recording sound like you've done it?
I'm certain that some aspects of how I do things carry over from recording to recording, but I never specifically think about imparting my own signature on a recording. Obviously I try to make a recording sound the best that I think it can, to an extent that involves somewhat emphasizing what I think are a bands strong points and de-emphasizing what might be weak points in the mix. Some bands also request that I do something on their recording like I did on another band's recording, and perhaps they view that as sounding like I did it, but it's not like a trick that I necessarily pull out every time. Most of what could be called tricks that I use just about every time are just sort of part of my general work flow, but not like a sonic signature, at least not in my mind.

MRR: Does listening to music shape what you're doing often? Do you ever catch that what you may be listening to will seep into what you are recording at the same time?
I suppose that I occasionally get new ideas that way, but I don't think it's something that happens often, or that I'm consciously aware of. It's more often that someone might point out something that they like in a record that I'm unfamiliar with and ask to duplicate it, then I might try incorporating that technique into something else. Realistically though it's more the case that I sort of slowly alter my approaches and techniques rather than trying to do all sorts of new shit all the time.

MRR: Do you have a preference as to whether or not you want to replicate sounds from previous recordings? Would you rather not have the "guy who recorded Mental, Orchid guy," etc. affiliations and just do what you think is best for a given record?
If I'm being totally honest, I don't think re-creating a recording for a different band in a different time is really possible, which is not to say that when a band tells me what they like or what recording they like that it doesn't help, because it does. But to me a lot of how a recording sounds has to do with how the people involved are playing the songs, which is of course something that I have little control over. It's not uncommon for me to hear something along the lines of "the drums sound so awesome on that record" and all I can think is, well yeah, that person's a fucking awesome drummer.

Of course in the modern world, things like that are getting more and more manipulated from the original performance, but to me the bottom line comes back to the player. All of that aside though, if people cherish and connect with a recording that I recorded, that's an honor, and lastly, in terms of doing what I think is best for a recording versus recreating what was done for the Dumptruck demo or something, I think there can be an overlap in these ways of thinking. By attempting to do my best and following my intuition while listening to the band's comments, I am doing exactly what I did when those other records were made.

MRR: The location of your home and studio is definitely more tranquil than most places I've been in the US, how do bands find recording there?
I think most people find it a comfortable place to hang out and work on their music, but there's probably others that wish there was a pizza place downstairs and that their AT&T phone had service. Some would probably like all of the above! That said, while it feels fairly remote, it is only a ten minute drive from Amherst (MA) center, and twenty to Northampton, so it's not really like I'm out in the middle of nowhere. That said, I'm glad you found it tranquil!

MRR: How awesome or not is working at home? Are you ever like, "get me the fuck out of here" or is it totally, righteously choice?
I am a serious homebody and am pretty much happy to never leave the house, so in that regard it's a non-issue for me. Sometimes I wish that there was more of a separation between the work and personal aspects of my home, but regardless that's hard to avoid and I realize that it's kind of more my own personal hang up rather than being an actual issue.

MRR: Have you ever had an especially nightmarish or triumphant recording experience?
I think most of my triumph comes well after a recording is finished, if I come back to it and listen and think, "wow this sounds great," then that's usually when I feel it most. Of course interesting problem solving and such is always exciting in the moment, but doesn't linger with me as long as just feeling really happy with how something came out. Nightmares would prob-

ably involve bands that have shown up wasted or shown up with close to a dozen friends at the start of a session or with multiple members who don't know the songs. None of which really helps get much done or done well. Other nightmares could possibly include an amp breaking in the middle of a session, or one band before even getting one song recorded broke the headstock of their Gibson SG. That shit can be hard both to work around and deal with mentally, but there's always a solution.

MRR: What recordings are you truly happy with and for what reasons?
Off the top of my head, I'm pretty satisfied with some of the recordings of Daniel Striped Tiger and Ringers that I did, as well as the recent Stoned Ambassadors 12". It's hard not to look back and think about what could be different sometimes, but of course different isn't necessarily better. Although I also don't have the opportunity to go back and listen to everything I've recorded in an objective manner after the fact. Those recordings that I mentioned I can reference easily because I listen to them frequently, and when I do I don't think about the recording, I think about the band and just enjoy a record that I'm into.

MRR: The pace you're working at now with recording, doing Clean Plate and playing in several bands seems pretty heavy. How do you rotate everything with touring and recording schedules?
Well, Clean Plate has been running slow for a good while now, which I like. I just pretty much release things a couple times a year when it makes sense, but don't really stress about it or worry about what my next release might be. Juggling the need to be recording on weekends, when most bands are looking to get recording time, and playing shows on weekends, when most people are trying to book a band, can be a little tricky at times. I mainly just try to balance out enough weekends of recording so I can pay the bills, and enough of shows so it's not really holding anything back. It's not always ideal, but I'd say for the most part it works ok. Every band I'm in has a few conflicting schedules to work around though that keep them from being super active show-wise anyways, so it's never too much of an issue.

MRR: With Vaccine or Ampere or any of your own bands, is there a point where you'd rather not record it?
Definitely, in a way. I did try having someone else mix an Ampere recording once, but I ended up mixing it myself after all, although I did learn some things from the experience, including apparently that perhaps only I could please myself. It's difficult because I can become extremely focused on certain elements or wanting to hear certain nuances, and then start to lose some of the bigger picture, because I know too much about the songs and their inner workings. When I'm recording a band that I'm not in and working on the mix, my main thought is how to make that band come across the best that they can. Of course I want that with my own bands as well, but I also have to grapple with my own preconceived notion of how I want it to sound or how it "should" sound or if that one note I play comes through, etc., etc., which makes it more of a complicated inner monologue. Not to mention that usually by the time I've gone that far down the rabbit hole I've usually worn down everyone else in the band's ability to nitpick and start to feel some pressure that they're just depending on me to make it good. In the end it works out and ultimately I don't think that there is an alternate solution, or at least I haven't found one.

MRR: What do you think you've gotten from recording for years as far as knowledge or advice for anyone that gets into recording (even the most minute things included)?
Something I often have a hard time with trusting my instincts even if it seems like I might be doing the wrong thing or going too far with something; but usually when I do trust it there's a reason and it's for the best. So, I guess my advice is to trust your instincts and doing so will also help you build up better instincts. I also always try to monitor mixes on at least three playback sources, at least when starting a mix. I think it's really helpful, especially as you get to know the sources better, for example one of my stereos is pretty bass heavy, so I can use it to help me realize if low end needs to be tamed on toms, or bass guitar, etc. And of course, if the mix sounds good on all three, well, that's a good sign!

MRR: Do you rely exclusively on bands, records and recording to make a living or do you supplement with other work?
There was a while where recording was my only income, at my old house where I had more roommates and cheaper rent. At some point during a slow period I started working part time, and have kept doing so now that I've moved to a bigger/better space with more costs to cover. Having the steady part time work just helps me make sure that even if I do spend two weekends out playing shows, or go through a slow period, that I'm still doing somewhat OK money-wise. At some point you realize that it's also borderline ridiculous that whether or not you can pay rent, eat, etc., all depends on how many punks email you in a month about recording a demo or 7" or such. When viewed that way I think having a bit of a safety net seems pretty wise!

MRR: You're dabbling in mastering now, are you going to get deeper into that aspect of things?
It's honestly hard to say at this point exactly where it will go, but I've been doing a fair amount for the past few months which I think has been a good experience for me and has helped some folks that are looking for particularly inexpensive and/or fast services. I've mainly been doing mastering work for people I already work with, but I've also posted on some message boards and gotten a fair amount of work that way. My plan isn't to try to compete with the world class mastering engineers, but rather to be an affordable option for the people who are considering giving their friend $30 to see what s/he can do with it. In my experience, a lot of those friend jobs end up hurting recordings, which honestly bums me out. So, I guess my goal is to be a decent cheap guy who won't fuck up your recording, but will make improvements while retaining the qualities of what (hopefully) made your recording cool in the first place.

MRR: How can a band get a hold of you, what kind of money will they be dishing out and what can they expect from recording at Dead Air? Any advice for bands that are about to make a recording?
Email is best, will@deadairstudios.com and I've got a webpage that gives some general info www.deadairstudios.com. From my perspective the money really depends a lot on the band and how they want to go about things. I'm not convinced that there's one right way to do things and if a band wants to come in and record everything live and be done in four hours, that's cool with me, but so is a band that wants to spend a day or two on drums and then carefully go through everything else as well. Most bands spend a couple hundred bucks, but some less and some more.

MRR: Do you still enjoy recording? Does it get frustrating or tedious often?
Ultimately I definitely still enjoy recording. I find it challenging and rewarding. Of course, sometimes it can just feel like "work," but sometimes it can just feel like hanging out with friends, which is pretty damn awesome.

MRR: Do you have anything else you'd like to add?
I don't think so! The future of recording is pretty interesting and I think the future of recording engineers is also going to be interesting. In the past few months I've worked on a few recordings where part was done in a studio and another part at some kids' house. I want to see where it will go. Meanwhile I've been expanding forwards and backwards with technology, dabbling both with a 16-track tape machine and with Pro Tools, and they all have their merits...

HIRS

HIRS is a West Philadelphia band that plays queer, trans, anti-authoritarian, bullshit grind-noise-thrash with punk ethics. They aim to destroy capitalist misogynist scum and empower all the people that deserve it. No gods. No cops. Fuck everything.

Interviewed in Philadelphia by Alison Gaye. Answered by Jen Na.

Grind the Pigs drawing by Patt Attak.

MRR: So hey I'm Alison, who are you and what do you do?

I am Jen Na, one of the people in HIRS. HIRS is a fast queer band, it started off as fast music that I wanted to make and have fun with and it ended up, seemingly, to be a band with an important message for some people, including myself. Queer trans grind. Often it's just two of us, I do vocals and my best friend Scott plays guitar, but we have a very wide array of members, any time any one helps us out or does anything I consider them part of HIRS, part of the weird fucked up anonymity of it all. But when we play shows it's two of us in front of a wall of amps.

MRR: How do you like to get listed on flyers?

We usually tell people we're queer thrash/queer grind. As long as it's not something shitty or offensive they could put whatever they want. 'Cause we're just playing fast music that we love and there're so many genres you could put us into.

MRR: Did you listen to grind before you came out?

I've always loved fast music, I remember the first time I heard a double bass and I was just like "What!?" and the first time I heard Charles Bronson or the Locust or whatever was on a compilation that had like a million songs on it and my mind was blown. I have a very short attention span, so a 30-second song was perfect. But I'm not grind and grind only, I still listen to Robyn and pop punk and could write pop punk all day and night. If something's good and catchy or fast and brutal I'll probably like it. Or importantly, there're a lot of bands that I didn't think I would really like but their message, the people in them or what they're doing just made me grow to like it. We're also in other projects that are completely different too, so if someone heard "there's a HIRS member in this band" it's not exactly what you were expecting.

MRR: What goes into writing songs? You make beats?

We usually have an iPod that has drums and bass recorded and we put those through two bass cabinets and then Scott has a full stack and plays guitar and I do vocals. And all the bass, drums and samples are on one track so once we start we can't stop, unless something breaks.

MRR: Does that give you a sense of urgency, like a juggernaut?

Yeah! The shorter you have it and keep it ongoing, and if someone hates it it's over before they can even say, "oh my god this sucks," but when people like it they're think "I need to hear more and get the record or download everything they've ever recorded" —pauses just make it awkward.

MRR: Do you get shit for making songs digitally? Do you think it's an important way for queer kids to make music, to use whatever technology they have at hand?

You can never force things 'cause it's not genuine, but you have to use whatever your means are. If you love creating something, do it in whatever form you can. And yeah it's important for other queer kids to make stuff because that's who I really want to support. I would love to have a studio to record all day, but instead I use whatever I have.

MRR: So you hate the cops, is that a general opposition to the police state or specifically Philly?

No, not Philly specifically. It's more that this group of people [the police], that is theoretically supposed to make you feel safe, makes me feel like a lot of the awful people in my past did. Abusing the fact that they have power over something, in theory, less powerful than them. It sucks and I hate fear-based power dynamics, this police state, people abusing power in really fucked up ways. And it's a really easy subject.

MRR: Do you feel like that's a way you can connect different parts of the punk community? Straight and queer, cis and trans, white and POC—everybody has a fear or hatred of the police.

Totally, most of us aren't "normal people" that see them [the police] as a safe or comfortable thing. So many of us can get super fucked [if we don't know our rights] and we all need to be there.

MRR: Do you play with other grindcore bands from Pittsburgh, Cleveland and other Rustbelt cities?

There are a couple bands that we've become great friends with and we have been asked to play with other bands from around, but not because of a grindcore sisterhood or anything. We play with whoever reaches out to us... I'd play with anyone though, like I'd play with Robyn.

MRR: Do you feel that you get most of your support from a queer community or grindcore community?

I think we definitely have a bridging of the gap. I used to only wanna play queer shows because that's what I like to play, but I also wanna play all shows, because I want them to be queer safe spaces with queer kids, grindcore kids, whatever. But there've been a lot of queer kids that are so stoked that there's loud, fast, queer music around here, instead of misogynist, violent or clueless bullshit. And then there're a lot of grind kids that are like "that was really awesome" and are a little more educated about queer culture in some way.

MRR: Is the west Philly queer community still a bubble?

We hang out with the queers and the punx and definitely try not to segregate them from each other. If I'm hanging out with one of my besties who's trans and someone rolls up that's not used to that, I definitely still make sure that I'm facilitating some kind of safe barrier but I don't see myself as doing anything special.

MRR: Is the goal of HIRS to make the punk scene more comfortable for trans, gender nonconforming folx and a more diverse group of people, or to recreate and start from scratch?

Definitely safe spaces are key and trying to make all the spaces we're in rad for all people no matter who's in them. Even if we're at a show that not one person identifies as queer or a survivor, or even knows the connotation of trigger warning, if someone like that does come into that space then I don't want it to be an issue; so we want it known that queer and trans people exist here and that this is something important.

MRR: Has anyone ever expressed that loud fast grindcore can be triggering? Do you ever have to navigate that space?

To be honest I've never thought of our music as being triggering. Often before shows I'm around and dressed femme, because when I play a show I wanna be the most beautiful and the best feeling, because that's how I feel when I make this music and I want that to be a statement when we play. That doesn't show that it's not violent, but I kinda hope at least that it's not threatening in a normal sense. We've even played shows that have been totally diverse music-wise, like really quiet bands with chimes and acoustic guitar, really moving epic stuff, blaring noise and then us. I've always cherished those situations as opposed to shows were all these bands have the same ideas and sounds.

MRR: Do you see yourself as queer and also a punk, or do those intersect like you're a queer punk?

Those two words can be used so loosely for so many different things. Sure I'm queer, sure I'm punk but I'm really just me. I'm a trans person that hangs out in the scene with other queer and trans people but it's never just one or the other; punk ethics and queer ethics are connected though.

MRR: Sometimes being in a queer community you can feel like the only punk or that you're too punk, but in the punk scene you can feel pushed out or marginalized as a queer because of a presumed set of ideas or politics.

A lot of times I don't feel like I speak up like I should in the punk scene, except in cases of verbal or physical violence, but it's hard for me to be coming out as a trans person in a kinda oblivious or normal male saturated culture. Where there's no question of gender and if you look like this, then you're a dude or a man. But I don't ever feel pushed to the margin of the queer community as a punk.

MRR: Do you feel as a trans person that you shouldn't be as loud, or do people think that it takes away from your femininity?

When performing that makes me want to be louder and freak out more. When I'm in that moment I feel my tran-ness and my voice gets higher and higher. I feel comfortable and I want to be super visible, super loud and up front, especially in a show that's not intentionally queer. With HIRS everything was like a perfect storm; the things I was learning, writing and figuring out and given that I was trans, I had this medium and I was like "I'm fucking trans!"

MRR: Do you have to go over the top to feel like you're being seen correctly? Especially since it's grindcore and your lyrics aren't as clear to people at shows.

That's one of the reasons we use samples so much, so I don't have too talk as much between songs. A lot of our songs are anti-authoritarian and anti-religion but the handful of songs about being trans I don't feel are over the top, but I am pushing the envelope. Beause when I'm in those moments it's the time that I feel really well and powerful. When most people look at me outside of our bubble of awesome friends that don't just see body type, the world says "that's a man" and that sucks. So when I have that moment I grasp it and force people to remember that I'm trans. Because when I'm not wearing a skirt or makeup I'm still trans.

MRR: How do you feel about Drag? Do you fall into that at all?

No, when I'm performing it's definitely not drag. They may not be clothes that I always feel physically comfortable in but they are what I am mentally comfortable in. What I feel sexy and sweet and seen the right way in.

MRR: A lot of our queer punk idols were closeted, how do you feel as an out punk, do you ever get shit?

The only shit I've ever gotten was ridiculous. Some kid came up to us and said, "Y'all are gay right?" which is funny because a lot of people think Scott and I are partners but we're not [or are we?] and was just asking about why there's no straight equivalent of grindr [the app] but then gets his friends' attention by yelling "Hey Fags!" On the surface it's all positive accepting and awesome and I don't think that necessarily means it's easy to be a queer or trans punk kid, but it's easier, and I hope that continues. That eventually we won't need to be referred to as a queer/trans band, we'll just be a grind band. But those labels work for us, I mean I'd be lying and it'd be disrespectful to not accept that, we're like total shit noise but we're trans queer and very open about that.

MRR: Yeah, some bands like to be put on flyers or talked about as queer, all-girl or female fronted but there're plenty of bands that don't find that such as big of a deal and wanna be a band first.

I agree with that, but I do think that when it is on a flyer it can make that space easier for a scared queer kid to go to. I'm not against people being like "don't call us a queer band." But I like it, because if I see that, like a trans/queer metal band or whatever, I'm gonna go. To support them and see what it's about and maybe make a rad new friend.

HIRS is repressing their First 100 Songs LP on hot pink vinyl with Satanic Ritual Abuse records, has splits coming out with Water Torture and APE, a 6-inch and 10-inch coming out, and all of their songs are available for free at www.hirs.bandcamp.com. Hopefully they'll be playing outside of Philly or Australia for the first time at Lady Fest in East Hampton Mass. If you wanna see them tour you should probably just email them and say so because they'll probably listen. Contact the band at: HIRS666@gmail.com // HIRS666.com

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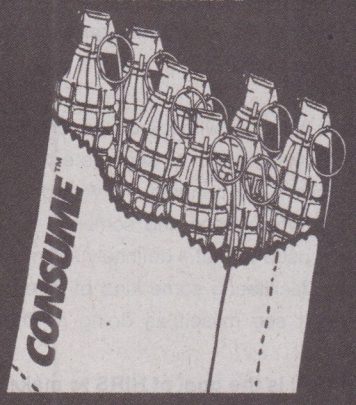

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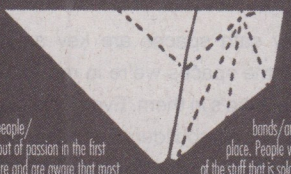

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

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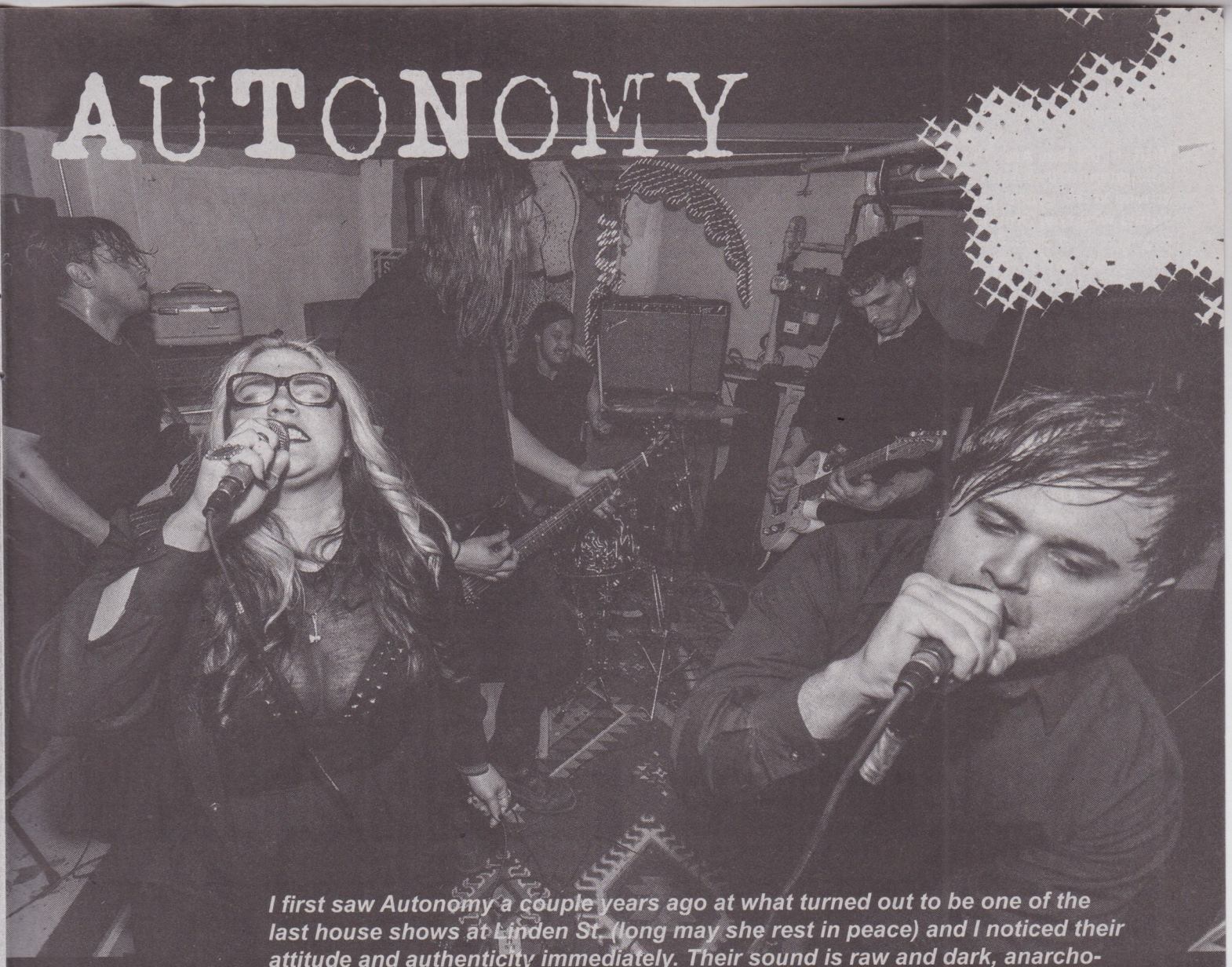


I first saw Autonomy a couple years ago at what turned out to be one of the last house shows at Linden St. (long may she rest in peace) and I noticed their attitude and authenticity immediately. Their sound is raw and dark, anarcho-gloom...as much dancey bass-driven melodic punk as atonal dissonance. I grabbed their demo then, and was really excited to hear about their LP that just came out late last year. I was especially drawn to their artistic vision; they stand out for me as having a distinct ideology to go with their music.

Interview by Julia Booze.

Photos by Ray Martinez and Patrick Houdek

MRR: Hey folks. Want to introduce yourselves a little? Who is in your current lineup?

Ray Martinez: Bass.
John: Drums.
Schuyler: Guitar.
Taylor: Guitar.
Monica: Vocals.
Nikki: Vocals.
Husni: Video/projection.
Carson: Photography/film projection.
Jared: Art/screen printing.

Ray: The current lineup is myself on bass, John Atkinson on drums, Schuyler Bielema on guitar, Monica Brennan on vocals, Nikki Lee on vocals, and Taylor Sprehe (of Spree Media fame) on guitar, but that's about to change. Nick and John have announced their intentions to leave the band but are going to stick around until mid-March. After that, Nick is going to do some occasional video projections for us and John is going to focus on his other bands and new job. We also have Husni Ashiku doing videos/projections, Jared Davey doing art and screen printing for us, Carson Cates has done some photography and a projection for the band, and there are always people helping out with the million other little things we do.

Schuyler: Yeah, our current musical lineup will make the band a four piece again. We plan on having everyone do vocals in the band now and not just have a dedicated frontman...

Monica: Or frontwoman...

Schuyler: I think it'll emphasize the collective aspect of Autonomy more, having multiple voices from within the band expressing themselves, as opposed to just one or two from before. I'm really excited for it, especially with the new material we've been working on.

John: Our lineup changes fairly often, which is one reason I think the sound of our music shifts rather rapidly as well.

Ray: The constant changing lineup does get frustrating sometimes, but it makes us keep moving forward as a band. We have to cut songs, write new ones. We also have variations of the old songs that we do keep playing. Schuyler doesn't play the way Taylor does, who

doesn't play the way Matt did. Same with Nikki's take on Andrew's vocals, and now Monica's take on Nick's vocals. Even our old songs never sound too old.

MRR: In the Bay Area there seems to be a lot of talk about goth-infused punk these days. Do you want to talk about how you arrived at the sound you have? Also, do you still wear matching outfits while performing?

Ray: I grew up about 45 minutes north of Chicago, so the "alternative rock" station was always playing Wax Trax! stuff, like 1000 Homo DJs and KMFDM in the early/mid '90s. The industrial/goth thing was actually one of the ways I initially got into DIY punk. I bought the Pailhead *I Will Refuse/No Bunny* 12" and on the insert it said they featured members of Ministry and "Hard Corps legends" Minor Threat. Fucking hilarious, right?! Plus my two favorite bands since forever have been the Cure and Crass, and I wanted to be in a band that at least tried to take those styles and made something somewhat new with them. It had to be slightly mopey and pissed, 'cause that's pretty much how I always feel. Weltschmerz and all that. As for the matching clothes, I wanted to have the visual impact that bands like the Ramones or the Traitors had. When I saw them, it was obvious they had a fucking plan.

When I moved back to Carbondale in 2008, Nikki, Lauren from

Staring Problem, and I helped put together the first Dress to Depress goth/death rock party at Lost Cross thinking maybe a handful of our friends would find it novel and go. We had no idea that people were actually into it. And it really wasn't until Autonomy started playing outside of Carbondale in 2011 that we learned that there were bands that sounded like us besides those on the block. We're pretty isolated from trends here. There was us, Staring Problem, and Witch Trial. All the bands were sharing members, co-workers, roommates, or used to date. We thought we were the small town backwater weirdos playing music that everyone outgrew after high school. Maybe this is a trend in punk right now, and it'll be dead in a year, but that's fine with me. I love it. There's some bands doing great stuff, and I'm glad to be around for it.

Nikki: Plus, Ray and I only became friends eleven years ago because we found out that our favorite band was and still is the Cure, so it's good to be able to be in a band together in which that is a big influence.

Monica: Since I joined the band about a year ago, we have gone with an all black theme when it comes to clothing but are constantly discussing different wardrobe options. As far as the sound goes, I feel as though Autonomy became a lot faster and a bit lighter around the time that I joined; the songs that I have written are more geared toward issues such as race, class, and the female body.

Schuyler: Since I've joined, the sound has shifted a bit. I'd say everything up through the first LP is going for what Ray told me he wanted the band to be influenced by when it started, bands like the Mob and Crisis. Nowadays, we're more melodic, I guess. The Cure is still a huge influence, though. I feel like the Cure and Ministry are the bands that get name-dropped the most by us when writing.

Ray: I love when I'm like, "It needs to be more noisy, you know, like Crass" and Schuyler is like "Umm...I don't really listen to Crass."

Jared: We definitely still wear matching outfits. I'm always losing mine and calling Nick to bring an extra. I remember several different occasions in which the original line-up of Autonomy would be standing on a porch spray-painting black Xs on each others' shirts while we were wearing them to ensure that the Xs looked the best that they could. One time I forgot to wear an undershirt and had a faint black X on my chest for the next week.

MRR: Is your band a collective?

Ray: I think so. I've been in bands but never in a band like this. Having such a large group involved, we've often played shows without all members or with modified lineups. Sometimes people's lives are busy, but that shouldn't mean that the band shouldn't be able to still play. People also come and go and can't always be available, so why be weird about it? Shit comes up, no hard feelings. Maybe it'll work out again later. Everyone seems to try to work for what's best for the band. We've actually had old members come back and play shows with us, both in and out of town.

Schuyler: Yeah, it is. From the musical side of the band, I'm used to bands operating like this, with input from everyone and playing shows with extra/fewer members, but the size of the band is not something I'm used to. Aside from the first band I was in, I've never been in a band that's larger than a three piece, except for an Oi! band that Ray and I had one summer that was a four piece. Having the input of six people on how a song should be constructed or changed can be really frustrating, as opposed to having input from only another person or two. The real collective feeling, to me, comes from the people who help the band from outside of the musical performance. If you record us, you're a part of the collective. If you do visual work for us, you're part of the collective. If you let us borrow your van to get to a show, you're part of the collective. I think it's a neat way to encourage people to work with us, and I hope more people continue to do so.

Ray: We really want people to want to collaborate with us, and giving people the respect that they deserve helps us nurture these relationships. To me, the visuals of a band are really important—Raymond Pettibon should be considered just as an important aspect of Black Flag as his brother. You can't think about that band without picturing the bars in your head. Pettibon's art was definitely more valuable than anything that someone like Anthony Martinez or C'el Revuelta did. If people are willing to make art or give up their time to help Autonomy, why shouldn't they get the same kind of credit as the musicians? Especially when you sometimes make as much money off shirts as you do from the door. It just makes sense that our friends, who give up their time to help us screen our shirts so we can tour (especially when they probably won't be with us to enjoy it as well), should get full credit as a part of the group. They help us fill that gas tank in a very real way. Same with our friends who make videos or films for us to project live or that take photographs that we use to represent the group.

MRR: That's a cool way of looking at it. I bet giving that respect out means that it comes back to you in the form of loyalty and audience participation. Speaking of which, how does that zine come out

every show? Can you talk about the process of the art/aesthetic of the band and how it goes with the overall message?

Ray: When it comes to the zines, I designed the layout and do most of them. But everyone in the band has helped with them, either with concepts, layouts, or actually putting them together. Being that we give them away, we can't make a lot (15-25), so it's not a huge deal to make one for every show. Maybe an hour-and-a-half of work. It also helps that I abuse a misprinted coupon for five-cent copies that didn't have an expiration date. I went around town and grabbed about 100 copies of the weekly that it was in and have been using it since 2010. At this point, the shop gives me five-cent copies whether or not I have a coupon. They've even let me run a tab!

Making the zines is a fun ritual for the show. They also give the audience insight and perspective on the band in different ways. It's not just a lyric sheet in which, "Here's what we have to say, 'cause what we have to say is so important you need to know every word coming out of our singer's mouth right now." It's a mood or an idea, not just the words you're already hearing. You can peek at it, stick it in your pocket, and get to it later. Some zines have reprints of political essays or friend's zines, some have short stories, some are collections of images, some have QR codes to videos or songs. While the front cover is always the same, the back has the date of that specific show and the zine number. It's really cool that people care about our band enough to come see us and it's nice to have something for them every time. For a while, people didn't realize that it was a different zine every show and would turn them down like, "I already got one last time." And we're like, "No you didn't!"

As for the art, there actually isn't a whole lot going on with the process. We all like the aesthetic of simple black and white art. I did the design work for both our LP and 7" art, and it's just an extension of my flyer art. For the LP, I used the patent Buckminster Fuller filed for the geodesic dome. Aesthetically, it just looks great—hypermodern. It also is sentimental to us being that Bucky lived in Carbondale. I guess the way this goes with the overall message is that we visually align ourselves with people whose philosophies, art, politics, and ideas we enjoy and that influence us. At the same time, we also get to champion them. It goes with the art, the zines, the music. Using the writings or images of Dick Gregory (another Carbondale hero) in zines or samples of Slavoj Zizek are all ways to get people to ask, "Who is that?" Soon you're discussing Maya Deren, film noir, Anton LaVey, Walter Benjamin, or zombie movies.

The only overt decision that I made with the art for this band is never using other people's tragedy. I can't stand it when bands use pictures of skulls from Cambodia or mass graves to create an aesthetic. It's weird and creepy and reeks too much of privilege to me. I remember Keith Rosson wrote a great column for HeartattaCk years ago and it really stuck. Now, I will use examples of implied political violence, like the photo on our blog of a WWI French mutineer about to be executed at Verdun because it shows an act of resistance, even though historically you know that, in the end, the person died. It isn't some kind of anonymous tragedy being fetishized into a completely decontextualized aesthetic. If you wanted to, you could look up the list of executed mutineers and find this man's name. Maybe I'm being hypocritical and just justifying my personal use of violence in art, but I think there's a world of difference between something like that and using pictures of piles of anonymous dead people because, "War is bullshit and these mountains of random skulls are the reality of it, maaan."

Taylor: I once saw a band that used a fifteen second looped projection of US soldiers driving through an Iraqi town in a tank taunting kids with bottles of water as the kids would chase the tank. This was the backdrop for their entire set of bad bicycle thrash. My concluding thought was, "Thanks for drawing that line for me, guys".

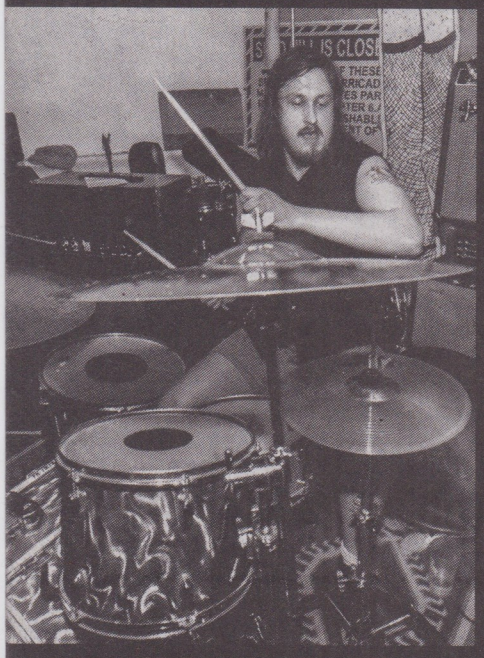
Nikki: As someone who was a fan of Autonomy before I was in the band, I always have had a respect for the imagery that the band uses. In the tradition of bands such as Black Flag or Crass, the imagery kinda makes an outside viewer think, "Whoa, this is heavy!"

MRR: Geez. Yeah that gets confusing. Do we want to let people get away with that? Is it unfair to ask people to justify the representations that they associate themselves with? How many times have you been accused of being too PC when you think there is a legitimate reason to demand an explanation of something that seems kind of shitty and thoughtless?

Ray: I don't think that's unfair at all. If you're going to create something, use an image, you should be able to explain it. That's not crazy or far-fetched. Freedom of speech and expression isn't the freedom from criticism or discussion. No one has to answer or justify themselves to me or anyone else, but don't act incredulous if someone asks about your art. Obviously you're using that image for a specific reason; otherwise you would have used, oh, anything else. But honestly, if someone uses an image simply because they think it looks cool and are being thoughtless and shitty, well that's valid too. It's stupid and offensive and may negatively change how I perceive them or talk about them, but I can't argue with that. It's pointless, like arguing with a Christian. If your idea is to be willfully ignorant, well, fuck, job well done. Nothing left to talk about. I find this particularly frustrating because if you ask anyone that knows me, I love arguing for the sheer sport of it.

John: No one ever has, nor do I think anyone will ever accuse me of being too PC.

MRR: What influence does Carbondale have on you? Seems like the dedication this band shows is rare.



Ray: This town is small, so the weirdos are pretty tight-knit. It's also super cheap to live here and you can get by without having to work a lot if you're fine with living in a somewhat crappy house with a couple of roommates. We have the luxury of having a lot of time to work on songs and art and whatnot. Plus, people in Carbondale are honest; there's not much ego or bullshit here. It's just people trying to entertain their friends, not worrying what anyone else thinks. No one is deluded enough to think they'll "make it" in Carbondale; there's no competition between bands, so people give honest feedback that helps make bands really good. The other side to this cloistered world is that if you want people outside of town to hear your band or come play a show, you have to work. It's not like most people think, "Carbondale, Illinois!" when looking for bands to check out or places to tour. As a band, we do what we do because we want to travel, put out records, and use this band as a way to meet people and share ideas. Also, Carbondale has Lost Cross, which is a huge influence on the band.
Schuyler: There are also new faces popping up all the time, with it being a college town and all, and I love that. There are always new people contributing and not the same ten people over and over again.
Ray: And they're usually here for school, so you know they're probably sticking around for at least a little bit.
John: Carbondale is full of supportive people who will help bands with anything that they may need. It attracts dedicated people who are willing to stick around and put in tons of personal effort to see the music scene flourish. New bands form often, so it doesn't get stagnant too often. There are also several different genres of music that are popular in out basement scene, so it can satisfy many different tastes. So in that way, I think the town influences us just by generally encouraging people to experiment with music if they have any inkling to do so.
Taylor: Jason Tanner and Lost Cross are the only things keeping me here.

MRR: Talk a little bit about Lost Cross for the uninitiated.
Taylor: There is no initiation involved.
Schuyler: Lost Cross is a punk house that was started over 25 years ago, I think 26 now, continuously grandfathered in all these years. It's a shithole of a house, but we love it. It's the center of the punk scene in Carbondale, and it looks like it. The walls are covered in flyers from the mid-'90s, I think, to now, along with graffiti from all the bands that have played, a cardboard cutout of Shaq, some bologna, and a dead bird hanging from antlers. It's where most house shows take place, and bands are encouraged to use it as a practice space, too, but I think Autonomy is the only band that uses it right now.
Jared: Lost Cross is where I first met a lot of the members of this band. I've made numerous long lasting friendships going there. There are some really genuine, open-minded, generous, unique people who frequent it, as well as assholes who like to wander through from time to time, but if they're bad enough, people find a way to get rid of them. Also, sometimes it smells better than other times.
Ray: It smells really good right now! And you can actually see the floor! There's a special kind of community that has come from it being a clubhouse for weirdos and fuckups for nearly three decades. A lot of the punks in town simply refer to it as "The House," as in, "Who's living at The House these days?" I'm friends with people all around the world just because we've both spent time hanging out at the Cross, doesn't matter that that time was a decade apart. There's never been a lease, so there's always the chance that Roger, the landlord, could just end it all at anytime. People seem to respect that and appreciate the place. He thinks it's cool that bands travel from all over to play in the basement of a house that he owns. It's truly communal, as if the moment you step through the door you become a part of something that those who haven't would never understand. Almost everyone that's been in Autonomy has lived at Lost Cross at some point. We even recorded our LP in the living room.
Taylor: To me, Lost Cross is to Carbondale as Carbondale is to southern Illinois, as *MRR* is to a Barnes and Noble magazine shelf. It's a self-policing haven of sanity that has been strategically placed in the middle of absolute shit.
Monica: When I first moved here, I lived around the corner from Lost Cross but had no idea what the hell it was. I went there for the first time after a night out at the bars and felt normal whenever someone started blasting Primus. At that moment, I fell in love; it became a safe haven and getaway for me whenever I was feeling extra weird. It's a place that holds so much musical history (good or bad), and no matter who is living there, you always know you will be taken care of.
Nikki: If my mom hadn't dropped me off for shows at Lost Cross when I was twelve years old, my life would probably not have been the same. I don't know if that is good or bad, but that gross house has had a lot to do with who I am.

MRR: I remember visiting Carbondale on tour with Up the Voltage and knowing it was special immediately. I wish that I spent more time there. Do you encourage it as a tour destination? Are there other notable venues besides the Cross?
Schuyler: Of course we encourage it as a tour destination! The more bands the better! I'll be honest though, you might not make the best money in Carbondale, but all the door money goes to the touring bands. No house promoter takes a cut for themselves or the local bands. And we will make sure you have a good time. We'll party, and if you have time, take you swimming in the lake in the summer and stop by the wizard park, or maybe go on a hike somewhere in the

Shawnee Forest, or just hang out and get high and watch *X-Files*. We appreciate that you would come here, and we want you to know that.

As for other show venues, there are a few. The Skihouse is the other big basement venue in town and is a great place to play because they have a ton of space, and it's much cleaner than the Cross. The Swamp is another basement that has shows. PK's is the preferred bar at which to set up shows, at least by me. Bands get a guarantee and free beer, plus it's just a great dive bar, and it's only a few blocks from Lost Cross. Hangar 9 will also have shows, but I've never booked there, so I'm not sure about their process. It's an okay place to play.

Ray: Tres Hombres is a "Mexican" (I use that term *quite* loosely) restaurant/bar that will do shows and hook up the touring bands with a free meal. Two13 is the local gay bar that has the occasional show. Every now and then there will be a random house popping up, Carson and her roommates just had an amazing show at their house, the Pussy Palace, where they turned the upstairs into a legitimate art gallery with all local artists and had bands play in the basement at the same time.

Everyone here completely understands that we're in the middle of nowhere so, like Schuyler said, people really appreciate it when bands come through. It's also a great place to break up drives on a tour. Within six hours, you have St. Louis, Chicago, Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Lexington, Bloomington...spring and summer are especially fun. There's tons of stuff to do, like swimming and hiking and fun outdoor things. Ask pretty much anyone who's come through multiple times, and they'll tell you that night swimming is a post-show tradition. We're a college town, but as soon as you get fifteen minutes out, it gets rural. There are some cool, supposedly haunted places on the Mississippi River and an abandoned hobo camp on the banks as well. If you come through, get here early. Shows also start mind-bogglingly late, so you'll have time to hang if you want to.

Nikki: Anyone that has ever been on tour knows how shitty some places can be. In Carbondale, you will most likely have a good turnout at the show. If not, you will still have a good time and will be greeted with hospitality. It's really a great place to be, especially if you're a band on tour.

MRR: Another thing that I noticed when I was there, correct me if I am remembering it wrong, is that there weren't a lot of women at the show. Is the scene pretty dependent on an influx of college students who eventually grow up and leave? Who stays in Carbondale? Monica this question is directed at you.

Monica: Living in this town and being a part of the scene for about five years now, I have also noticed the lack of female involvement. I have attempted for a couple of years to form an all girl band and have only encountered hurdles. I cannot confidently give an answer as to why there is such a small percentage of estrogen in this particular scene, but I can say that one of my biggest complaints is that there are not enough girls that are willing to "do stuff" (for lack of a better phrase). I have, over the years, made the assumption that the majority of females that do find their way into the scene have several other priorities, such as school, work, and personal lives which take the forefront when it comes to other things, such as music. I feel as though Carbondale is a city that is compiled of nomads that have all come here to experience and not so much to plant seeds and thrive. That said, there are numerous amazing people who are from the area and who are especially talented musically. Any barriers and bridges to Carbondale's expansion I chalk up to the lack of excitement and dedication towards the people who immediately influence this town.

I personally don't believe that the college students have a large influence on the scene. There are, of course, the few that venture off and find it and love it, but for the most part, it is a solid group that has been here for a bit or plans on being here for a bit. I feel as though everyone who is involved in any aspect of the scene does not have immediate plans of leaving; they are the beautiful weirdos that all this is based on.

Ray: I'm going to jump in and say that, yeah, when you were here back in 2005, there definitely weren't as many women in the scene or even at shows regularly. But that has changed tremendously, especially in the past four years since I've moved back to town.

Monica: There has been an influx of ladies, but the male to female ratios are still pretty uneven.

MRR: When are you coming back to California?

Schuyler: Probably not this year, but hopefully in 2014.

Ray: Yeah, probably not until next year. We're going to Europe this fall, and we've got to save up for that. But heading back west is totally a priority. We have a ton of good friends out there. Plus, I really want to go back to the horse track that Heather Blotto took us to. I know that this time we'll come out ahead.

Taylor: Dude, there were six of us betting on seven different horses, and we still lost. And the casino outside of Dayton...Autonomy has a gambling problem. At least until we learn to count cards.

Ray: We've gone gambling on every long tour we've done...

Jared: What Schuyler said. I will also make it a point to come back when Pac gets back from Cuba some time this year.

Monica: I'm down for whenever, but it's just a solo package, so be prepared.

MRR: Tell me about pending releases and future projects.

Ray: We've got a split 7" with Serenghetto from Minneapolis coming out this spring on Let's Pretend records, who also did our first 7", and a split 12" with Boston's No, Sir I Won't that's being put out by Flo at Cut the Cord That... records in Germany sometime in late spring, I believe. He also put out the Euro pressing of our demo tape and is the guy doing our tour over there. As of now, we don't have a US pressing planned for that record, so if anyone is interested in helping change that, get at us. We've written a bunch of new songs for our new lineup that we're looking forward to recording sometime this summer. We're going to use a couple for a split 7" with our St. Louis best friends, Doom Town, and we're hoping to do at least an EP with the rest. Besides those records, Husni has been working on a music video for us that should be done by the time this is in print, along with a new set-length video projection. We're also looking to do a longer Midwest tour over the summer once we get our own van. And once we hit our 100th show this fall, I'm going to try to put together a collection of all the zines we've handed out. Still don't know how that's going to work out, but why not try? We're writing a lot, at a pretty fast clip these days, so if anyone is interested in doing some splits, or helping release anything, again, feel free to get in touch. Just trying to keep busy and stay productive.

SIX TWO FIVE

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GAZ-66 INTRUSION - EP
Brutal Ukranian power-violence

PSUDOKU LP
1-man space cyber grind from Norway

GRAND INVINCIBLE - EP
Limited EP of DIY Bay Area hip-hop

INTERNAL ROT- Debut EP
Guttural Aussie grind like FETO

PUNCH - Nothing Lasts EP
4th round of FAST Bay Area HC!

SPAZZ - LP Reissues
Legit reissues/new art & color-vinyl

SUFFERING MIND - Debut LP
Anti-fascist Polish 1000mph grind

QUATTRO STAGIONI - LP
Crazed 1000mph German fastcore!

SxFxN - Itching EP
Blazing Midwest powerviolence - 2nd EP

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - COLL CD
Long awaited CD of TX Prog-violence

YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

IRON LUNG - 1st LP Repress
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THE PROCESS - Debut CD
Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK

GET DESTROYED - Burnt EP
1000mph AZ dry-heat-violence

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore

THREATENER - Discography CD
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BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
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SLIGHT SLAPPERS-2nd LP Tokyo violence
ATHRENODY CD Early 90s Death/Grindcore
BANDANOS/DESTRUCT.END-CD:Crossover-Thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
APARTMENT 213-CD:Clevo power violence
HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
SCHOLASTIC DETH-Coll. CD: READ DAMN IT!
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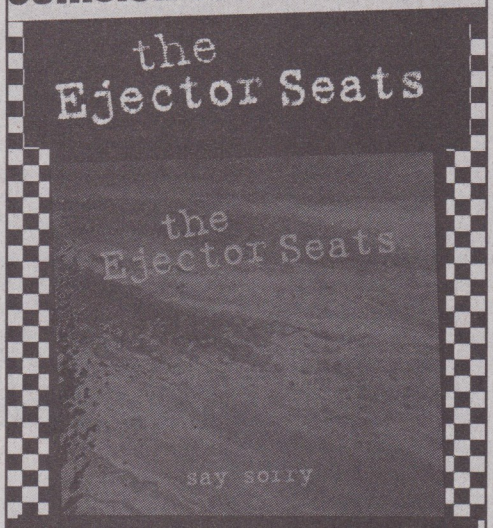

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BLOOD ORANGE INFOSHOP

Interview by Renae Bryant. Photos by Renae Bryant, Claudia Coy and Jorge Bleedingumz.

The Blood Orange Infoshop (located in Riverside, California) is a collective of artists and activists who believe in the transformative potential of Do-It-Yourself culture and radical political intervention. They collaborate to provide an all ages, non-commercial, space for art exhibits, performances and free education. BOIS is committed to organizing a public venue that is non-hierarchical, drug and alcohol free, all ages, inclusive and free of oppression.

MRR: How and why did Blood Orange Infoshop (BOIS) begin? What was the inspiration?

Fritz: It was September 2008, when a group of us got together to organize against a Neo-Nazi rally that took place in Casa Blanca, a neighborhood in Riverside that is predominantly Mexican. Twenty-five fascists, protected by police, met five hundred angry people from the community. We successfully ran them out of town. The group then after decided on having a solid space to organize and be creative which later evolved into Blood Orange.

Elliot: We decided that we needed to gather more positive energy and bring people together, to essentially create more dialogue in our communities. A group of us began to consistently meet up on a weekly basis for an infoshop project, not knowing if we would ever have a space. Nine months later we moved into an art studio, but we outgrew the spot the month we moved in. Less than a year later, we moved into our current space in the basement of the Riverside Historic Life Arts Building. We were, and still are in certain respects, learning as we go, creating and discussing policies as situations happen. It has been a very adventurous and educational process.

Carissa: I wasn't at the anti-nazi rally, but I started going to meetings pretty early on and was really excited about the prospect of creating our own space. We met in local coffee shops and at friends' pads. We basically started brainstorming how and what we wanted the infoshop to be. Then we started organizing fund-raising events: mainly house shows, yard/bake sales, vegan chili cook-offs and homebrew tastings provided by Riverside Brew Punx; eventually we had the monetary resources needed to afford rent and at that point we started looking at spaces available in the downtown area.

Brent: There was definitely something lacking in our community. There hasn't ever been a radical/organizing space in Riverside prior to our existence. So it just seemed apparent that the next logical step was to focus on organizing towards starting an infoshop. It's appropriate and it's something that we felt our community needed. Riverside has much potential to do so much more. A lot of the time, our environment limits us from producing good work. The arts and radical community do not have an abundance of resources to play with, which in turn also makes us stronger and closer, ultimately leading us to be more grass roots and DIY oriented, which isn't a bad thing.

MRR: Riverside County (generally speaking) is traditionally very politically and ideologically conservative, keeping Rep. Ken Calvert in Congress for over 20 years. What has been the community's response to Blood Orange InfoShop so far?

Fritz: The overwhelming response has been positive. There is a lack of radical spaces in town so people naturally gravitate here to check out many of the events or to just hang out and read or geek out on our computers. There have been a few temper tantrums from the authorities in town due to occupancy violations at our old space, which was a tiny room, and other tedious accusations not really worth mentioning, but that all comes with the territory of hosting events in a repressed town. I think that the people that become familiar with our activities soon grasp that we are more than just a space full of freaks that do punk shows.

Elliot: I feel the overall community has given us a really positive response. Because we've been able to hold a variety of events at this space, a lot of people from different backgrounds have come through. Of course we get some negative feedback from people who tend to have "conservative" views, and the cops check on us on a regular basis. However, I think our impact on the community has been positive because people of all ages, from babies to grandparents, continue to visit and an organizer from CHICCCAA in Colton said that they looked at BOIS as one of their examples in an organizing context.

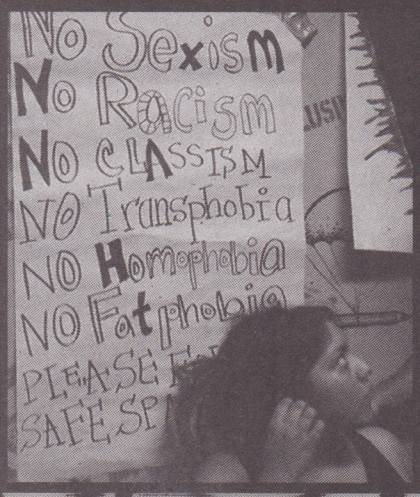
Brent: I think that we get a lot of love from our community. We get more positive than negative feedback for sure. People understand the work we do and I feel that we are transparent with our community. As Elliot said, we have a wide demographic of traffic coming trough our space. It just depends on what event people are attending at BOIS. But overall we have had a positive response.

MRR: BOIS is all volunteer-run and non-profit. Explain the logistics of this.

Elliot: We're not-for-profit, since we're currently not a 501(c)3 organization. As for the all-volunteer group, money changes the dynamics of situations and relationships. Some of our main focuses are helping spread cultural and artistic capital. If monetary capital becomes the primary focus, then it's just a business. Although our actions are not motivated by money, we still have to keep a consistent schedule of events in order for us to pay rent.

Fritz: It's a collective and everybody who contributes has an active voice in the space. It's all volunteer run because all donations get split between the space for rent, upkeep and the event being thrown. It's a struggle but we love what we do and we've been lucky to last three years. The more we put in collectively, the more the space gets in return hopefully.

Carissa: As Fritz stated everyone who's a part of the space contributes what they can—for some that's a weekly four hour shift sometimes two or more times a week, for others it might be booking bands or bottom-lining events, for others maybe they donate larger (over $20) amounts towards keeping the space open. Naturally since there's a diverse dynamic of individuals involved there's many ways of volunteering and contributing to the space.



MRR: What kind of diversity exists in the collective itself as well as the events that are hosted?

Elliot: We have a variety of people coming from different backgrounds. Our current and past events held at BOIS have included IE Anarcha-Queer workshops, Inland Action Coalition's Not My Forefathers workshop series, ESL classes, Improv dance classes, tutoring, movie screenings and a houseless advocacy group. We have monthly art openings in conjunction with the Riverside Art Walk. Our music events have been mostly punk and indie-related shows, but we've also had cumbia and afro-tropical shows too.

Fritz: "Art of the P.O.O.R." (People Orchestrating Optimistic Renditions), Cop Watch, Occupy Riverside, Community Garden groups are some that have shared the space that come to mind.

Brent: We are very open to hosting events for people. Our general meetings are on Sunday afternoons, people can come in and propose an event, and as long as it follows our mission statement we're good with it. For myself, I really strive on making sure BOIS isn't just a "punk" space because it's easy to fall into that, but for the most part I'd like BOIS to be available to our larger community. Don't get me wrong we're punk as fuck, but just not limited punk. There are so many avenues to reach out to…

Carissa: We've had book clubs, game nights, scrabble battles!, meditation, we've hosted screen printing classes with RE:Press a local anarchist design genius, Zineworks and Ladyfest IE. As far as diversity within the collective goes, our members are really all over the place—I think what joins us is that the majority have been a part of the punk movement for years and want to be more involved with other aspects of creating community and constructing life in general, such as activism, art, sustainability or anarchism. Personally, I'm a mid-twenties white/female/queer/artist/punk who spent my teen years in upper middle-class suburbia. Being a part of the infoshop helps me confront, discuss and accept aspects of my privilege that I honestly didn't have the opportunity to explore prior to being involved with this project.

MRR: What are some of the memorable events or shows that BOIS has hosted so far?

Elliot: I personally really liked the show with Buyepongo, Milpa and Quita Penas. Eddie from Quita Penas' mostly organized it and they transformed the room into a multi-colored dance party. Everyone from the front to back were dancing and it was packed with colorful lights beaming off of art pieces that he brought in. Also, Riverside Print Fest was off the hook! Good vibes and good times.

Fritz: As far as music shows Reivers, Loma Prieta, Birds in Rome, Ghostlimb, Coke Bust, Ten Thousand Leagues, too many to name really.

Brent: Naked Aggression, Summer Vacation, High Dive, Joyce Manor, ACxDC, You Me and Us, Children of God, and of course bands that consist members of our core group like Peanut Butter and Jamage, Moxiebeat and All or Nothing HC are always great. We are very open and supportive of national and international touring acts. If any readers are trying to find a place to play in Southern California please hit us up!

Carissa: Musically, RVIVR was my favorite show that we've had so far, followed by a Riot Grrrl show about six months ago with Broken Water, Heavy Flow and Spare Parts for Broken Hearts...seeing and talking with rad female musicians especially inspires me and gives me drive to keep learning and creating; sometimes the "scene" can be overwhelmingly male-dominated and one of my favorite aspects of BOIS is how we really

strive to be gender-inclusive.

Rome (from Luxembourg) played a while back and they were really interesting. Any show that Peanut Butter & Jamage plays I know I'm gonna have a good time. The Anarchy Brainstorming sessions were really stimulating. I loved being a part of the Queer Anarchists meetings—we had a Polyamory workshop this past February (which is corporate/hetero "holiday" month) and the turnout was amazing—there were people who came up from San Diego, people from the Riverside area that had never been to the infoshop before, the whole space was the biggest circle of people I've ever seen in a discussion group and it was so awesome.

MRR: Part of the BOIS description is "believing in the potential of DIY culture and radical political intervention." Could you give some examples of how BOIS supports this?

Elliot: Haha. Our aim is to organize collectively, with a consensus process. We're quite DIY. We put on our own events, organize with other groups, our friends screen BOIS shirts and we pay rent in cash every month in an envelope of mostly $1 bills.

Brent: Right now we have taken part in a few accountability processes. I feel like it's a healthy thing to do and be a part of. It takes a lot of work and I feel that radical communities sometimes overlook these issues, which is why I feel BOIS is special. I think that it's nurturing. It also fits right in with the idea of handling issues on our own as a community as opposed to relying on cops to solve our problems. An underlying theme that BOIS has is "what kind of society do we envision?" Not one with cops, that's for sure! I think we put effort in living up to those standards.

Each accountability that we have taken part of is unique in itself. It has been a huge learning experience for us because none of us have had any experience doing this before. Each circumstance has its own process that we develop. Some resources that we have used are The Revolution Starts at Home, a book about confronting intimate violence in radical communities, and Incite! , women of color against violence. The Incite website (www.incite-national.org) has a lot of resources available for people to use and have been very helpful in our experience handling accountability processes.

I must say that accountability processes can take a long time. Issues aren't fixed overnight. Sometimes the time line is indefinite. It takes a lot of patience, understanding, and healing.

MRR: You open the space up for radical groups. Please give some examples of some of the groups that use the space and events they have held.

Elliot: There was a SxE vegan hardcore show, featuring a guest speaker who used to perform vivisection. The guest speaker was advocating direct actions and support of animal rights activists. I'm not straight edge or vegan, but I felt that the conversations going on that evening were thought provoking and necessary.

Brent: We just recently held Ladyfest IE, IWW meet and greet. I can't think of anything to add at the moment other than the current…

Carissa: Riverside Food Co-op, Food Not Bombs, Occupy and IE Feminists have all utilized the space for meetings. Alex, a traveling writer/activist, stayed in town for a few months and set up Riverside Anarchist Birthday Brigade (In Defiance-RABBID), a prison letter writing group… I think we've all recognized the lack of space available for radical people to even simply meet in and we hope that we can give you a space to meet, discuss, plan and make shit happen in. Or you could just, ya know, show up and read zines all day or play scrabble with a stranger.

MRR: The space is also used for monthly art installations. What artists have you shown so far? Is Riverside conducive to the arts?

Elliot: We've shown too many artists to name. From a high school art class to internationally recognized artists. The city of Riverside and the Life Arts Building is overall supportive of the arts.

Fritz: I think as far as art shows we try to be as inclusive as possible. We're not looking for MFAs or big names only. We want raw art from people off the street who have something to say too. We are an infoshop, so yes, we do encourage political art, but we like high school kids and our grandmas showing art here too. Anna Quinonez, one of our collective members, shared works by her grandmother, Eleanor Alvarez. It was an amazing collection of works that date back to the '60s. That was Eleanor Alvarez's first show ever and she is 93 years old. There is an uppity, snobbish side to galleries we definitely want nothing to do with here. Other artists include political prisoner Kevin Rashid Johnson. Local artists include Pavel Acevedo,

Daino, Jim Warf, Leticia Velasquez and Scott Rideout. We had the Bee Hive Collective come through a couple times for art shows. They're a sweet collective that make some of the most awesome posters dealing with issues like NAFTA, True Cost of Coal, Plan Colombia etc. They set up shop and elaborate their ideas in a cool way that encourages dialogue with people. It ends up being more than posters on display and more about the ideas and responsibilities we take with us.

Carissa: Anna's Grandma's work is really textile, detail-oriented and I appreciate it so much. The Inkaholics (local tattoo shop) show was one of my favorites. Pavel's work consistently makes me want to practice drawing more—his line work is incredible. I had some of my pieces in a group show last year and was part of the Ladyfest IE show this past summer, which featured art by Ashley Rose, Angela Chaos, Elizabeth Merritt Kong, Shannon Marshall and others. Renae [Bryant] put together the show and also organized a Clothesline Project, t-shirts created by survivors of emotional, psychological and physical abuse, to coincide with the exhibit. Being able to show my art at BOIS has been so empowering for me—I have a group of people who challenge, respect and push me to make more; exhibiting amongst these peers validates the work I'm creating and makes it possible for me to keep doing so.

My partner and I are looking forward to participating in a group show next month and I hope to have my first solo show or at least curate an art exhibit at BOIS within the next six months.

MRR: What have been the biggest rewards and challenges for running the Blood Orange Infoshop?

Fritz: The challenge is paying bills and keeping it inviting for new people to want to be a part of the space. The reward is just being here creating, interacting and seeing ideas play out. The reward is being able to hook up a rad band that is coming through town, hanging and making awesome artwork for and with people. Having a space where I can pay people back for the things they have done for me is good enough.

Elliot: Seeing people in the Riverside and Inland areas who make things happen, learning to work with others and time management.

Brent: The challenging part is paying rent every month. The rewarding part is basically witnessing our community become more radicalized. Turning people on to new ideas and new noise. Learning to work with people is most rewarding. It's easier said than done.

Carissa: I think our challenges are pretty standard. The reward is that BOIS gives me hope, makes me happy and helps me grow as a person, and if our community can feel those things too so much the better.

MRR: Does the name hold any significance?

Elliot: Riverside is well known for its citrus industry and entomological research, hence "orange." Blood Orange just sounds pretty cool.

Carissa: …and I think everyone also liked the acronym BOIS.

Brent: Plus it just sounds brutal.

MRR: Did you visit any other info shops before opening BOIS? Did you glean any inspiration from others?

Elliot: We looked at a lot of different models of organizations, primarily on the West Coast. However, one of our biggest influences in our consensus process were then-members-in-training and current members of the Beehive Collective, Christine and Kyle. They were invited to do a presentation of The True Cost of Coal for the art gallery installation and stuck around for a few weeks to help show techniques that the Beehive Collective use in their meetings. I visited the radical community center and bookshop Flor y Canto a while back before BOIS was in mind and I always thought Self Help Graphics was cool. Chuco's Justice Center was a big personal influence and inspiration, knowing that time and good people could have a significant amount of potential.

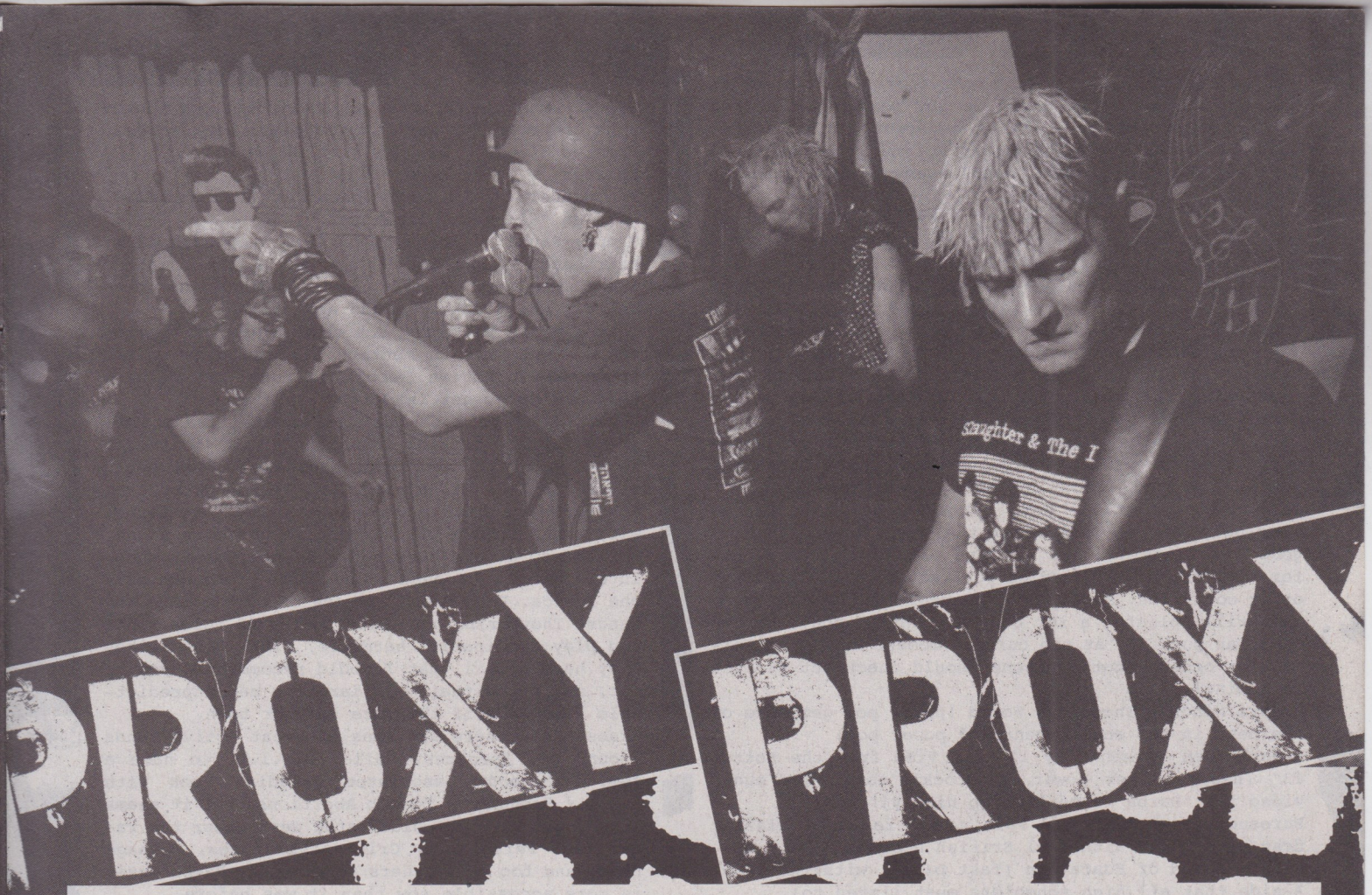
Brent: Chuco's Justice Center in LA is definitely a huge influence on me as well. Traveling around the states I've also been to 1877 Project in Pittsburgh, it's not around anymore, but was probably the first infoshop I'd been to—others are Wooden Shoe Books in Philadelphia, Charm City Art Space in Baltimore, ABC No Rio in NYC, Iron Rail Book Collective in New Orleans, Long Haul and 924 Gilman St. in Berkeley, CA, Che Cafe in San Diego, CA and 1919 in Fort Worth, TX.

Fritz, Elliot and I have also traveled to South America and visited places like J13 in Curitiba Brazil and the Minor House in Porto Alegre Brazil. Also a few places in Buenos Aires, Argentina and political spaces/squats in Valparaiso, Chile that were all mind blowing and changed my perspective. It was very sobering to witness how people who have histories of military oppression and US backed dictatorships organize and utilize resources. Very empowering and absolutely a life changing experience!

But yeah, I've been inspired by these places for sure. Each time I had visited an infoshop in the past I always told myself "we need a space like this in Riverside." And after saying that for a couple of years it became a reality.

MRR: How can people contact BOIS, if they would like to visit the infoshop while in town, find out about event, or perform?

We're located at 3485 University Ave in the basement of the Historic Life Arts Center in Riverside, California an hour and a half north of San Diego and one hour southeast of Los Angeles. Riverside Art Walk happens on the first Thursday of every month. You can check out our facebook page, but messages on that page can take a while for a response. Please join our general meetings happen every Sunday at 4pm. It's always a moving train.



PROXY

Proxy, from Montréal, Canada are one of the most hard working and refreshing bands to appear in the world punk scene for many years now. They released a demo tape in early 2012 that earned some great reviews and built a solid reputation for being an exciting and fun band to go see play live. With recent visits to the studio, giving them a refined and tightened sound, they are now ready to finally issue some vinyl output, which is sure to turn heads. A throwback to the classic punk bands of the early '80s both in style and attitude, this is certainly a band to look out for. I decided it was high time to interview them and get some insight into what gives these guys such energy and serves to create such addictive punk rock! The questions were answered by all band members, in late November 2012. Six months on, they are undertaking an extensive tour of Canada and the USA and have just released their eagerly awaited debut LP Something We've All Seen Before on Imminent Destruction and Inflammable Material records. Prolific, determined, and still very much in love with punk, there is much more to come from Proxy in 2013. Interview by Phil O'Grady. Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy and Ben Pepin.

MRR: Please tell me when the band was formed, and if any of the members have played in other bands previously?
Nick: We got together as this complete line up in December of 2011 after months as an incomplete band. Tyler was in a band called H.O.P.E and also plays bass in Truncheons, Skabs was in a band called Kontempt, Chany sang and played guitar in Inepsy and all of us have played in various bands which never released anything.
Jody: I have roadied for a Beatles cover band.

MRR: Do all members of the band live close to one another? How often do you find the time to practice or play live?
Nick: Three of us live in a big punk house, which also happens to be where we practice, and the other two live just up the street. We try to practice twice a week. As for shows, we try not to play locally too often, but usually end up playing more often than we ought to.

MRR: How did the creation of the band come about? When and where did you play your first show?
Skabs: Jody, Nick and I had a cover band together and we wanted to keep playing music together. Tyler started playing bass, Chany hung out for a few jams and wanted in, so he jumped on the bass. Tyler moved to guitar.
Jody: I created this band.
Nick: We played our first show in Montreal at Katacombes as a last minute fill in for Jody's other band at the time who were supposed to open for Nomad from NYC. We were unprepared, but turned out to be a pretty good first show. I believe it was sometime in the fall of 2011.

MRR: There are many good bands currently active in Canada. Do you think there is any particular reason for this? In the past, in my ignorance, I only knew about bands like DOA, No Means No and later on bands like Hellbound etc., but Canada seems to be a force in the punk scene right now!

Nick: Well, punk is thriving very well in a lot of areas, many punks move from their shitty little towns when they are young to find like-minded kids in the cities. I guess when you get enough of them in one place there's bound to be some talent mixed in with all the anger. I mean it's always been that way, it probably just stayed under the radar pre internet days.

Tyler: I feel like Canadian punk '77-'82 is the most underrated and overlooked music, next to Australian first wave. Both are recently getting the real attention they deserve from the outside world. Older punks got a Canadian punk history lesson when the Smash the State book and comps following were released, but were, and are still, hard to get a hold of. Labels like Ugly Pop are releasing the gems that I spent a good time looking for, and are easing up my wallet… for now! After '84 Canadian punk got boring, like many other countries. Poorly done hardcore flooded the scene and still pollutes a lot of the country today. My top Canadian punk 7", at the current moment and in no particular order, that everyone should check out are the following!

Modern Minds – Theresa's World (power pop gem, one of the best in the entire genre of power pop)
Modernettes – Teen City 12" and View from the Bottom 12" (heavy hitter power pop rock'n'roll. The music video for "Barba" sums them up nicely)
Bureaucrats – Feel the Pain (fast talented classic first wave punk, with real British accents!)
Fits – Bored of Education (fast paced, with the rager A-side that all high schoolers must listen to)
Viletones – both 7"s (the first true punk band, both mixing art and lifestyle)
Subhumans – both 7"s (often described as Canada's best)
Novels – I'm Being Followed (quirky power pop with a catchy chorus I often find humming to myself when I haven't slept in a while)
Crash 80's – Waiting for the Heat
The Gas – Evacuate Mississauga (Devo-ish punk with a history lesson from Canada!)
Phollop Willing P.A. – Orphan Baby (the first abstract experimental Canadian band, from Halifax of all places, great single!)
Rage – I've Got Your Number (Forgotten Toronto punk that was left of the Smash the State Book, great catchy A-side)
Red Squares – Ottawa Today
Rock'n'roll Bitches – Wild West
Extroverts – Living in Poverty (an anthem for anyone who eats Mr. Noodles more than twice a week)
Platnium Blonde – Hey Hey You (this band went mainstream and seem to try and forget this classic single, and song that mentions giving away smokes are great)
Sturgeons – Punk Rock Virgins (a punk rock virgins anthem, let the memories and the sexual frustration all come back to you)
Goverment – 331/3 7"
B-Girls – Fun at the Beach (all girl power pop, puts you in a good mood)
Lowlife – Leaders (pre-Personality Crisis, and in my opinion much better. Song about being on acid in a coffee shop, how I can relate! Wow!)
Curtains – Twistin' Up at the Beach
222's – I Love Susan (Montreal's first punk single, the B-side is the winner)
Basics – I Can't Help (wimpy power pop that people would argue for the description)
Culture Shock – Forever (another power pop punker that competes for best in the genre as a whole)
Pointed Sticks – all 7"s (the LP sucks)
Existers – Telex Love
Braineaters – 7" (true outsider punk from BC, with an "all-star" line up)
Simply Saucer – She's A Dog (Hamilton rock punk)
Heartbeats – She Won't Talk (this was cheating from being out in '84, but a catchy tune from Halifax which makes it odd and cool)
…and a whole lot more, but that's just off the top of my head. Not to mention all the classic LPs from the Forgotten Rebels, Diodes and Teenage Head and more, get into it!

Newer bands to look out for are Halifax's Concrete Asylum, fucking insanity '88 UK "britcore" sound, with the nastiest bass tone I've heard since the Ex's El Salvador EP. Diskonnected from Montreal are back at it again after a hiatus, with their unique UK '82/Finnish hardcore sound. Asile from Ottawa have a new LP out, great absolute country of Canada sound, with great non cliché lyrics. Thee Nodes are one of my favorite new bands. They bring punk back to the no rules roots and play imaginative hardcore, with a Devo vibe. They have a flexi that I would recommend checking out, and catch their exhilarating and unpredictable live show if they are in your town.

Skabs: Yeah there are tons of great active bands around now Spectres, Asile, S.h.i.t. to name a few. Everybody associates Canadian Punk with D.O.A., Subhumans, Dayglo Abortions, but it seems like a lot of great older stuff went under the radar like Personality Crisis, Viletones, Teenage Head, and too many others to mention. Maybe music is more accessible now than it was before.

MRR: Proxy's sound seems to stand out amongst the current trend for "noise" orientated bands which is no bad thing in my book, but is this a conscious decision? Where do you draw your influences from, both musically and lyrically?

Nick: Well, perhaps conscious in the sense that we started this band with the desire to play what we want to play. Noisy bands are fine by me as well, but it just isn't where my heart is musically these days. Lyrically it's hard for me to say where I draw influence from. I'm sure it happens in a subconscious way somewhere, but really I just try to sing around the music the guys write in a way that feels natural.

Jody: I wanted to do something a bit different than what is the current trend, I don't want to play noise-punk and I don't think I could anyways. The noise shows are always fun though and it's good that there are bands playing. I haven't been playing drums for long, so I'm always trying to copy the music I listen to get better. I don't listen to much noise, really. Maybe Chaotic Dischord, but that's not really noise. I learned a whole bunch of Blitz songs with Nick and Skabs, so I'm sure that influenced us. I think we are kind of just seeing what we can come up with that satisfies us. We all contribute to the songs and I think most of our influence comes from daily life, and the music we listen to and each other. Chany grew up next to a mine so that probably has something to do with it…

Skabs: I would say it is a conscious thing. We noticed a lot of bands sounded exactly the same, and we didn't want to be just another noisy band. I think there are some great in that genre, the shows are always fun and I enjoy it, but when I listen to music, it's not that.

We all wanted to play music that we would listen to ourselves. If what we play is what anyone else wants to listen to...that's open to interpretation.
Tyler: I actually got into "noise" music actually before I discovered the sub-genre of "noise punk." An acquaintance whom I use to hunt for roaches and table scores once invited me to his house. He stayed up on ecstasy and made harsh industrial sounds while I looked on astounded. While that one night he tortured my eardrums and changed my perspective on sound, I got the last laugh when he informed me my one stay stunk up his room for three months. A couple years later, he got a room where I lived and we started a band that was a mix of noise punk, jazz and extreme psychedelic improve. (H.O.P.E) (Humans Off Planet Earth)

I find more people get their noise punk influence from the early Japanese great punk hits and less from Cecil Taylor, Spk, Throbbing Gristle, Masonna, Naked City and other boundary pushing, noise makers. The anti-social, true distortion to deafness warriors will stay, while the others will hopefully move along to the horrible hardcore wave and leave us all alone. The people and the bands in the NYC noise punk circle are great! The Montreal New York Connection Volume 2!

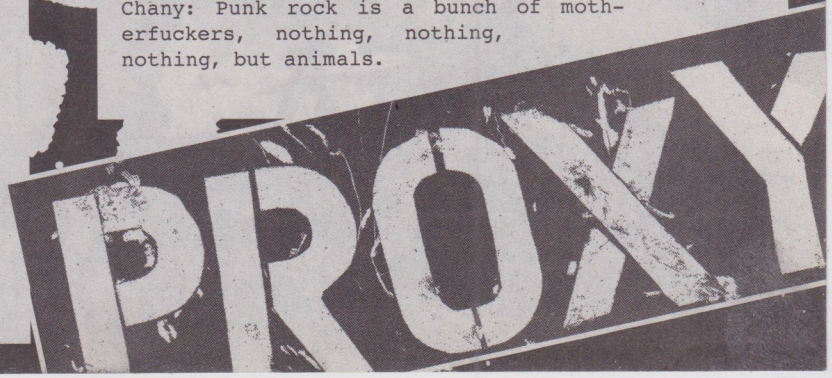
MRR: In this part of the world we don't hear much in the media about Canadian politics, how stable is the political and economical climate right now, considering we're all supposedly in some never ending financial crisis going under the guise of "recession"?
Tyler: My welfare check has slowly increased over the years so I say on with the recession until the end of employment.
Nick: Economically I couldn't tell you. It's as abstract to me now as it was when I was a kid. I can say I don't see any sudden rise of human suffering around me. It feels like the one's who are most concerned with this ''crisis'' are the ones who feel entitled to more that they need to begin with or bought into the common lifestyle and are finally seeing it isn't sustainable. There's a category five political shit storm in Quebec right now. The premier got voted out largely for his handling of the student protests, a separatist party replaced his, the mayor of Montreal and many of his pals just got called out by a mafia rat before the court for their involvement with each other. So there's a major shuffle happening here, out with the old shit in with the new shit.

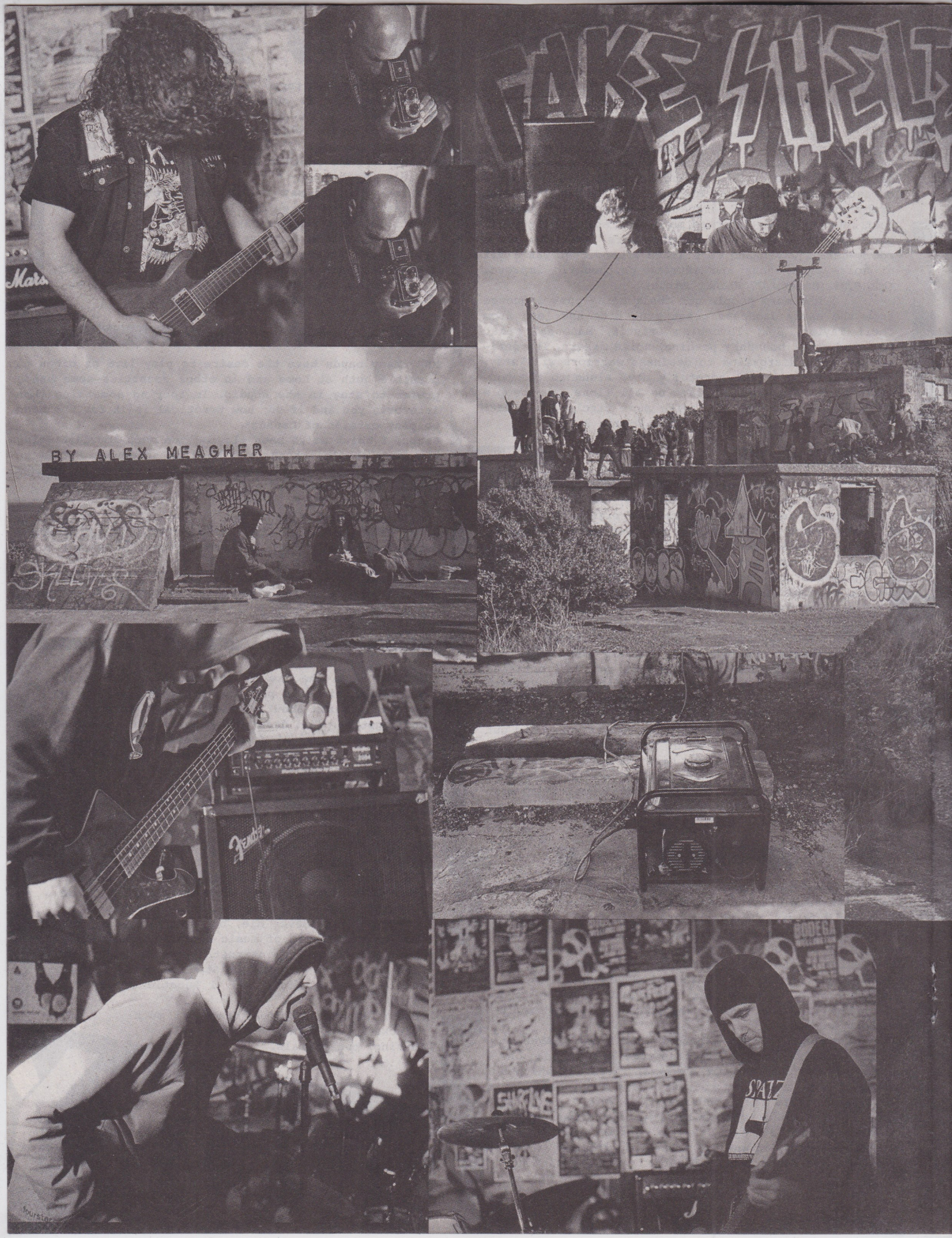
MRR: You recently played at Varning Festival in Montreal with some great bands. How was the festival as a whole and how was the reaction to Proxy?
Skabs: The Varning festival was great this year! Best ever in my opinion—great bands, all around good time. It's a fun fest every year and more people should travel here for it [beginning of November]. I think the reaction to us was great, especially since we're a pretty new band and most of the people probably didn't know who we were.
Tyler: Once upon a time a band called Proxy played at the Katacombes, about 20,000 fans were at the rock concert. The rock jam set was awesome, it really whipped a horse's ass, the crowd roared like a mountain lion.
Jody: Varning was real good.
Nick: It was great as a whole. Each night was designated to suit different tastes so each night was uniquely amazing, it was fun to see old friends, make new one's and see a bunch of bands I've been wanting to see for a long time. Fests like that make me retain my love for punk.

MRR: Your demo tape seemed to sell out fast and even though 200 copies were made. Did you find you had a good response to it? What plans do you have recording/release-wise in the future?
Skabs: We sold all the tapes surprisingly fast, but we made another 200, which are still available through us.
Nick: I would say so. I guess I didn't expect them to move so quick. It's good to see people still like tapes! We have a 12'' EP due out this winter as a co-release with Imminent Destruction and Inflammable Material labels in the UK. We also have a good stock of new songs we want to record this winter, so perhaps a 7'' and another 12'' will follow close behind.

MRR: Many bands have the desire to play live as often as possible both at home and in other countries—some bands prefer to stay in the studio. Is touring something that interests you and if so, how practical is it for the band to play outside of Canada?
Skabs: I think we've been playing too much locally. Being five busy people, things are hard to schedule. But we're interested in playing anywhere and hope for small tour(s) in the near future.
Tyler: I like staying at home, but if things are organized and I'm promised pizza, I go.
Jody: Yes! Let's tour. That is the whole point. Start a band, fucking quit your job and go tour...but I want to do another record too.
Nick: Touring is something we all want to do, it's not easy to get the timing right with five people. We are working on it though; a tour in the UK would be fun, nudge nudge!

MRR: Through the use of the internet and social networking sites in particular, everyone seems to have an opinion about what punk is, both positive and negative. What does punk mean to you and how do you view the current scene at home and worldwide?
Nick: Yikes, I guess punk for me is a sanctuary, an escape, a family, a survival mechanism and my ticket to eternal youth! I like the scene at home, people are passionate about their projects and it's far from dull. As for the rest of the world, I hope it's the same.
Tyler: If the original idea of punk saw what punk was now in 2012, it would spit in its face. From what I interpret, punk today would be what punk was against 35 years ago. Everyone plays to please, refrains and even frowns upon experimentation. Rock'n'roll may never die, but jazz will always be the superior genre of music and the classics will stand the time. The internet is only good for cat related things, record related things, annoying people related things and "1 Lunatic 1 Ice Pick" related things.
Chany: Punk rock is a bunch of motherfuckers, nothing, nothing, nothing, but animals.

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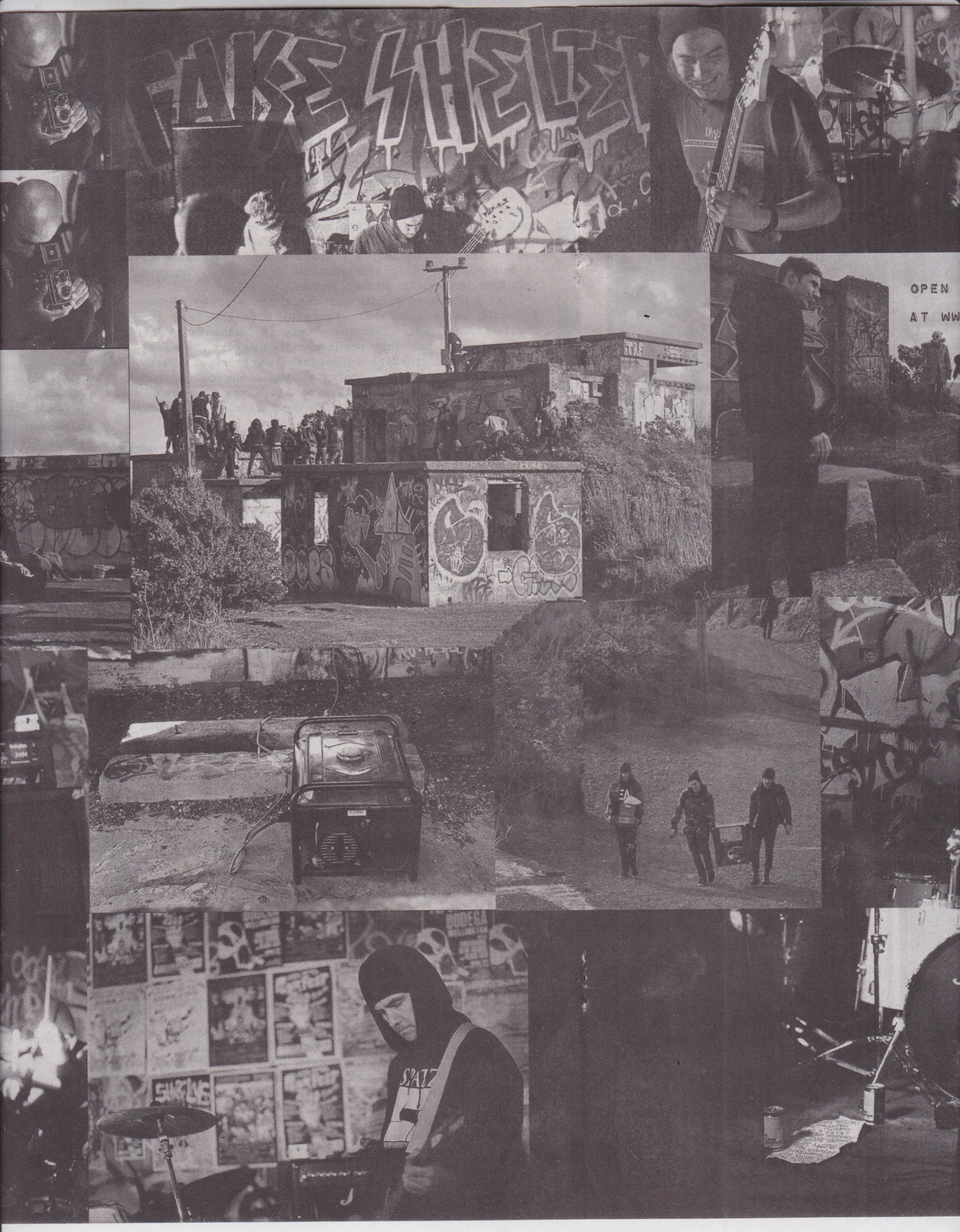
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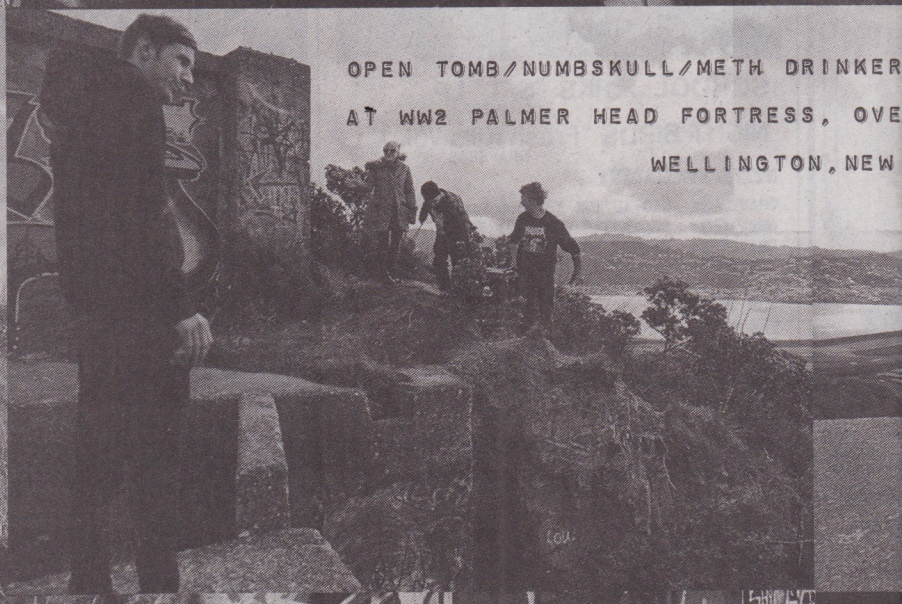

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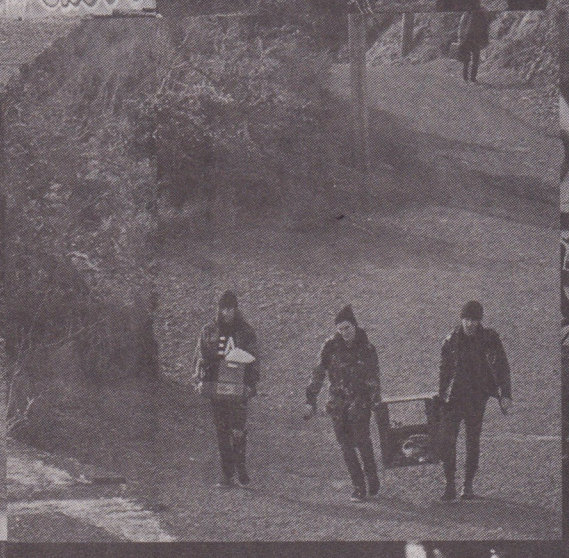

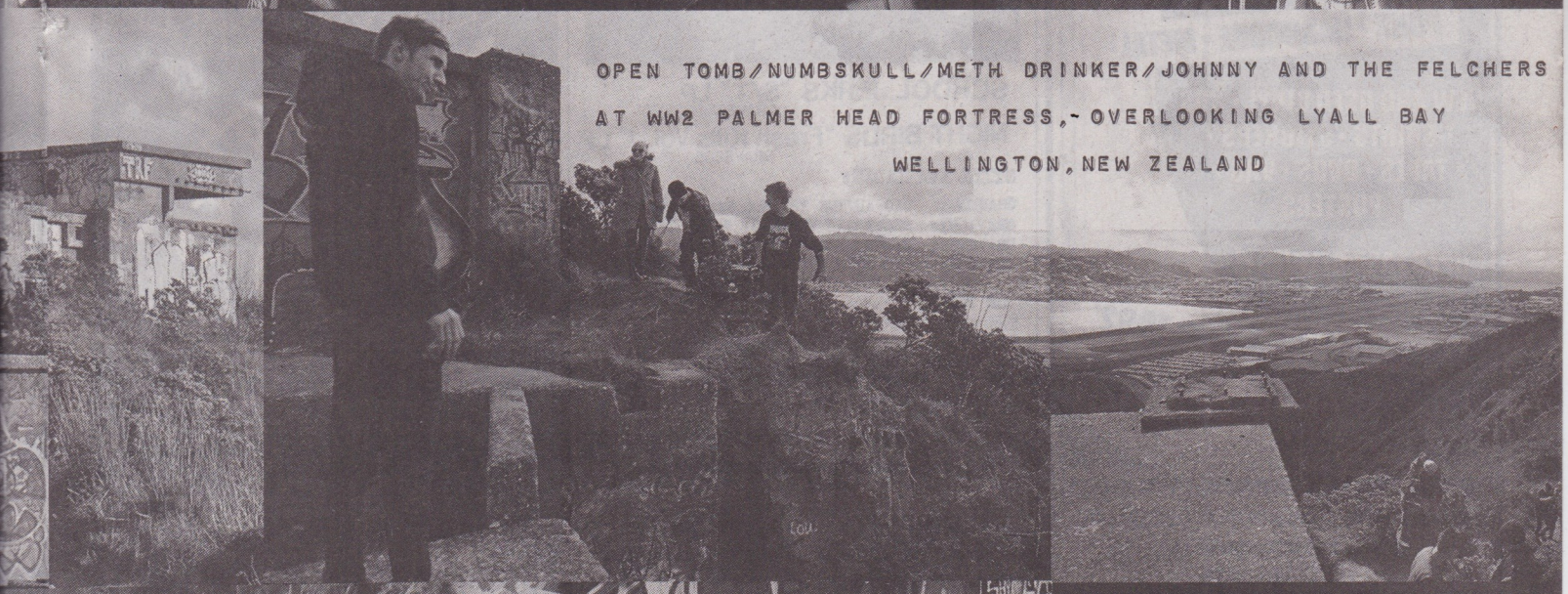

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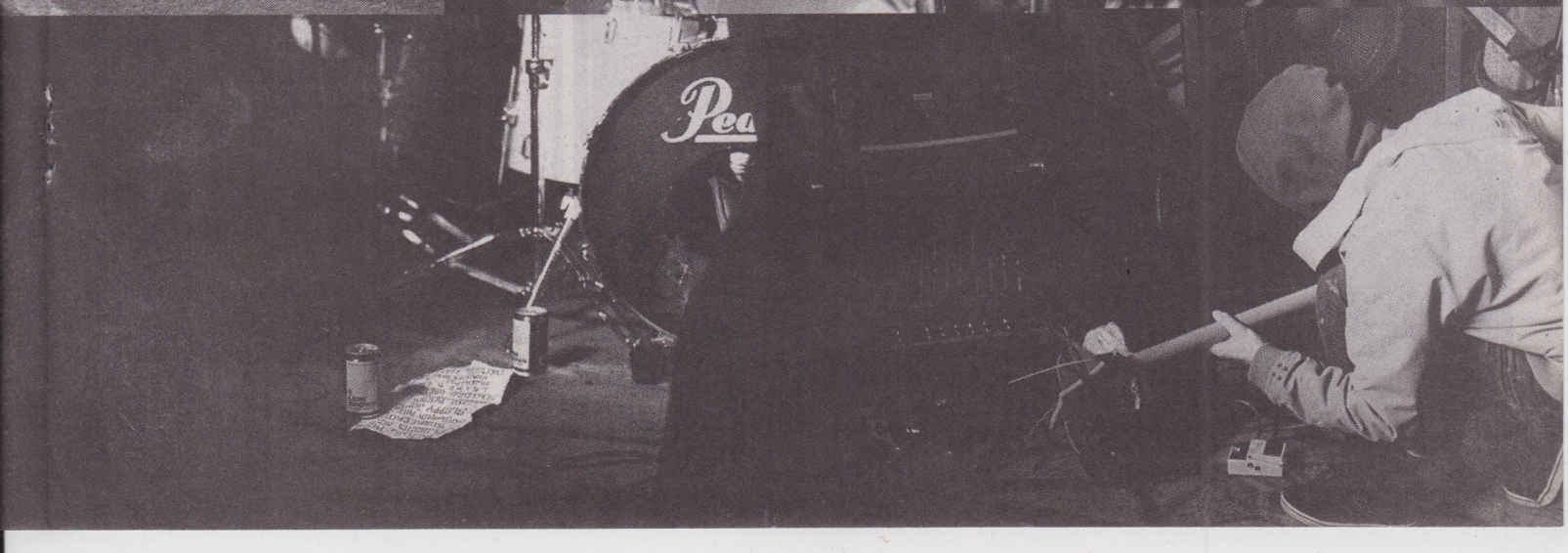

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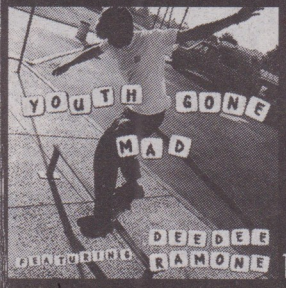

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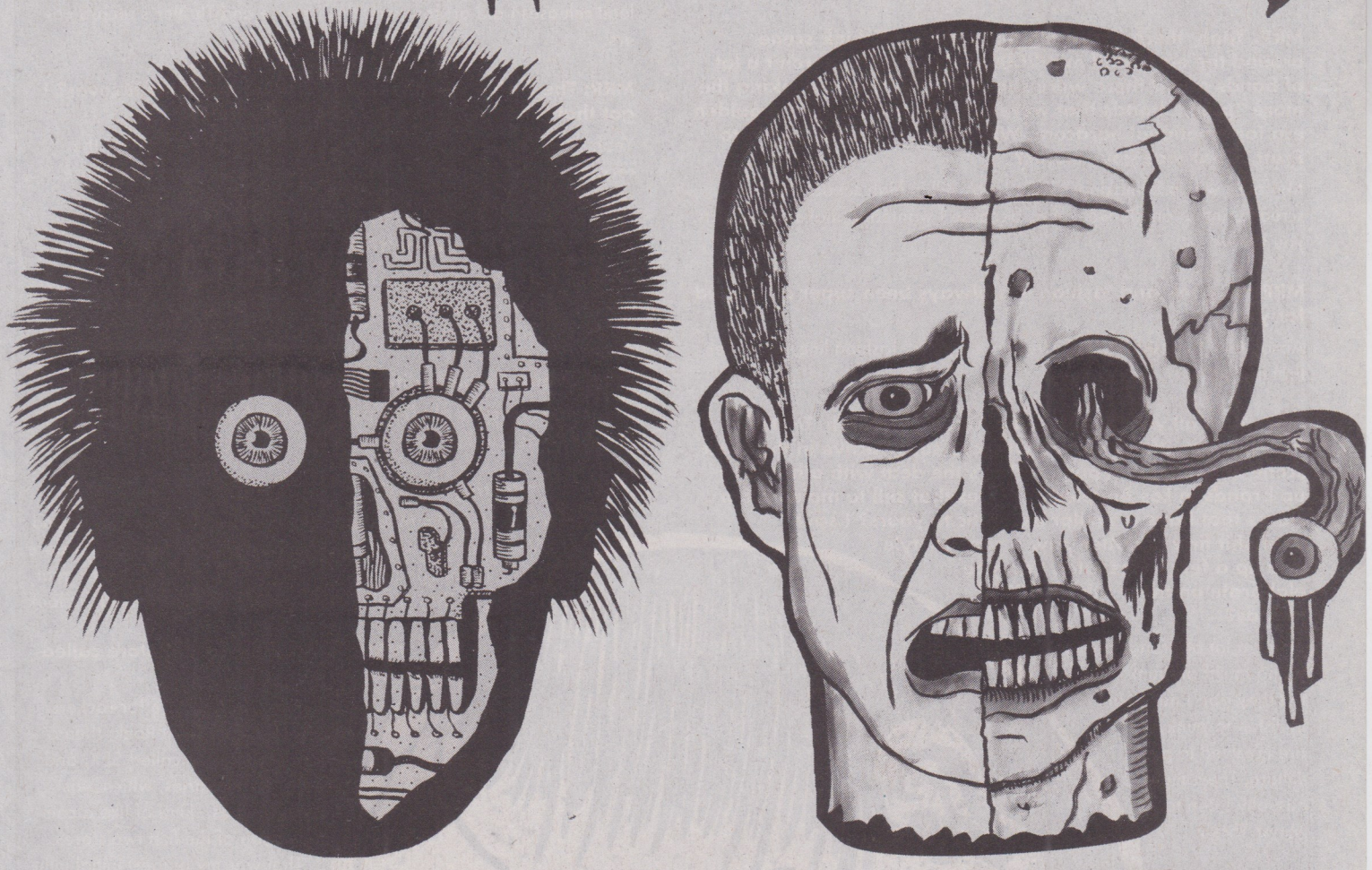


Here is Alexander Heir of Death/Traitors talking about growing up punk in the Tri-State Area, Death Traitors, Burn Books record label, DIY, appropriation of punk culture and giving deep insight to all philosophical questions that ye punx face. (After talking for half an hour and getting all the mind-blowing information you always wanted to know about Death Traitors off the record, we finally turn the tape recorder on.) Interview by Amelia Eakins in Brooklyn. Photos provided by Death/Traitors.

MRR: I guess I'll start out by saying that I'm a little bit weirded out by doing something that isn't a band interview, you know? So do you want to talk a little about where you come from in the punk scene, where you're from and how you wound up incorporating Death/Traitors into that?

I grew up in northern New Jersey. I'm twenty-eight years old, so I started going to shows in the late '90s. I'm from right outside the city, so I definitely went to a lot of Jersey shows, but I went to just as many in NYC. It was easier for me to take the train into the city than it was for me to get a ride to a show in Jersey.

MRR: What kind of bands did you see when you came into the city?

I was really into street punk as a teen, and the Casualties were the biggest thing then, so I would go and see bands like the Unseen, L.E.S. Stitches, Blanks 77... When I was even younger I was going to ska shows, I remember seeing Mephiskapheles at the Wet Lands and being surround by what seemed like ten-foot tall skinheads. I moved to the city when I was eighteen to attend Pratt and started focusing more on art, you know, I had known so many people in bands I was getting asked to do a lot of band stuff.

MRR: You moved to the city in what year?

I moved to the city in 2002.

MRR: Bands like what, like the Zombie Vandals were still around then in New York?

Yeah, Chi was one of the first NYC kids I met when I was like sixteen years old, just from hanging around St. Mark's and being a punk with a mohawk. Twelve years later he's one of my best friends! So yeah, Zombie Vandals were around and so was Rabia, but for the most part during that time period while I was in school I would mostly see older

punk bands, there weren't as many awesome NYC bands as there are now. When I first moved to the city there was that Holidays in the Sun tour had just happened and all those bands played CB's so I saw the Partisans and...

MRR: The Exploited!

Yeah! And the Abrasive Wheels and 999! I'd go to ABC No Rio occasionally...

MRR: Yeah, there was a big lull in the NYC punk scene around the early and mid-2000s where there weren't a lot of bands and if there were shows, they weren't booking the more "punk" bands that were around. It was more a golden era for emotional hardcore. When you wound up going to Pratt, what was your major?

My focus was printmaking. While I was still in high school I took a screen-printing on the weekends because I wanted to make punk shirts, you know?

MRR: So punk and fashion has always been super connected for you?

Absolutely. I consider Death/Traitors a "punk" fashion line, whatever that means.

MRR: Well all your friends who model for Death/Traitors and sport it—it's all people who are super active in the punk scene or grew up in punk. What's the deal with other start-up brands in Los Angeles or places that sell to mainstream stores that have a similar aesthetic to yours? I saw your shit first and then saw a similar style pop up a few years later. Can you elaborate on these other "DIY" brands?

I think a lot of brands are really trying to riff on punk visuals, but they don't necessarily listen to punk or are involved in punk culture. They might casually listen to Minor Threat...

MRR: ...or they used to when they were sixteen...

Right, but they're not really invested in a scene or culture. It's important for me to stay active and contribute to the scene by helping out bands with art and layout, doing flyers, printing shirts—to help create culture and art beyond just a t-shirt.

MRR: Did you do shirts for bands or were you just designing stuff and selling them to your friends?

I started designing and doing lots of stuff for bands. Some of the first legit releases I did art for were Fleshtemple and Thriller's record covers.

MRR: The Thriller cover was a screened back patch cover? I got that with their 7" put out by Toxic State.

Yeah, it was a piece of fabric that I screened that folded over the record, so it was also a back patch. Toxic State put out both those releases.

MRR: So how did Death/Traitors finally come together?

I started using Pratt's printing facilities to make shirts as soon as I got there. I started designing shirts heavily inspired by Seditionaries and called it "Death Attack."

MRR: Elaborate on Seditionaries.

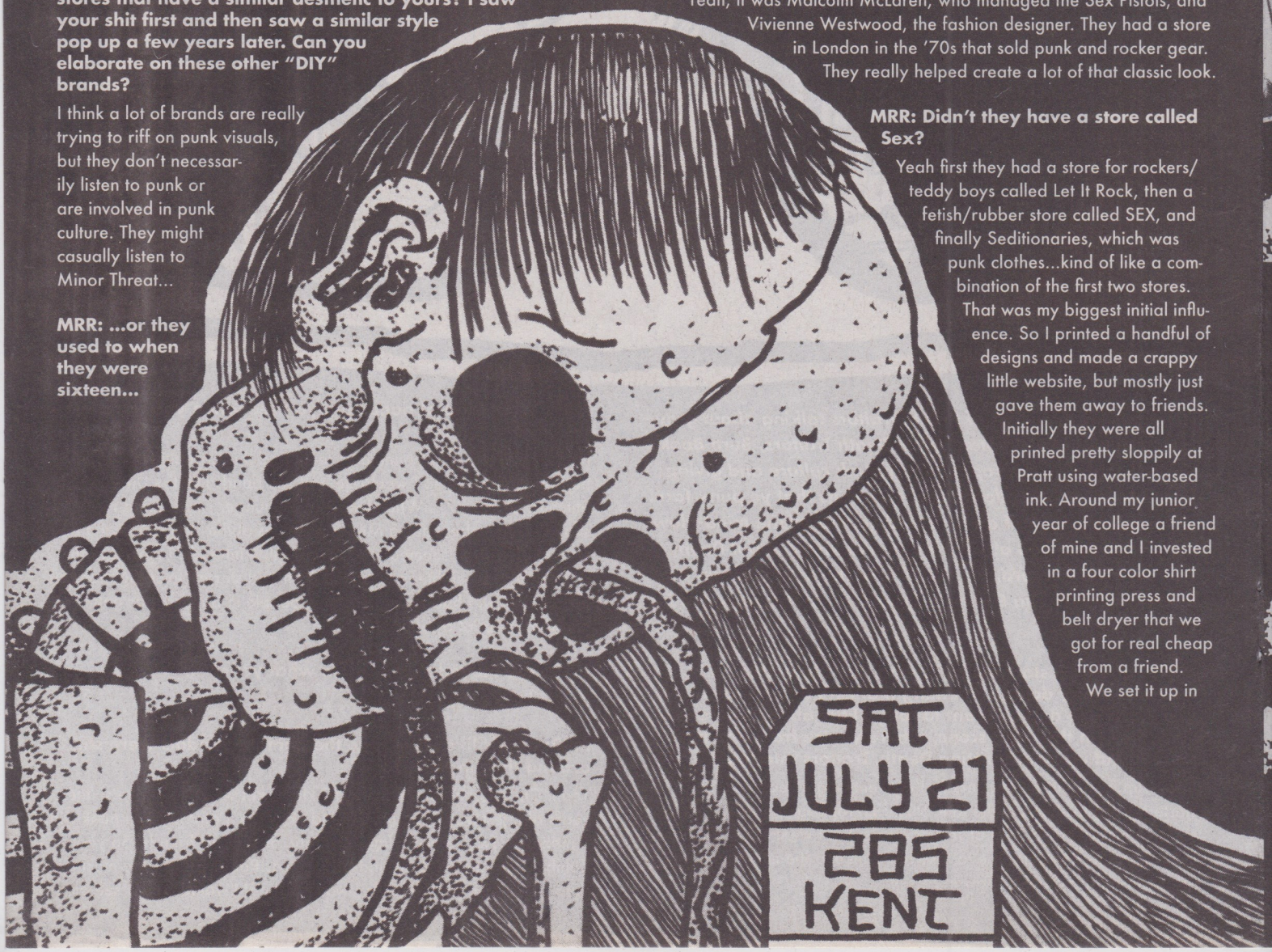
Seditionaries are the old '70s punk shirts with anarchy Mickey design and the Jesus crucified on a swastika...

MRR: The "destroy" shirt?

Yeah, it was Malcolm McLaren, who managed the Sex Pistols, and Vivienne Westwood, the fashion designer. They had a store in London in the '70s that sold punk and rocker gear. They really helped create a lot of that classic look.

MRR: Didn't they have a store called Sex?

Yeah first they had a store for rockers/teddy boys called Let It Rock, then a fetish/rubber store called SEX, and finally Seditionaries, which was punk clothes...kind of like a combination of the first two stores. That was my biggest initial influence. So I printed a handful of designs and made a crappy little website, but mostly just gave them away to friends. Initially they were all printed pretty sloppily at Pratt using water-based ink. Around my junior year of college a friend of mine and I invested in a four color shirt printing press and belt dryer that we got for real cheap from a friend. We set it up in



his apartment and started teaching ourselves how to print with heat set plastisol ink like most professional shops use. We fucked up a lot of shirts, but eventually figured out what we were doing and started to take on printing for hire jobs.

MRR: This is part of the reason why I wanted to do this interview is because I think it's really important that younger punks who read Maximum Rocknroll who want to get active in the scene but don't know where to start can get an idea of how to contribute to their punk scene. And maybe they'll read an interview like this and be inspired that they can do it, too. They'll read an interview like this and be like, "oh, this doesn't just happen" and see that there are steps they can take and that this makes it more tangible...

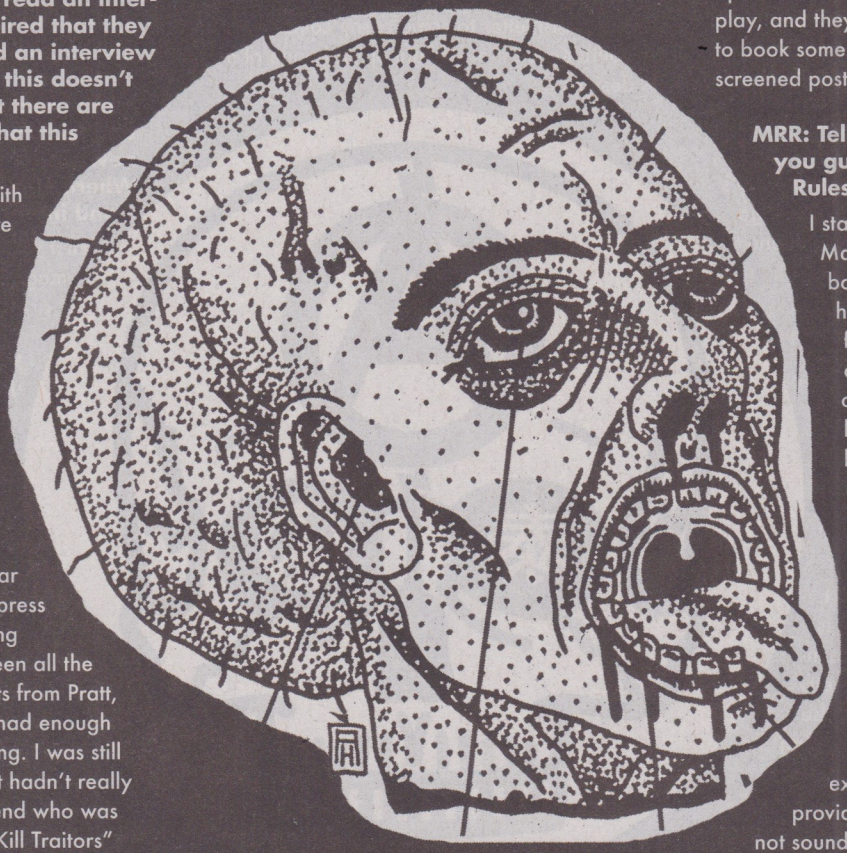
Yeah, we started doing this with no idea what the fuck we were doing. It took years to learn how to do it correctly, there are so many little things that went wrong and still go wrong. You're always learning something.

MRR: So what was the transition from Death Attack to Death/Traitors?

Well, fast-forward to 2007. I had just graduated Pratt a year before, and was running the press out of my apartment, just doing freelance shirt printing. Between all the people I knew in bands, artists from Pratt, and scouring Craigslist ads I had enough business to live off only printing. I was still doing Death Attack, though it hadn't really progressed much. I had a friend who was doing a t-shirt brand called "Kill Traitors" who was also trying to make a serious line, but didn't have much experience either. We decided to combine forces and names, and Death/Traitors was born. I was mainly doing the designing and printing, and he was doing promo and getting in touch with shops. We would put out new designs two or three times a year, even if no one was buying anything. Eventually a few local skate shops picked up some shirts on consignment, and we had given away so many shirts to friends who were in bands/skated/did whatever people were starting to recognize the brand, but it was still going very slowly. By 2010 we were barely working on Death/Traitors, both distracted with other projects, and my partner and I split ways. He left to pursue other things, (He now does an awesome NYC skate company called Iron Claw), and I kind of restarted Death/Traitors, making a whole batch of new designs and reinvesting my energy in it. I think that's when I felt like Death/Traitors really gained momentum for me and took it to where it is now.

MRR: When I first started to hear about Death/Traitors, it was seeing pictures of my friends online and when I moved back to New York I'd get these text messages about sort of Death/Traitors punk nights. Punk Max would be DJing and people would just show up who were all friends with each other and model your shirts. Do you want to elaborate on that how it wasn't just a business thing but how it was almost more like a community in a sense?

Totally, that's so important. Yes, Death/Traitors is a business and making money is an important part of it...



MRR: ...or at least covering your costs.

Right, exactly, but it's also my art and what I want to put out to the world and what I want to say. And I want people I like and respect involved in that. We all support each other.

MRR: I just found that "Death/Traitors Presents" silkscreened huge cloth poster for a show in 2010 recently as I was sorting through my punk archives...you've done shows under the Death/Traitors name? You started the brand before doing shows, so how did "Death/Traitors Presents" shows come about?

There started to be new punk bands I actually wanted to see! I think the reemergence of NYC punk (for me at least) started at Crewtonz House Of God, which existed from around 2004-06... It was a giant loft in Bushwick that had wild hardcore and punk shows, very similar to 538 Johnson. I think Fucked Up played their first NYC show there?

MRR: I think I've been to a party or two there...

It was around that time I met a lot of other kids who were into punk and trying to do something productive/positive, many of whom would go on to start awesome bands. The lull in NYC had ended. So flash forward a few years later to 2008, I had just started doing Death/Traitors, and bands like Pregnant, Spanish Bombs and Thriller are starting to play, and they're really good! So we decided to book some shows and make nice hand screened posters.

MRR: Tell me about Burn Books—you guys put out the New York Rules compilation tape.

I started Burn Books with my friend Maxim Ryazansky, who lived and booked shows at Crewtonz, and had doing lots of shows in NJ before that. We started it as an art and music label; we knew a lot of people who made great stuff, but weren't the most savvy at business or self-promotion. Our first release was the Pregnant's debut LP in 2010, followed by the New York Rules Comp in early 2011, featuring bands like Hank Wood & The Hammerheadz, the Men, Dawn of Humans, Nude Beach, Nomos, and a few more. We wanted to document the revitalized scene that was exploding in NYC, and maybe provide a context of bands that might not sound all that similar but were in the same general scene. In 2012 we put out a 12" EP from Wet Witch, former members of Spanish Bombs, and this month we just released Goosebumps' debut 7" called I Hate My Body.

MRR: So rad. It's amazing the array of different sounds and people comprising the NY punk scene right now and how you're not just limited to one social circle or subgenre here in Brooklyn. Even your brand and the different scenes it touches is so widespread here. I got stopped on the street when I got that tank top off of you and some long-hair on his bike stopped, came over to me and was all like, "can I take a picture of you in that shirt?" And I hesitated and he went on to say, "I know it's really creepy, but I'm friends with Alex, I need to show him!" And I was all like, "dude I'm friends with Alex I just came from Alex's house." (laughter) You know, I feel like anyone rocking your

shit probably knows you.

It's either someone I know who's down or it's a total stranger who's like, "what are you talking about? Who the fuck's Alex?" Again, that's really important to me—I want this to be a punk brand. That's my measure of if I am making something cool. If I see a kid in a studded jacket wearing a Death/Traitors shirt, it's like OK, that's the measure of approval that I need.

MRR: OK so studded jacket as in non-Lady Gaga shit, like legit real punk. But how do you feel about punk being reincorporated into fashion again? In the late 1970s, it was very fashion oriented and it wasn't necessarily DIY how we think about it today. So how do you feel about brands like Obesity & Speed ripping off the VOID logo?

Something like that is totally fucked. That's a real band and an artist made that logo, and you're just capitalizing on someone else's work. It's a double hit—you're fucking over someone financially and artistically and you're taking something cool and making it lame. Thanks to Google and the internet and Tumblr and all this shit, you can just rip punk (or any other) imagery immediately and just steal it. A very small minority of people will get the reference and you're just like stealing...you're stealing art. Obviously every piece of work is inspired by something else...the influence on my own work are pretty apparent, but taking someone else's art, barely changing it, and slapping your own logo on it is fucked. It shocks me how popular and commonplace it is.

MRR: I remember when Thomas' old leather jacket was bought by Lady Gaga at Search & Destroy on St. Mark's and we were all sitting around talking about Lady Gaga's music video that the jacket was in. It almost got turned into a joke when we were all like there's a problem here if we're sitting around and talking more about Lady Gaga than Discharge. Then they ripped off the Doom art and what, the guy who directed that video was a member of Napalm Death?

Something weird like that. I know the guy, that director, did a bunch of stuff in the '90s like a Prodigy video, and he did a Candlemass video in the '80s that's really good.

MRR: Whenever you put yourself out there, you're putting yourself out there to be ripped off. Whether it's your own personal style, art, or music—how do you feel about your designs being ripped off by other people who quote end quote do DIY stuff?

There was one random brand from L.A. who literally stole our design. It was the 666 design, our logo, and they just redid it really poorly and instead of a pyramid it was words in a triangle and still said 666. It was basically still our logo. So I emailed them and said, "we're gonna sue you" we didn't have any money or a lawyer, but still. And they were upset they said, "why would you accuse us of this, we hired a designer to do this, we didn't know." This is your brand! You don't know your own imagery going on your t-shirts? I just had to send another cease and desist letter to some corny company from South Korea that straight up stole one of my designs.

MRR: Sometimes it feels weird calling someone out for ripping off your personal style and someone will just be like, "it's not like you did it first." But it doesn't mean you can rip shit to the letter! At least change it and make it your own. But I guess it's true, a lot of punk is ripping off other bands' riffs or ripping off other bands' imagery, but I want to know where you feel that line is drawn between being acceptable and not? Between being influenced by something and stealing. You know, it's like who influenced your designs besides the original '77 style stuff...

Right, and everything is influenced and draws from something else but there's a difference between being influenced by something and ripping something off. You can feel that. The Death/ Traitors stuff, especially the early stuff, was all inspired by old occult imagery, Masonic stuff, secret society stuff—that's where the pyramid logo came from. But I didn't just scan old illustrations and write Death/Traitors on it, I took that imagery and used it to inspire my own new designs.

MRR: How many shirts do you usually print of a design?

I think that's what's kind of unique about Death/Traitors. I design everything myself, I print everything myself, I'm shipping it out... everything is basically print to order. I don't have enough space to have a bunch of shirts sitting around, so when I get an order online, if I don't have it in stock, which I probably don't, I get a blank shirt, screen and print it.

MRR: I know you've been interviewed and featured in your local Fort Greene newspaper inBrooklyn where you live. Where else have you been featured and interviewed?

First was Juxtapoz, an art and design magazine, more attuned to "street art."

MRR: And you did something for The New York Times?

Yeah, just The New York Times blog—the local section. So they did a small write up on Death/ Traitors as a neighborhood business.

MRR: Did you have an increase in orders after?

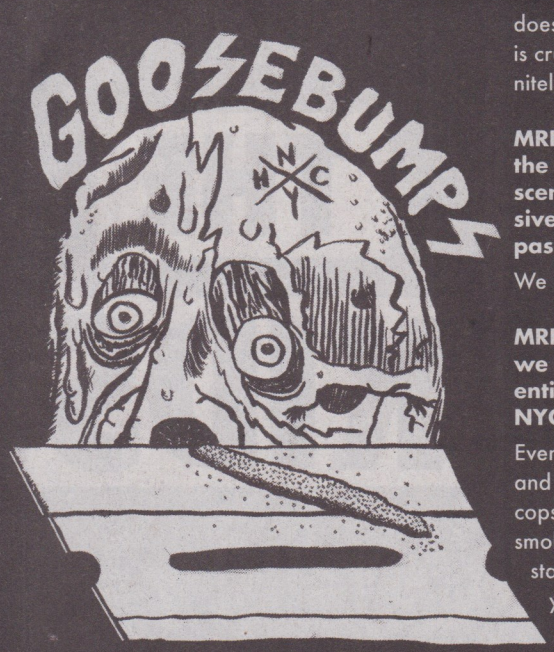
Not after The New York Times one, but after the Juxtapoz article for sure. That's one of the nice thing about the digital age. As a small business, I have direct access to customers. Between Facebook, the website, blog, the mailing list—if I put something new out, I have an easy way to contact anyone who has ever bought something from me. I've got my market right there. Every year is better and better. That's the cool thing about being in New York—you can do your thing and hustle and if you're dedicated to it, people will pay attention, if the work is good. And sometimes even if it isn't. Haha. More so than if you're in Kansas or something. I don't know if when people buy the shirts, being from New York or Brooklyn helps...can't hurt.

MRR: I know you ventured into making jewelry as well like the bone rosary...

It's all linked together. Death/Traitors is just one extension of the stuff I make... I paint and draw, make music...the show flyers... and jewelry. The taxidermy/bone thing is so hot right now.

MRR: Well, it's super fucking punk.

It makes sense, like the zeitgeist, people kind



of take from each other—there's a bigger thing in the air. It's weird, what's floating around in the air and everyone's interpretation of it. I used to go to five-cent wing night with my friends and take home these bags of bones and start cleaning them and start making stuff out of them. And a year or two later you see all these high-end jewelry people casting chicken feet and doing all this fashionable gothy stuff.

MRR: How do you feel about the recent goth trend in punk?

I into it, I'm super into a lot of goth and post-punk. I've been obsessed with Alien Sex Fiend for a while. It makes sense that with the current state of the country, and world, people would be getting back into dark, death-obsessed music. It's cool people are starting to try different things, too...I think that's one of the reasons is that I'm stoked on New York in general. People aren't afraid to get weird. Dawn of Humans, Crazy Spirit or the Men are weird and they're amazing bands!

MRR: The Men are fucking awesome.

A lot of those bands—they're punk and they're taking a lot of cues from punk, but they're also not just trying to write the same old riff and are taking it somewhere new. It's cool. That's why I'm stoked. But, goth is 30 years old. It's not weird or new anymore. But it's cool to see people try different things or take inspiration from different scenes.

MRR: That whole Sacred Bones scene in general is well done.

I'm really happy that kids who are into current Toxic State kind of bands or D-beat or anarcho might be open enough to listen to Anasazi or Lost Tribe. Listen to the news—it's pretty bleak, it makes sense. The world really does seem like it's about to end, the country is crumbling, no one has any money—it definitely has an effect on the psyche.

MRR: I can see how it fueled a lot of the violence in the '80s NYC hardcore scene, but now it's taking a more passive turn. It seems like things are more passive now.

We live in a police state now.

MRR: It's way different now. What, we have a police force the size of the entire Canadian Army or some shit in NYC?

Even this summer, going to Tommy's, 538 and Death by Audio standing outside shows, cops are rolling through. "What are you smoking, is that a beer?" and you're just standing their talking to your friends, but you're getting hassled. This is not where the problem is—it's just kids seeing a band.

MRR: Sometimes I feel punk's a little more palatable now where people do feel more safe just showing up at a NY punk show because it's the "hip" thing—including pigs, who I heard used to be scared to even drive down St. Mark's back in the day.

Right, right. Independent music has been mainstream-ified anyway. Everyone likes indie music or whatever. It's a lot more accessible.

MRR: I want to get back to clothes... you'll see a Death/Traitors shirt and you'll know it's a Death/Traitors shirt. There seems to be a really visual thing going on in NYC right now where the roots of the movement are from punk. A visual trend. Death/Traitors is a definite brand with a punk root, but with Masonic imagery, things seem to be blending from other subcultures that were once separate but don't seem that way so much today...

That's the nice thing about growing up now is that you can be a punk, but because of learning from mistakes of the past, you have a little more perspective on things. I can be almost 30 and have a certain lifestyle, but I don't have to be a junky or dead or sellout—find a middle ground where you retain the import and cool things from punk but stay away from the negative aspects.

MRR: I think Death/Traitors is pretty positive.

Yeah, I think so. I do Death/Traitors, I screen print t-shirts out of my house and that's what I do for a living. It's pretty cool.

MRR: Any bands in the works?

I just started a peace punk band with a drum machine called Survival. I play bass, Jess from American Sun sings, and Brian from Brain Slug plays guitar. We're influenced a lot by X-Mal Deutscheland, Cocteau Twins, Blood & Roses...

MRR: Any parting message?

I think with a bigger picture of youth culture right now, we have this unprecedented access to information. So, you have the entire scope of music, visual and art history at your fingertips. Hopefully people, kids will start to use that to expand their horizons. That's what I'd like to do, what I'd ideally like to see, the punk scene and kids in general, and what I'm trying to do to keep pushing things forward. Punk's been around since the '70s, the same types of people have been around forever and that used to be the easy way to label it. But, whatever punk is, now hopefully people can open their brains up. Get a silkscreen press and then you don't have to work. Make a zine. Do whatever man, if you like drawing—draw a bunch of shit and get it out there. Give it to your friends at shows. Especially because things are so fucked with corporations taking over everything where you're either a mental slave or reaching out for something real, and has a bit of humanity to it. That's why punk is so fetishized because it's a rejection of that. You don't have to be a punk to realize now that everything's fucked up.

MRR: Up the punx.

Always!

Contact Death Traitors at: deathtraitors@deathtraitors.com, www.deathtraitors.com

THE KIDS

I bought my first Kids record as a kid! I scored it in the mid-1990s at Epicenter Zone, having spied the basic black and white LP jacket perched behind the counter. The sleeve features three sneering, epically posed punks, huddled up in some dilapidated hellhole, up to no goddamn good... but rocking non-stop. I asked the gent behind the counter (Jeff Heermann!) about the record and what it sounded like. "Uh, it's old punk from Belgium. Good songs..." He sort of trailed off, probably disgusted with my teenage zits or something. Anyway, I put back a few of the Japanese HC and Midwestern pop-punk singles I found and swapped this Kids LP in place. As is the common reaction for anyone familiar with the Kids, I was immediately knocked out by the record. I just couldn't be bothered with "old shit" as a young buck, it was just a few steps away from K-Tel for me at the time. But with the Kids, the doors blew open for all manner of classic punk from all over the world, Killed by Death obscurities and modern-day devotees (then deemed "garage punk") who knew this Belgian band had a bevy of unbeatable tunes. Over the years, I found other records by the Kids, each boasting songs that hit you hard and left a mark. They said it so perfectly with their first fuckin' song: This is Rock'n'Roll, kiddies. Great Rock'n'Roll too. It's with no small amount of fan-boy glee that I present this brief chat with Kids mainman Ludo Mariman, on the eve of their first ever US West Coast tour. Still kids in 2013...unreal! Interview by Mitch Cardwell, with assistance from Jonny Cat and Cecilia Meneau. Photos provided by the band.

MRR: What were your musical tastes prior to forming The Kids? Was Rock'n'Roll always the only music that made you feel good?

I was 18 when I saw Lou Reed on television playing "Sweet Jane" and it made me want to learn and play guitar. That was in 1973. Then I discovered the Velvet Underground, the former band of Lou Reed, and this unpolished music became my first great influence.

MRR: Had you been in bands prior to the Kids? Do any pre-Kids recordings exist?

A little later I started a band with my cousin called Underground Station. I became the songwriter of the band. We rehearsed a lot and played only one gig. It was a good practice to get better at playing, singing and writing songs.

MRR: Can you shed any light on your introduction to punk?

Since I was fifteen years old, I travelled several times a year to London, just to wander around and watch a soccer game or a concert. When punk rock appeared in the streets and clubs of London, I was there and it struck me like lightning. There was this exciting, simple, energetic music that made a link with the Velvet Underground. And you could play easily as a trio, so we had no need to look for extra musicians.

MRR: Did the formation of the Kids go hand-in-hand with your interest in punk?

It was my cousin who told me one day that he had seen an incredible young kid of eleven (Danny de Haes), playing the bass guitar. So when the band (Underground Station) split, I was looking around to find some musicians to form a new band. I read an advert where a twelve-year-old bass player was also looking for musicians as well. I assumed this was the same kid my cousin had mentioned, so I decided to contact him. He was playing in a band called CRASH, and asked me if I wanted to join the band, which I did. This was at the end of 1975. Besides Danny on the bass guitar, there was his brother Eddy on drums (sixteen years old at the time), another guitar player, and a singer. Again, I became the songwriter of the band as it became obvious very soon that it would be better if I sang the songs. So that's when the singer and guitar player left the band and we became a trio. In May 1976, we changed our name to the Kids and became the first Belgian punk band.

MRR: Did you encounter any difficulties having an early teen like Danny in the band? Must've been a pretty smart kid to embrace punk outright.

We once had to play in a club, and the porter didn't want to let Danny in because he was too young. We really had to convince him he was a member of the band!

MRR: For many fans of European punk from the '70s and early '80s, the amount of bands/records from Belgium has always been startling, especially because there's so much quality stuff (even back through the glam and beat

eras). Did you feel a kinship with other Belgian punk bands? Was there truly "a scene" amongst the early Belgian punks?

There was not a real scene. There were only little islands of punk in places like Antwerp, Brussels, Charleroi and some other towns. You had Chainsaw, X-Pulsion and the Mad Virgins from Brussels, whom I knew very well. Then there was Hubblé Bubble, whose drummer was Roger Jouret, later known as Plastic Bertrand. Some other bands as well. We supported each other. It was a feeling of us against the rest. We organized concerts for each other too.

MRR: I've seen some '70s live footage on YouTube and your shows seemed fairly raucous and awesome. What was a typical Kids show like early on? How often were you able to tour and how far outside of Belgium were you able to go and perform?

In the beginning, we had a hostile audience most of the time and we loved it to provoke them. You could say our concerts were never dull. And, little by little, we gathered a following. So you got gigs where 20% of the crowd loved us and 80% who hated us. We did some gigs in Holland and Germany, but never a tour. Now it's much easier to play in Europe because the border restrictions are gone.

MRR: How did working with Philips come about? Did you ever consider making your own records? You moved from Philips to Fontana to Mercury records throughout your career...these are big record labels! Did you ever get any indication of how many records you were selling?

At one of these concerts, in 1977, a concert promoter, Alain Ragheno, saw the potential of the band and asked to become our manager and record a demo with us. For that demo, which we recorded in an afternoon, were all the songs that later became the first album. With that demo, Alain went to Firmin Michiels of Phonogram and he decided to sign us. I don't know the sales figures for sure. Probably, seven or eight thousand.

MRR: Can you talk about the circumstances during the recording of your first LP? Was this your first time in a studio?

Yes, it was the first time we recorded in a "real" studio. It took two days to record our first album. The first day, we recorded thirteen songs live in the studio. The next day, it was mixed. That was that. Twelve songs made it on the album. The thirteen song, "No Work" was later released on the 7" EP by Wild Wild records in 1996.

MRR: What are the back-up vocals/lyrics in "For the Fret"? I've been trying to figure this out for years!

"Kikelekie!" It was a little inside joke about our former guitar player in Crash, Fred. He always started his solos too late and then did something that sounded like "Kikelekie!" to catch up.

MRR: I've always been intrigued with the appearance of the Bastards 7". How did this record come about? Was this an official release or purely a case of crossed wires or shadiness?

It was a bootleg by someone, I think from Italy.

MRR: Was there a conscious move away from traditional punk in the Kids' history? I'm a big fan of your Living in the 20th Century album, but it definitely is a poppier record than its predecessors. Was this a conscious decision or simply changing with the times (emergence of new wave and/or power-pop)? Blackout sort of follows this line even further.

Yes, because at that time punk rock was commercialized, it was a sold out. That's what "Razorblades for Sale" is about, the song I wrote on Naughty Kids. We also added a second guitar player, Luc, and a new drummer, Cesar, because Eddy had to go and serve a year in the army. This gave me more options in my songwriting.

MRR: What is your opinion of bootlegs? I first heard your band via bootleg reissues and on compilations like Killed by Death and Bloodstains Across Belgium. Had it not been for these records, I'm guessing most in the US would've had a really difficult time hearing your band. These boots had to have been of some benefit, right?

Yes, it's a knife that cuts on both sides. We never got royalty payments from the bootlegs, but they allowed people from all over the world to discover the music of the Kids. They did what our publishing and record company should have been doing. I have no hard feelings about it.

MRR: How did the 7" on Wild Wild records in the mid-'90s come about? This appeared around the time I first encountered your music.

Some young people from Paris stood at my door one day in 1995, I guess. They were asking for an interview and telling me they were big fans of the Kids. They asked if I had any unreleased material or some early live recordings they could release on their label. And they asked if we could please reform the Kids and do a concert in Paris, because so many young punks wanted to see the band play these great songs. So I asked the other guys if they were interested to come together again and do a one year tour. They reacted positively and after some fierce rehearsing, we started a tour of one year in 1996.

MRR: Inside the Wild Wild records 7", there are photos of you guys being filmed in the studio. Does that footage still exist? What recording session was filmed?

Maybe somewhere in a box in the garage. We were filmed during the recording of our second album, Naughty Kids.

MRR: What's your opinion of the covers single Teengenerate did?

I liked it a lot.

MRR: Around the 25th Anniversary of the Kids, official re-releases of your material started to appear on CD and you started to play more regularly. How did this milestone reinvigorate you?

Since that tour in 1996, we never stopped playing. But we did have some changes in the band. Frankie Saenen replaced Eddy in 1997, and was replaced in 2012 by Tim Jult. Danny was replaced by Pieter Van Buyten in 1997, and came back in 2008, and was replaced in 2011 by Yves van Lommel.

MRR: What were your impressions of the shows you played in New York and Texas in recent years?

One word—awesome.

MRR: Any particular hopes for your West Coast US trip?

We look forward to playing the West Coast and hope it at least equals our former concerts in the USA.

MRR: Any plans for future recordings or reissues? Is there anything from the early Kids era that can be unearthed? Any unreleased songs or demos or live recordings?

Not for the moment. We had a CD single out in 2005, I guess, Freedom, Liberty, Democracy. But we understand people especially want to hear the songs off our two first albums and I can go along with that.

The Kids will be on US West Coast tour in May 2013! Don't miss 'em!

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SHAKEDOWN

When I heard Nucléar Fröst for the first time, I imagined myself drinking beer in some place of Sweden, may be Gothenburg, and the weather was enough to let it frozen... Their sound is noisy, dark and can lead us to other places. Founded in Sao Paulo, the necropolis cosmopolitan of Brazil, they appear full of '80s references, from D-beat/crust to black metal and thrash, a woman on vocals, political lyrics and a metal-punk undertones. This interview was made with Thomas, the jawbreaker drummer that had the patience to answer my idiot questions. Shortly after this interview; Edu (bass) left the band. Interview, translation and introduction by Alan Miséria. Photos by Anna Lee, Faria Ale, Aylton Baptista.

MRR: When entering the studio do you set the air conditioner at the lowest level possible to try to simulate the thermal sensation of the Scandinavian countries?

Thomas: Sure…ha ha, if it's not this way, there's no fun…but this thing of a band from a tropical country having the word "frost," just shows how people can achieve a level of love for a musical style, which in the case of NxFx, we've always been passionate about Swedish old-school hardcore, the band just exists because of Svart Parad, Anti Cimex, Shitlickers And Crude SS, they always were and always gonna be the biggest influences for us. Music has this power to mess with paradigms, this way we can say, it is like a person that never came to Brazil or has no connection with the country but loves bossa nova! I particularly think that bossa nova is just a crap, but music has this power.

MRR: I saw a video with Feijão (guitar) talking about vegetarian food, what is the position of the band concerning this? Someone told me that you sell pies made with human flesh (allusion to a murder case in Brazil where tree people were arrested accused of making pies with human flesh) saying that it was completely vegetarian. The band will go into decline now that I denounced the scheme of wild capitalist cannibalism?

Thomas: He he he he...shit man, you just ruined my chance of becoming rich. I think that a big part of humanity wouldn't serve to this; if bovine meat causes a lot of diseases, imagine human meat, but good thinking... If there are people who go to McDonalds, eating human meat can't be so bad. Feijão, that you mentioned, is vegan, has been for some time; he lives in the inner city, he and his partnership are militant against animal abuse. They organize protests, lectures, they are extremely active in this cause and became references for this topic in the city, so that's the reason for this video. Gaby (vocalist) and I are vegetarians, also for some years now, Edu (bassist) eats meat. We have a song named "Stop Animal Abuse" which talks about this posture that a large part of the band follows.

MRR: Nuclëar Fröst appeared in 2006 in Sao Paulo, is it? Can you talk a little about the band's inception? It is true that at first you would make a more industrial sound?

Thomas: Yes, Nuclëar Fröst begun in 2006, when Edu and me wanted to start a project; at that time Edu was playing with Rot (grind masters), from the first moment it was going to be a project, we wanted to make something with an experimental style, like Ministry, Einstürzende Neubauten. But Edu quit playing with Rot, so we changed the music style to become a band, this way it's easier to play live. So we called Gaby to be the vocalist, and we faced some problems to find a guitarist, but soon we found a comrade called Fred (Bahia), that helped us a lot, and with this line up we started to play at gigs and recorded our demos *D-beat War 83*/*Winter Bomb*. With the output of Fred, we stayed some time without a guitar player; we did some shows, just with guitar/drums/vocal. We recorded some stuff where Edu played guitar and bass, and it didn't take too much time for Feijão to start playing with us in 2008, and gave a pace that we were seeking for with the band. We had a sequence of concerts and compositions.

MRR: Which bands that have or had women in the line up do you like? I don't know any current local band that has women and makes a sound similar to Nuclëar Fröst...do you know?

Thomas: I know that Gaby likes theses bands very much, which are references to her: Abuso Sonoro (crust HC), No Sense (grind), Excruciation (death metal from Santos), Detestation (crust), Sacrilege (metal punk), Dominatrix, Acid, Detênte, Mercenárias…Nowadays has Post Atomic Dogs which is a new band, Carol and her band mates are doing great stuff. This band deserves to be heard.

MRR: In the split with Retaliador you put sounds that were recorded live in Minas Gerais (Brazilian southeast state), you played down the viaduct Santa Teresa. How was the recording and presentation of the band on this day, and how did the idea of the split with Retaliador emerge?

Thomas: This gig really happened beneath the overpass of Santa Tereza (Belo Horizonte, capital of Minas Gerais), it was organized by our Belo Horizonte's friends, playing in "Minas," as we call it, is always great for NxFx, we really like our mates from that place, they know how to receive people in the best way that is possible. The show at that time was planned to be released as a DVD, with the recording of all the bands that played the event, like Barrikada, Filhos da Desgraça, Expurgo and others, but at the end of the gig the guy that filmed the whole stuff disappeared and just the audio remained; so, we already wanted to make a split with Retaliador and this was the opportunity. Guys from Retaliador are our brothers, their sound is awesome, they are extremely honest and truthful in what they do, and this split only served to crown all this feeling. It was a totally DIY release on CD-R with an EP 7"cover.

MRR: From what I've observed, you have a good public acceptance abroad. Much of the time I tried to download Nuclëar Fröst material, were from foreign pages, do you know the motive of this?

Thomas: I hope this is really happening, I think this is due to the four-way that was released in Italy, and the CD Nuclear Winter Gloom released in three different countries, Peru, Mexico and Spain, and the K7 tape in Thailand. I think that helped to spread the name, I hope it stays that way, because we want to tour in other countries…

MRR: Apart from the musical references, what most influences Nuclëar Fröst?

Thomas: Many things…Life in society is full of references for a band, serves as fuel to revolt, questioning, opposition on what is set as the default, and so on…Running away from it a little bit, I think that movies are a big influence. My favorite genres are Neo-realism of the period of '60s and '70s (mostly Italian), documentaries, German Expressionism, B movies, horror, exploitation, surrealism... I'll mention here some movies I like, whoever wants to see them, here is the hint: *The Bicycle Thief* (ITA 1948), *Germany Year Zero* (ITA 1948), *Cabra Marcado para Morrer* (BRA 1964/84), *Estamira* (BRA 2004), *The Architecture of Doom* (GER 1992), *Nosferatu* (GER 1922), *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (ALE 1920), *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (USA 1974), *The Beyond* (USA 1981), *Thriller* (SWE 1974), *Coffy* (USA 1973), El Topo (MEX 1970), *Un Chien Andalou* (FRA 1929)…let me stop here.

MRR: It's election year, Lula (ex-president of Brazil and ex-leftist) made accordance with Paulo Maluf (rightist corrupt politician prohibited to enter 180 countries and on the list of Interpol, among other shit), Gilberto Kassab (current rightist São Paulo mayor) is great! And the Toucans (nickname for the rightist party that unfortunately always wins elections in São Paulo) are very good! Now surely you believe that São Paulo is taking a correct political direction, "right?"

Thomas: Ha ha! Your questions are the best… ha ha. The city of São Paulo is a joke politically speaking, like Brazil; I guess that São Paulo is the biggest joke of all, because the state has PSDB (the Toucans) in government and is already sixteen years in power. Now as for the mayor, Kassab, he's a total fascist. What can I say about a population that elects a comedian (Tiririca—A clown elected as São Paulo Federal Deputy) to "represent" the city where you live and the greater details, with the biggest number of votes in history? The Capitalist Democracy sucks in first world countries, imagine in a third world country like Brazil, the city of São Paulo is just a reflection of that—disorganized in all aspects, economic, social etc… Sells the capitalist dream to have and to have more and more and more, because this is the only way for you to be someone in life…then you are dropped into the big problems of the world, which here in Sao Paulo seems to be more chronic.

MRR: You participated in a four-way split with Armagedom, and both the split with Retaliator as well as the four-way split were released in 2009? The other bands on the four-way are from Italy, isn't it? How did the Nuclëar Fröst's participation in this record happen?

Thomas: In 2009 we participated in a four-way with Armagedom, which for us was a proud moment, to be able to share this four-way with them. This four-way also has two bands from Italy: Children of Technology and Minkions, great bands, especially guys from CxOxTx they are great people… The invitation happened through MySpace, then Astolf from CxOxTx got in touch and talked about the project. We are very grateful, thanks for the help… Deathlord Astolf certainly helped spread the name of NxFx.

In that same year, the band released a split with U.S. band Secret Sect, which took too long to come out, since it should have been released in late 2008, but for most so far so good… The shit was to know that Joey Cox (Secret Sect drummer) who organized and released it, with a circulation of 1,000 copies, just sent 25 copies for us, whereas the combined would be 100 copies—what can we say? And in 2010 we organized the split version on CD-R with our friends from Retaliator.

MRR: The band has a defined religious position? Evil tongues say that you are evangelical zealots and use music to "entice" young people to the church, it is true?

Thomas: Our intention is kinda similar to the American Pastor Jim Jones for his sect called "Peoples Temple" that was responsible for the

mass suicide in Guyana in 1978. This episode I mentioned is only one of many cases that religious fanaticism can reach, NxFx is an extremely anti-religion band, especially the Christian, for all the ills and genocides caused by this shitty religion. We are all atheists thank God.

MRR: What is the difference between the punk and the metal scene in São Paulo? Do you see some difference beyond the musical style?

Thomas: São Paulo's scene is disunited and too conservative. I'm not talking about all the people, there are some that takes it serious, support the bands; but seeing the scene as a whole, disunity prevails. The punk scene which I can talk about is the crust, grind and more metal stuff, which is the scene that NxFx usually plays in. It's done by conscientious people, for the most part, but has a lot of posers. Guys that want to seem as if they are the best just because they wear a T-shirt from some famous band, but really they are assholes, (nothing against any band). They never went through bad times, in life or with a band, and just want to have a band to show off. I think that many people are going to read this and say, "Look, what a sucker, asshole. Who does he think he is? The saviour…?" I guess that sometimes people need to be humbler and practice more what they preach and listen to in the music. People from São Paulo need to learn from other scenes, I think that today Rio de Janeiro has the best metal punk/crust/punk/grind scene. I say this because the last two times I went there I saw guys that wanted to see the band, made zines, helped with show materials, drank with friends, talked…things that don't happen in São Paulo, it's not common to see things like this here, just some times… I'll stop talking because I'm not the owner of the truth…this is just my opinion.

MRR: What is your opinion about black metal bands that have rightist political views? Don't you think that they end up becoming a sort of "gospel music of the devil?" In my view, as Bakunin said in God and the State (paraphrasing) "if God exists, then the devil was the first free thinker in history" so he (the Guanxumão—also known in Portuguese as Capeta, Satanás or in english Satan) would have a libertarian bias, better than some kind of religious fascism, don't you think?

Thomas: Totally agree with what you said, black metal emerged as way of protest against the church and all its dogmas and conservatism. Then we have that thing, that we can say begun with the second generation of black metal bands, specifically from Norway, those guys thought "we need to do something more fucked up than Venom, Hellhammer, Celtic Frost, Bathory, Bulldozer…let's be a Nazi black metal band, or better, because people do not perceive, let's be a National Socialist black metal band (which is the same shit), because this way we can draw more attention!" Man, this is my opinion, I don't know who is more of an idiot, the guy that appears with the idea or the others that follow it. Conservatism does not match with black metal, in any way, but what can we do? The guy shits and has a lot of others to eat it, it's hard.

> MUSIC HAS THIS POWER TO MESS WITH PARADIGMS, THIS WAY WE CAN SAY, IT IS LIKE A PERSON THAT NEVER CAME TO BRAZIL OR HAS NO CONNECTION WITH THE COUNTRY BUT LOVES BOSSA NOVA! I PARTICULARLY THINK THAT BOSSA NOVA IS JUST A CRAP, BUT MUSIC HAS THIS POWER.

MRR: You just recorded your second full length album called *Anti-Christ Anti-Nazi* that's gonna be released on vinyl. What's the difference between the debut (Nuclear Winter Gloom) and this one?

Thomas: I think it doesn't have much difference. In NxFx until now we have a music system and cultivation, so to be raw and direct, for example, we don't like to record guitar twice, for two reasons. First, because we don't want to sound heavy, to sound like '80s recordings, and second because the bass that Edu does fills OK, he plays almost all the parts of the music in power chords, with a lot of noise; it fills enough space and is the way we like it.

MRR: How many partnerships are needed to release an LP? What are the difficulties of a band in Brazil to launch something like this? To release a LP would be like Corinthians (Brazilian soccer team that took 102 years to win the most important soccer championship in Latin America) wins Libertadores?

Thomas: In our case, it is us, the band, and more four labels: Terrotten, Extreme Noise Discos, Absurd records, Corsário Discos and our friend Fernando, summing five labels, that are going to realize this dream. I do not lean towards the Corinthians…but it's a similar feeling winning the copa Libertadores after so many attempts. All the band members are more or less 30 years old, so we have been at it for some time…It doesn't makes us more deserving than others who like music, punk/metal and stuff. When you start a band, you dream about having its material released on vinyl, there are no words to describe it, it seems forced what I'm talking about, but just us, and who is on our side, we know how happy we are with this LP. When Polysom [the only and last manufacturer of vinyl in South America] came back into activity, people from the underground stayed happy, thinking that it would be like before, but when we saw that their pattern was with cult shit MPB/POP style, with high prices, we got disappointed… In the 2011/2012 period, the prices fell slightly (though still expensive), but the goal was more realistic. We don't have prices to say to foreign people, but here in Brazil even though it is expensive is not at a very high price. We hope that prices will fall more in the next years.

MRR: Just to search here later, which bands have you listened to recently?

Thomas: Everybody goes through phases, and I'm in a rotten one. I've listen a lot of: Hellfire, black metal from Sweden, Necrobutcher, death noise from Brazil, Nuctemeron, death noise from Brazil, Beherit, death noise from Finland, VNA, noise from France, hard man, ha ha. But to relax the tympanum, Haveri, great Swedish hardcore, Musta Paraati, póst punk from Finland, Nitzer Ebb, the very first That Total Age, Visions magnificent demo/crust thrash Sweden, Afrika Bambaataa, São Bento rules planet rock from USA, and other things like classics of metal/punk/crust/HC/dark. Gaby has been listening to: War Ripper in the morning, Anticimex in the afternoon, and Racionais MCs at night.

MRR: So, that's it. Guess that something is missing, but here is the space for you to say what you want, what you think is important to be said and wasn't…thank you so much Nuclëar Fröst!

Thomas: Alan, I just like to thank you for the space here, thank you for the interview and support, hope to see you soon. Who wants to get in contact with Nuclëar Fröst, send email to *nuclearfrost83@gmail.com* or my email *thomasattack@yahoo.com.br*. We are going to release just 300 copies of the LP *Anti-Christ/Anti-Nazi*. If someone wants some copies, just let us know… DisCimexHammerVod!

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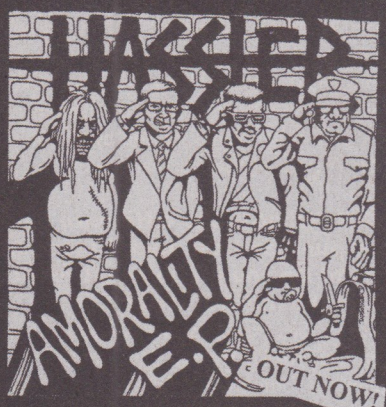

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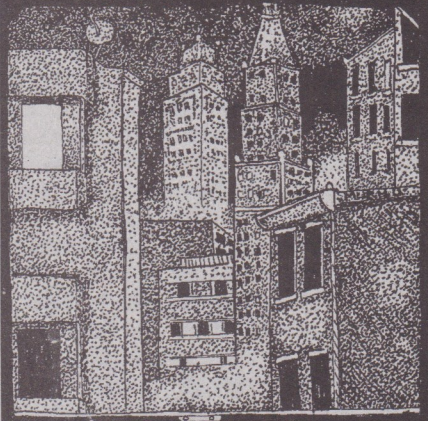

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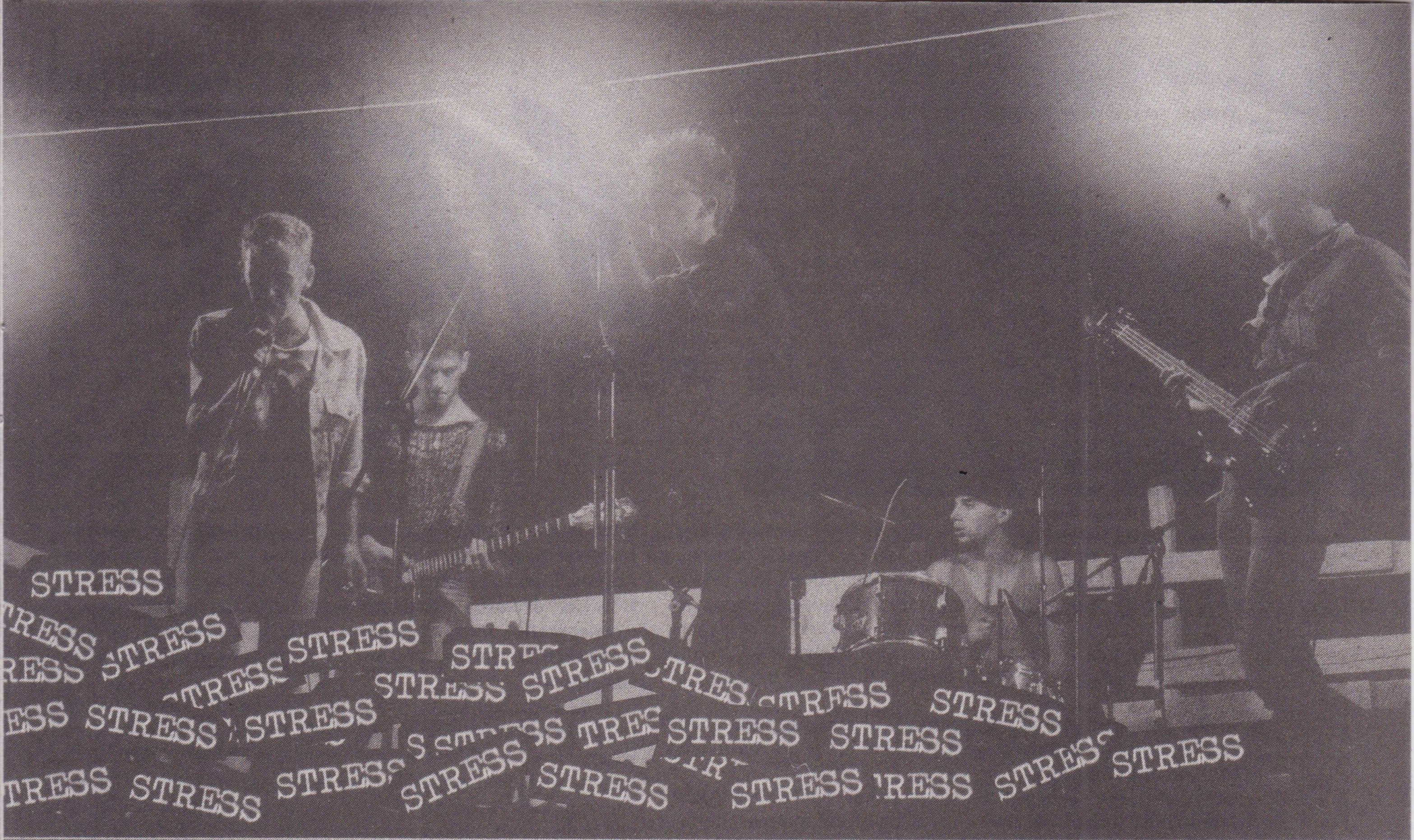


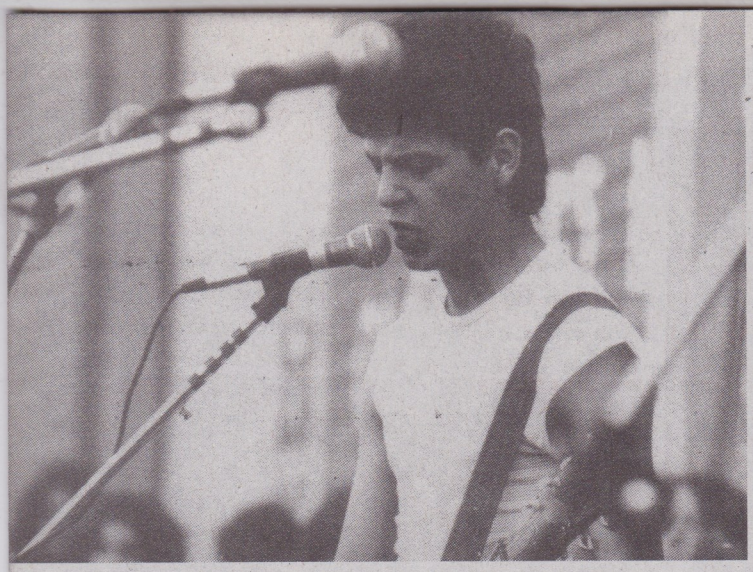
The reappearance of praised bands of the past often brings me disgust or, in the best of cases, icy indifference. Unfortunately, in fact, for me, this fashion that plagues the West, of the reunification of old bands, is now almost turning into an epidemic here in Psarokostena (ed.: pet name for ol' lady Greece). However, the legendary Stress is an exception to my rule. I took advantage of the recent reissue of their singes Athens is Burning I & II *(in which unreleased songs from their older demos are also included) and took the opportunity to come into contact with the courteous Louis, one of the founding members of the band. Stress was formed a few months after my folks decided to make the fatal mistake of bringing me into this greedy and sly world. This temporal coincidence made my communication with Louis especially interesting, since, from what modern reality proves, in 1980 the Greek people decided, instead of working hard for the actual improvement of their living standards, to push the button on their own total destruction. Questions by Pànos Asthma. Answers and photos by Kondoùlis Louis. Originally printed in* Moùntza *zine #5, October 2012, in Greek. Translation by Lydia Athanasòpoulos.*

I would suggest going back 32 years, and you can tell us what the reasoning being the formation of Stress was and under what circumstances was the decision taken?
Rock music is undoubtedly one of the largest social movements, from the beginning of the '60s where its culture effected and mobilized the following generations into to all of its different adaptations and subcultures. It represents and expresses the doubt felt for the contemporaries of each era. Our group of friends was united by the punk rock of the time (1978-80), common music interests, the underground style of the bars, squares and happenings of Athens. In the sounds of fast and short songs we found what we wanted to play. We started jamming in early 1980 but things really got going a year and a half later, after our appearances at the festivals at Aretoùsa in Plàka. (ed.: a bar in downtown Athens)

Were there local sources of information about what was going on in the international music scene back then, and especially the punk rock scene? How did one acquire access to such music during that time?
There were fanzines, some record stores which were informed about the scene, there were some pub cafes (like the Dragon Fly on Acadimìas street) which used to show some videos of bands and recorded live concerts of the time, and generaly there was a lot of people traveling with the InterRail to England, Holland, Germany, who would inform us of live shows, records, clothes etc. Access to that type of music could be gained by anybody, and of course anyone who was into digging deeper did so (including many randomers).

Can a logical answer be given as to why the punk movement, even though for the most part of the Western world flourished and developed at a rapid pace, appeared with such delay in Greece?
I wouldn't say that punk appeared late in Greece. I have been following this scene since 1979 and I found myself at concerts at the Sporting [sports arena], clubs in Plàka, movie theatres, where bands were playing that style in front of a very small cicrle of people, they just didn't have publicity the way it is today. On Andrianoù 77 there was a clothes shop called Punk Rock and there various people who gathered there, with eccentric atire and colourful died hair. It was like a micrography of Soho. The most intense thing for me at that time was that at eighteen, an almost three year military service awaited me. Freed from the junta, but ready for the slaughter in the army and then inserted into the work system. The end was drawing near and I didn't like it at all. My generation grew up at the end of the military junta and as you shall know, freedom of expression has a great price.

I don't know a lot about Enigma. How did the then cooperation come about for the famous compilation and who was the person behind Enigma? Besides Wipe Out, was there anyone else who showed willingness to support and promote the bands of the time?
Spyros Peristeris, the musician and founder of Enigma records, approaced us to record for the compilation *Diatàraxi Kinìs Isihìas/Disturbance of the Peace* and we thank him for that after all this time. He was betting on the bands of *Diatàraxi* but that scenario didn't blossom as our relationship with the label chilled from the very beginning, because of the fact that he limited us with time boundaries in the studio, which effected the final result of the recording, and also because of the seven year (I think) contract that we signed. Nikos Kondogouris



has also released the Ex Humans record *Anòfeli Epivìosi/Pointless Survival* and a compilation tape in 1983 by Genià tou Hàous (chaos generation) and Adièxodo (dead end) titled *Kalì Òreksi/ Good Appetite* through his record store Art Nouveau. There was also Creep records, which had some releases. There were also the productions done by Kerasiòtis, the owner of Happening record store (who also played in Magic de Spell, Birthward 82).

In the end, can you say that a more organized punk scene existed before 1985 in Greece? Who made the start and who took on afterwards?
Yes, there was an organized punk scene before 1985, with self-organized festivals and shows, hang out places (*stèkia*), discographies, and all this in a large circle of people who followed the scene and took part from up close. I don't know who started it, but there was a point when we would meet other bands in these places and we shared the same needs of expression.

What was the make up of the punk scene in 1980, on a band level, as well as people who stood by it and supported one other in some way or form (fanzines, show bookers, etc)?
Bands were Parthenogenesis, Magic de Spell, Stress, Ex Humans, Genià tou Hàous, Adièxodo, Antì, Anypòfori, Auschwitz, Panx Romana, RR Hearse, Birthward 82, Koubòtrypes and many others. One person who stood by and helped the punk scene was Iraklis Triandafyllìdis, manager of the Sofìta bar in Plàka and singer for Lernaìa Hydra, Nikos Kondogoùris, musician and columnist, as well as Argyris Zìlos, with various radio shows on the state channel. I would say that we had the most help from our friends, who suggested to others we play with them at various events in sporting grounds and universities. We did the same and whenever we had an invitation for a show we suggested more punk bands.

I have thought many times, judging by the countries that had and have a punk scene with a rich discography, that punk may be an outstanding form of reaction and a way to spread ideas, but that did not stop it from having a larger development in countries that, at that time, had the fewest socio-economic problems. Why did punk, that started as a socio-political anti-capitalist movement, end up flourishing in the countries with the least problems?
In 1983 punk had an internationalist character and, regardless of whether there were many problems or not, it was the modern rock sound that was evolving that made it all the more popular even in countries with fewer problems. I remember bands from Switzerland, Belgium, and sure there was the fashion of punk and the pop approach, but there was also the antimilitaristic flair. The underground had evolved into a movement from one corner of the planet to the other and punk was responsible for what happened. Now who becomes well-know and famous, etc... maybe some who had the privileges of being uptown kids.

Back in the beginning of the '80s, from what I have learned from various people who were involved in the punk scene in Athens, it wasn't easy for one to walk around looking punk. How easy or hard was this whole undertaking for you, in such a conservative and, on a general basis, right wing society such as Greece at that time? Do you remember tragic/comedic situations?
In 1983 a stranger stopped me and asked me "Rè! You're going to celebrate Easter with a head like that?" You felt like an outcast, so we expressed our difference and our opposition to the system with the way we looked, something that has now almost been absorbed and appropriated. In Argyroùpoli we were a big gang of friends, and that way we felt safer; we were often receivers of unpleasant badgering, harassment and attacks by various conservative types, undercover cops and fascists.

Speaking about the Greece of the past, I fear that comparing it to today—and even though some small steps of improvement have been made—in essence no steps of inversion have been made by any or in any department. Athens was burning and it continues to burn frequently; the police and fascist ideologies have intensified, they have unified and are now a very real problem, the social state is more unhinged than ever, poverty and hunger are rising threateningly and we are in fact living through a period of regression. I imagine people of your generation didn't expect to be experiencing such things in 2012. How do you evaluate the current situation?
Today people are trying to survive in this economic-capitalist trap much more intensely that back then. There is a need to overturn this situation now more than ever. The rage is sadness disguised. People are sad because they have lost their way—we have distanced ourselves from our ethics, our values like love, justice, equality, integrity. My generation, and I mean the insightful and conscientious ones, exceeded themselves by reclaiming principles and social justice, and by participating in the fight for each person to live in decency, the way they want and wherever they want. I believe it has a lot to do with what is going on today.

What do you believe lead to the situation Greece is in today?
The times have changed but Greece forgot to take the train of time. We are not all victims of a big machination, or a conspiracy. We're all thieves, me, you, our neighbour, all of us; from the unionist who cuts off our electricity, to doping Olympic winners etc, and let me not expand any further because the list is long. Almost all Greeks have got paid for hours they have not worked, because some "colleague" clocked in for them. To get paid without producing anything is unfair but it has become a sly scheme or defense mechanism within the general frame of injustice. The solution would be for each of us to follow the ethical laws, not of the government, but of justice.

Greeks today are paying for the sins of a large portion of society that, by taking advantage of the rotten political system, managed to drag into the ditch the portion of society that was fighting for essential change. I don't know if all these things find you in accordance, but I believe that Greeks get off on stressing over actual change, while at the same time they get off on seeing their neighbour get dragged down with them. I would like to hear your opinion, since you carry quite a few more years of experience that I do.

In general I don't believe in the logic of being a "victim". I believe in the personal responsibility that each of us carries as a unit, for starters. This ditch, this sludge, you talk about, is treacherous and maybe a bit sweet. It's a matter of will to resist self-servicing and person gain. I would rather avoid drawing conclusions and making comparisons between generations, "breeds" of people etc (Greeks, etc)

In the last few years I have stared to believe that music is assigned more "political" value than it actually possesses. Is it possible for one to base one's political conscience on a musical property alone?

I would say that the broadening of our consciences came from music and not politics. Through music we found our way. We feel free in amongst the chaos, we were never under the political umbrella of any parties or factions, we acted freely and felt free.

Comparing the opinions you had in the days of Stress to the ones you have today, how much convergence do you notice? Do you continue to have the same outlook as then?

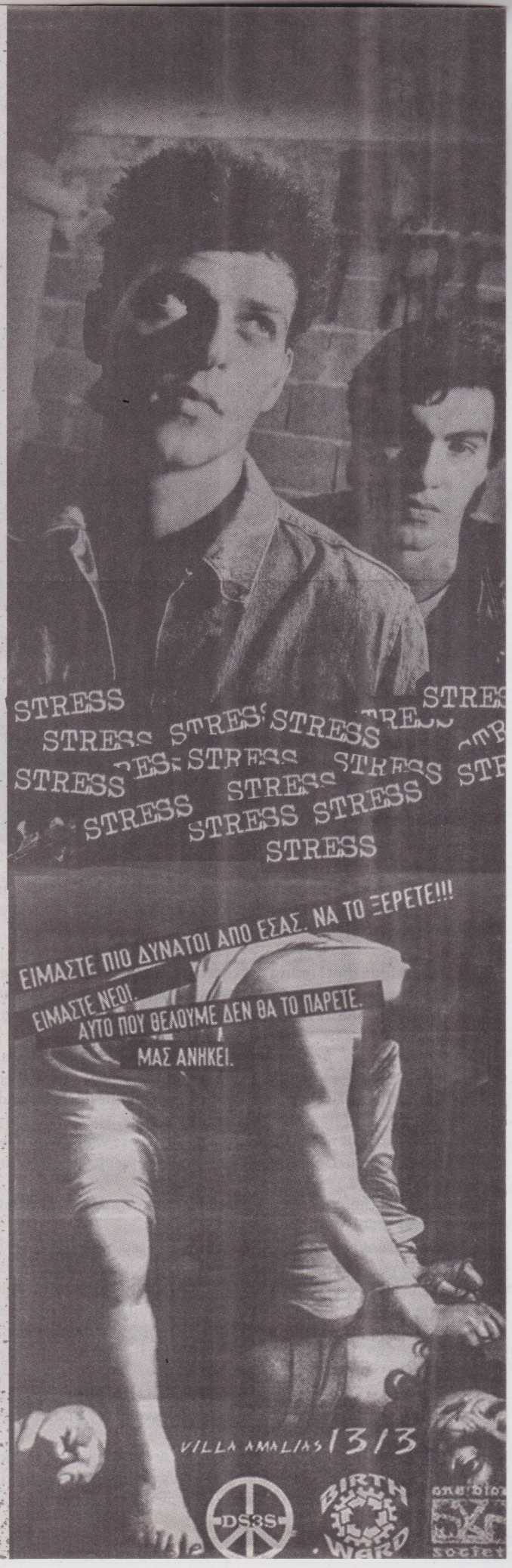
Surely, it has been 30 years since some of those songs were written, but I believe the point of converging opinions is the same. We sang about pure things and I believe that vindicates our stance today. I feel very nice when I hear some of those songs. If you remove the packaging, I would say that, yes, I have the same views as then; I am "punk" and I think for myself and then evaluate. My stance of life I would say is counteractive. And what do I mean by counteractive? Not by throwing [Molotov] bottles, or going to the union demonstrations. I continue my personal reaction towards the system by making a conscious choice about the way I live, the way I feed, taking part in biodynamic agriculture, making use of independent schools that work based on self-organization, I stand against the industry of pill medication and I don't get vaccination shots.

When did you decide to come full circle with the band, and what lead to this decision? Under other circumstances, could the band have taken a more professional turn? Outside of Greece, a lot of bands from the '80s followed more professional careers, despite the strong political stance they may have had originally.

We decided to end things at the beginning of 1986. This continued tension had started to degrade our relationships. We were a band of friends but the recording of our album was also Stress' requiem. We each had our own quests and we did not see eye to eye anymore concerning our musical opinions. I don't think we could have taken a more professional turn for our scene. I believe this happens based on some guidance by managers etc. We were a simple garage punk band, playing first for ourselves and then for our friends and other punks. Some people confused politics with punk, not that they aren't related, but I think that if you want to present a manifesto, you can type one up and paste it on the streets, you don't necessarily need to learn or study music to be able to sing about it, that's madness.

Two seven-inches were recently issued with unreleased Stress material. Why did this not happen earlier and how did you eventually come around to doing this? Rumours have it that the rest of your recordings will also get reissued...

The demo *Athens is Burning* was the second demo recorded, for the purpose of releasing it via an independent label in 1983; one more demo preceded that, in 1982 after Frank departed. We suggest it to Creep records, as we did with the first one to Rythmos records, but both times the answer was no; especially in the case of Creep it was quite surreal. In 1984, when Spyros Peristeris asked us to take part in the *Diatàraxi* comp, we gave him the tracks "Athens Burning" and "Outcast" so they could go on the comp, but he wanted to record them with him as producer. And that's how it happened, but unfortunately at that time we had changed singer and drummer so the two tracks we recorded were still unworked on. B-Other Side, in the year 2011, when it found out that this material existed, suggested we release it in 500 copies as a double single. Right now we are working on a reissuing of *Ihos tis Anasfalias/Sound of Insecurity*, a digitally remastering of the original recording, which might subsequently be accompanied by a 45 with some tracks we made during our reformation at the end of the '90s.



Who is taking on that reissue?
So far we have got some propositions from some indie labels, but we have not made our final decision yet as to who is going to do it. I hope that by summer 2012 we will be done with this issue.

I won't hide that I found the cost of your two reissues quite expensive. Of course, no one is forced to buy something they don't want or can't buy, but wouldn't it make more sense for a Greek 7 inch to cost less than five euros?
Surely, no one is forced to buy something they don't want or can't pay for, even if it is five euros. The final price for the singles was shaped based on the expenses that came about and in order for the people who distributed it to the record stores and mail orders to make a percentage of profit. The double single is not a DIY production. For those who would like it for free, we have granted it for free download at the webpage www.punk.gr.

What are the members of Stress up to nowadays and what followed in your meta-Stress careers?
I will talk about myself. After Stress I played other styles of music, like garage punk, surf punk, reggae, ethnic rock, latin rock, in various jam sessions, as well as bands like Speedbrakes, the Earthbound, Baclava Cubano. Since 1996 and after traveling to Latin America, Peru, Bolivia and Cuba, I also play trumpet inspired by the traditional music of Cuba. At the same time, to make ends meet I repair photocopying machines.

What are your best memories from that time? If you could go back in time, would there be something you would try and change from all the things you did with Stress?
Plàka in 1979-1980, the summer of 1982 in Santorìni at Shock Waves, all those young punks who approached us because they wanted to be join us. I would like to change technical things, for example recordings. We did things in times when the possibilities for musical adventurists were limited, but in spite of that, that need for expression lead us somewhere. I would like to change my military service in the army.

How did the event at An Club on the 20th of March 2012 come about, and how did you acknowledge it, as members of bands from that time?
Recently records by Stress, Antì an Grover have been reissued, as well as various other records which have been scheduled to be, and as you can understand—through indie labels and some sites that supported this—we came back into contact with old friends, musicians, performers, but also various bands, DJs and of course younger kids with creative anxieties, and there was generally a good vibe, good conversations, coffee and a lot of beer. There were a couple of suggestions for a live reunion and record release show, or for a jam session, or even a party with '80s music. In the end the plan was to have a party with small jam musicians from punk bands from the '80s, and invite mainly old friends, but not only. We decided to not advertise it too much or announce it because it wasn't a commercial move, but more of general call for people to come and see us! It was just a meeting, we let it get around by word of mouth. I understand and I'm sorry for all the people who wanted to be there but didn't find out about it, but for everyone to actually fit at such an event would have meant turning it into a two day event, that would have required a different venue and type of planning etc.

Last words?
Self-respect and respect to others. The road each person takes in their life is simply their road. It does not mean it is the best or the right road. It is my road and I like for people to respect it, as I like to respect other people's road.

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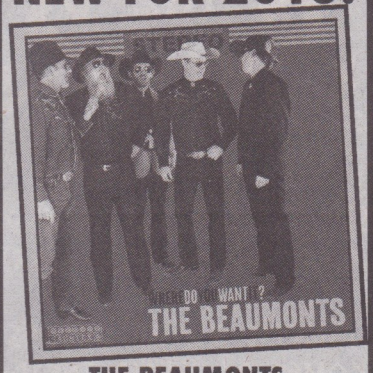

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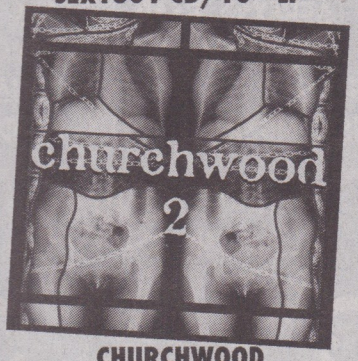

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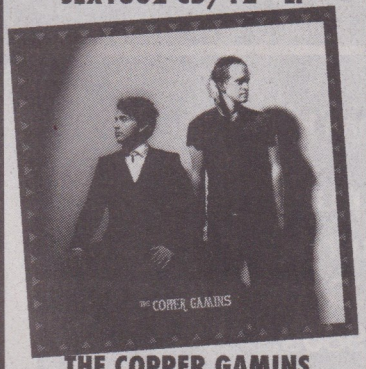

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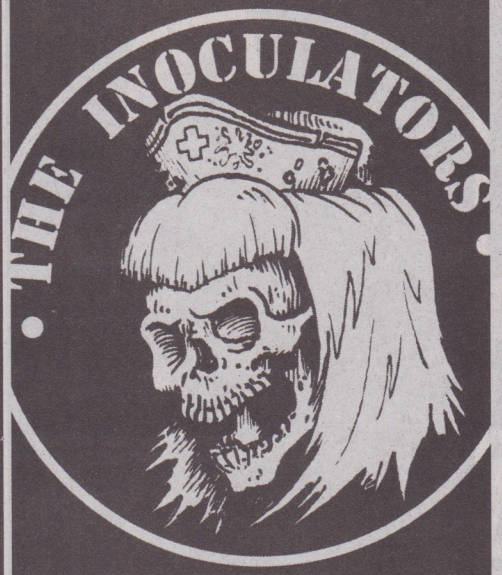

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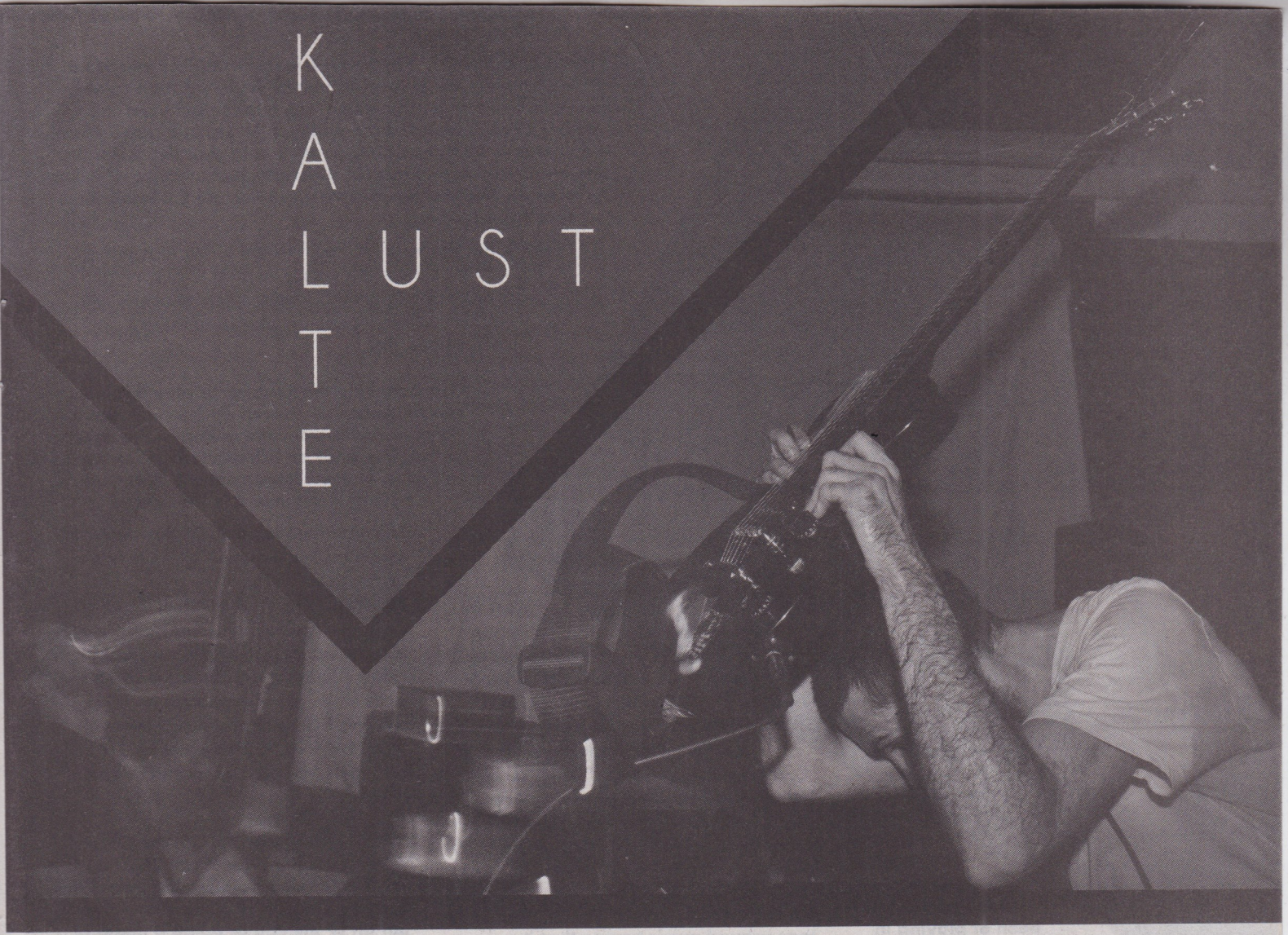

Interview and photos by René Olvera

In southwest France over the city of Bordeaux not all is about drinking wine and living in commodity, it has well kept secrets—and Kalte Lust is one of them. This takes me a few months back when I was in dispute with myself as to the decision of which gig to go to on a shitty Sunday, where almost everybody likes to keep in their houses, to be prepared for the backlash of work the next week. What I witnessed that night was something out of the ordinary. In the end I didn´t know how to put in words what I saw—mutant punk? Cold wave? Fuck it, whatever word I was searching was far from what I experienced. Hypnotic drum rythyms that where totally in pair with the bass lines, simple and catchy riffs, a voice quite unique remiscent of Siouxsie Sue and sick keyboards; all this making Kalte Lust memorable among the rest. This is the type of music that is written by punks for punks. Less talk and let´s go to what they have to say!

MRR: First of all give us a little insight on what is Kalte Lust and who's in the band?

Olivier: Bonjour. Kalte Lust is Sandrine on vocals and keyboards, Francois on drums and percussion and me on guitar and bass. We have two friends, Nico and Stephane, who help us live. They are handsome and they are our street cred.

MRR: What's the meaning behind the name of the band?

Sandrine: It's German. It makes me think of the pleasures of a serial killer.
Olivier: It means "cold desire."

MRR: You have been around two years since your formation, playing and making songs, right?

Olivier: Wrong. Kalte Lust was previously named In Cold Blood and was Francois and Sandrine only. The song "Mist" on the LP was written at that time. I don't know exactly when they started to play, 2006 or 2007 maybe...
Francois: Sandrine and I started playing music together a long time ago and at that time it was just a drums/keyboards duo. We wrote several songs and stopped. We started again four or five years ago asking Olivier to join us. Kalte Lust was born.

MRR: This is pretty common in our times, when the only thing that is worthwhile is to make some noise, so I guess you have other bands besides Kalte Lust? If so, what other bands have you played in?

Olivier: I play in Gasmask Terrör, Chambre Froide, Pacte de Mort, Necromania and used to play in Warning//Warning (RIP) and countless defunct ones...
Sandrine: I only play in Kalte Lust.
Francois: I also play in Chambre Froide and maybe Procesion Funebre and put the same intentions into each band.

MRR: Olivier, how has the experience been of playing in four different bands? Most of them of totally varied styles. I guess it keeps interesting doing it that way!

Olivier: I love music not just punk, so I guess it makes sense I play in various bands... Every band brings me different feelings and is just a strict reflection of (my) life being a complex set of emotions, situations and relationships. That and free drinks at shows I'm playing at.

MRR: How's the music scene in general in Bordeaux?

Olivier: Old and tired. Ten years ago when I moved to Bordeaux it was very mixed up between scenes (garage, experimental, hardcore...) but no new blood that much since then, and everybody is just staying in their corner playing local shows twice a year.

MRR: Coming from a place that is considered a "first world country," do you have it easy to find spaces for rehearsals or doing gigs?

Olivier: Cheap practice spaces are harder and harder to find. We actually rent a basement but our relationships with the neighbours are not at their best. There are two venues we like to use: the local anarchist center l'Athénée Libertaire and a friends' venue le Növö Local. Bordeaux is suffering (like almost every French city right now) from the "silence" policy. The city has become more and more quiet during the last decade, when you put up a show angry neighbours call the police straight, no negotiation.

MRR: Nowadays there are so many tags around music genres that it makes it difficult or even annoying to explain something that has no name or simply doesn't need to have one. How would you describe your music anyway to somebody first approaching the band?

Francois: I once described Kalte Lust to someone who knows nothing about the kind of music we play as cold rock.
Olivier: Moody, fakely calm.

MRR: What influences Kalte Lust? In terms of the sound, I'm hearing a lot Siouxsie Sue in the voice and some Joy Division over the guitars as well...

Sandrine: Women! Nico, Siouxsie, Elizabeth Fraser, Diamanda Galas, Grace Slick...
Olivier: As for the guitar early Death in June maybe. Darkthrone for sure.
Francois: Obviously we listened a lot of bands which built what is called now post-punk, Batcave and Cold Wave. However, I hope, knowing that, we produce something personal. Beyond Kalte Lust and the bands which drove me to play that particular kind of music, I'm interested in music which sounds like or expresses symptoms.

MRR: I strongly believe that in order to write whatever you want (specifically in this type of music) most of the inspiration comes from our surroundings. There's a huge relation between the character of the band and the weather. Living in a place where it happens to be minus 10°C, some would consider it insane to live there, meanwhile for others it's just a source of inspiration to create. Does it have any effect on the band, this weather situation?

Sandrine: Of course we are influenced by our surroundings, the society we live in, the people we meet. I am particularly influenced by relationships; I am an observer of emotions and hidden interferences and of what comes into play between people.

MRR: Definitely the keyboards play a huge part in Kalte Lust. I even dare to say that it is almost like a second guitar, to the point that it creates an atmosphere of tension of its own. How important is it to the band, having this element in the songs?

Olivier: Very important. Sandrine writes the song using her keyboards and then I come adding guitar and shit.
Sandrine: It was not important for me at first. Olivier pushed us to develop keyboards in our songs. And Stephane, our sound master (!) gave a real part to the keyboards in the LP. He played keyboards on "Like a Broken Doll" and what he did is fuckin' great. We're working on our second LP and keyboards will have a great part on each song.

MRR: Somewhere Outside the Circle was recorded in the of fall 2010 and 2011 and released this past year. Why did you guys go straight ahead to put out an LP instead of doing a demo or even an EP?

Francois: At some point we found ourselves with a lot of songs and found them good enough and coherent to make a LP. We thought of first releasing a series of 7"s which would have been less expensive, but in the end treated ourselves with releasing a LP.
Olivier: For the kind of music we play a LP is the best format in terms of developing ambiances. Some of us don't care that much for tapes and we all loathe CD-Rs so we didn't have that many choices left. That was a bold move to release a LP straight but we pleased ourselves with a treat. Mid-life crisis. We could have bought sport cars instead, could have been worse.

MRR: The record was released by yourselves?

Olivier: Yes it was. Total control. Labels are for posers.
Francois: Yeah. We recorded it with a friend (Stephane, live keyboards) then released and distributed it by ourselves.

MRR: The artwork of the record seems very minimalistic in my opinion, that matches perfectly with the sound you have; was this done intentionally or would you disagree?

Olivier: Of course it was made intentionally. The artwork of a record, when done well, adds to the impact of the music. A humorous cover for instance would be ruining the listening, since this is definitively not a funny record. The first asshole I see laughing while we play will get his skull crushed with my axe-guitar. This is serious stuff man.
Sandrine: Olivier did the artwork. We wanted to do something simple, sober and harmonious at the same time. By these colors and lines the cover reminds me of a Mondrian painting, but it was not intended.

MRR: From the beginning to the end the record sound very cohesive, like if it was made all at once, even tough as I said before it was recorded in two separate sessions. How do you perceive the record as a whole?

Francois: It wasn't recorded in two sessions. We did separate takes over a year. But each instrument was recorded at the very same moment, which is why it's coherent soundwise.
Sandrine: We took the time to record the LP, but the writing of the songs went on a quite short period of time.

MRR: This is pretty much a French phenomenon but why are there no French lyrics and instead we have two songs sung in German and the rest in English!?

Sandrine: I don't know if it's the same for other French bands. I've mostly listened to music with English lyrics so it sounded more natural for me to write in English than in French. This is also a way of putting things away and focus on sounds of words, which is what really matters to me. About German, I have been living in Berlin since I was a child and I've been struck by this experience. I love this city and this language.
Olivier: French is a very complicated language when it comes to music. The sentences are long and the words sometimes have a weird tone when sang. And we speak French all day long, give us a break. One song on the new LP is sung in French. Happy?

MRR: Some lyrics grabbed my attention during the listening, that make me think about the impossibility of achieving something while also the enduring these bad times. What´s your take on the lyrics Sandrine and what do you want to express through them?

Sandrine: As I said: emotions. Feelings of being chained by life, by others, by yourself. There's indeed something about impossibility of achievement.

MRR: What's going on in the "The Path" song?!I thought for a moment that I was hearing a movie soundtrack made by the Goblins! Ha!

Francois: I take this as a compliment. That song might sound different but I think it definitely found its right place at the end of the first side. Long story short we first saw it as an intro to "Black and Red Obsession".
Olivier: Who are you calling goblins?

MRR: I had the impression that a song like "Overplayed" reflects the day by day of living in Bordeaux (or France in general), for having on the one hand "a good quality of live" and on the other being sucked dry by a way of living that we didn't choose in the first place. Any comments on this?

Sandrine: Yes that's a way of talking about appearances, about that society where people need to show how happy, how rich, how successful they are. But more generally it talks about people who think they lead their lives on their own, while they are hidebound by their past and their surroundings.

MRR: Is there anything specifically you want to achieve individually with Kalte Lust?

Olivier: No. Well, yes, world domination.
Sandrine: Nothing in particular except the pleasure of creating atmospheres and voices that talk to me.
Francois: I think my attention focuses on music in particular because it's the medium that makes the most sense to me. In this context Kalte Lust is an emotional and physical response. Add to that the pleasure of writing songs and carve them into vinyl.

MRR: Before ending name five records that have been on your record player recently.

Sandrine: Girls again! The Dreams – Morbido, Belgrado – Panopticon/Vicious Circle, Jex Thoth – Jex Thoth.
Francois: Sand – the reissues by Rotorelief records, Golem, Desert Navigation and Sylph Ballet, Conrad Schnitzler – Rot, Ramleh – Awake, Clock DVA – Horology, Immortal – Battles in the North.
Olivier: Stuff I recently bought: Isengard – Hostmorke LP, Con-dom – Even More Racial Hatred and Vilification tapes, Ruth LP and Wretched Libero Di Vivere... LP.

MRR: So thanks for your time! And to conclude, what's in the scope for the present—future of the band?

Francois: Thanks for the questions and the interest. We are about to start recording the second LP. It's probably going to take a year as well.
Olivier: No more gigs during a certain amount of time. Merci beaucoup mec!
Sandrine: Thank you very much for your questions.

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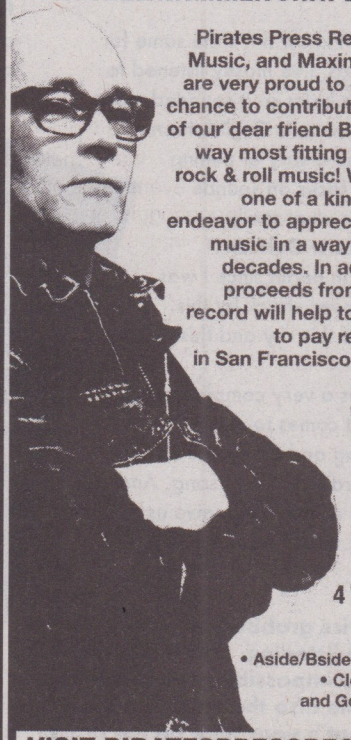

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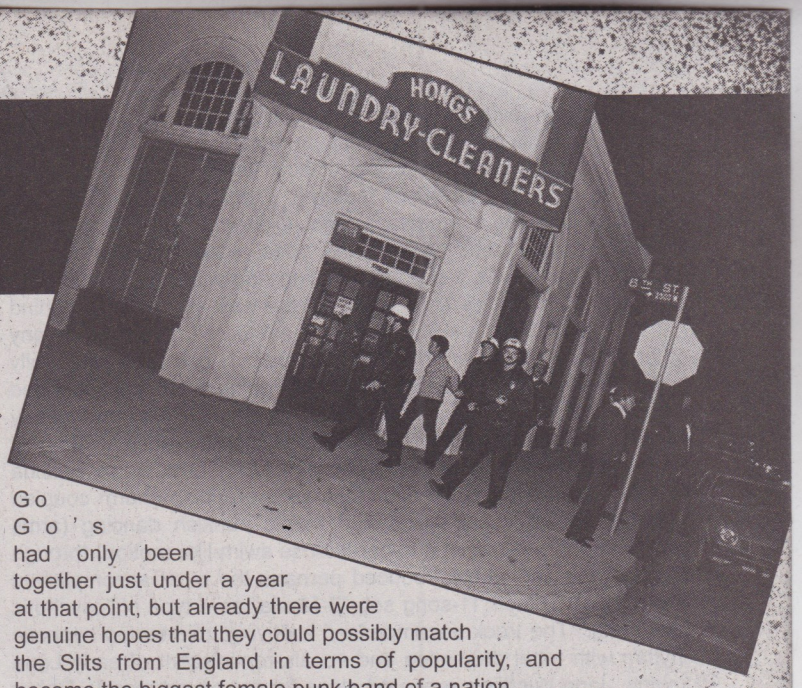


In the late 1970's, two powerhouse capitals of world media, finance, politics and art—New York and London—held firm claim to being global focal points in a new burgeoning underground rock movement. Early on this movement was identified by the media as "punk" and thus, with both moniker and inspiration in toe, a counter-culture was revealed. As leading epicenters of heterogeneous cultural activity, it seems non-too-surprising that New York and London would produce the initial first wave of bands to attract substantial media attention and international spotlight. Nevertheless, by 1979, small-organized scenes began to take root in a number of other urban centers as well, particularly in Western Europe and North America. In the U.S. specifically, San Francisco and Los Angeles arguably appeared to be gaining the most momentum, and within a span of less than two years, significant bands and zine culture began to emerge in these cities, which in time would challenge their eastern counterparts reputation of single-handed punk rock renown and counter-cultural hegemony.

While San Francisco boasted an already thriving scene which included bands such as the Nuns, the Mutants, Crime and the Avengers, Los Angeles firmly held its own with such fledgling yet increasingly popular groups, such as the Weirdos, the Dickies, X and the Germs. Despite such promise however, none of the West Coast bands were really making an impact on a national or international scale. By most accounts, the primary media spotlight, attention and recognition remained inordinately focused on the east of California, although unmistakable winds of change were soon be felt in the form of buzz-saw guitars and billy clubs.

Within popular culture, casual music fans might cite the Sex Pistols slop swansong of a San Francisco set in early '78 as a defining moment in early California punk—a quintessential catalyst regarding what the show's publicity did for the local community, in terms of growth and how it musically put the region on the map. And while the Pistols show did clearly make an impression upon many at the time, to others the event came off as simply a massively-hyped, overly-contrived, boondoggle and media bonanza. Indeed, knowledgeable fans familiar with that era might effectively argue that another major event, some 350 miles south and approximately one year later, was indeed far more relevant and symbolic in terms of actual substance and historical significance. Ergo, this wasn't any Bill Graham-promoted and staged arena rock spectacle at the Winterland featuring the leading band of punk rock infamy from across the pond. To the contrary, this event was to showcase young, home-grown talent with a spirit of optimism and DIY in the air. "*We Don't Need the English*"—*or* Bill Graham—indeed.

On St. Patrick's Day evening, March 17, 1979, the largest organized punk show in west coast history, featuring primarily local talent, took place in Los Angeles at the Elks Lodge Hall. An exciting line-up of highly entertaining bands were scheduled to showcase the event—highlighting the many nuanced styles of first wave Californian punk. The bill featured six diverse, distinct bands from the period: X, the Alleycats, the Plugz, the Zeros, the Go Go's and the Wipers. Not altogether unusual for that era, female musicians featured prominently on the bill including headline band X's lead vocalist and notable lyricist Exene Cervenka, the Alley Cats Asian-American bassist/vocalist Diane Chai and the all-female Go Go's. The Go Go's had only been together just under a year at that point, but already there were genuine hopes that they could possibly match the Slits from England in terms of popularity, and become the biggest female punk band of a nation.

As mentioned, all bands were local—with the exception of the Wipers, who hailed from Oregon. The Zeros, a young Latino trio originally from San Diego, had recently relocated to LA and had started to make a name for themselves. Tickets for the event were priced at $5.00, which was considered relatively expensive at the time, however this was clearly no ordinary punk show, not by any stretch. Typical LA shows of the period were often performed in small, dank basement-down-to-Hell-like atmospheres (re: the Masque) or else in sterile, smallish rock venues like the Starwood or the Whiskey a Go Go. Conversely, the Elks Lodge facility rented out for the evening was absolutely stylish. Theater-like seating framed three sides of the main stage, with a large middle open space directly in front of the stage for the audience to stand, pogo or do whatever. High-vaulted ceilings, ornate statues and mellow gold-brown lighting gave it an almost temple-like atmosphere. The location of the auditorium was directly across from MacArthur Park, amusingly the same park disco queen Donna Summer sang tearfully about in her trademark 1978 dance floor hit. Turnout for the show itself was massive for the time—over 600 punks showed up in force! Excitement brewed in the most anticipated show in recent memory. An additional factor important to mention is that the show was scheduled to be recorded by a professional film crew, for either a live album or documentary film. This additional element added even more electricity to the air, quite likely elevating audience expectations even higher—it had all the potential for an exciting and memorable night.

By all accounts the evening started on an optimistic note, as the opening bands began to perform their sets without incident. Standout bands of the evening included the Zeros, whose stylish, impeccably-dressed

lead, vocalists Javier on guitar and Hector on bass could've given Elvis a run for his money in the fashion department, and their music had an up-lifting Undertones feel of positive energy and feel-good vibrations. The Go Go's set featured a powerful rhythm-section combo in founding members Margot Olavarria and Ellissa Bello. Margo, the punk rock heart of the band, walked comfortably up and down her neck's fret board, smiling and wishing the audience a "Happy St. Patrick's Day" while Ellissa was all business behind her kit, playing with a skill, power and authority unmatched by any other drummer who performed that night. Only one song was really a dud in their set, the morbidly slow "Fading Fast" that sounded monotonous, out of place and not fully arranged. The band clearly excelled far more on their faster material such as raucous "Beatnik Beach" and the Avengers-like "We're Here Now." Lead singer Belinda Carlisle exuded an intriguing combination of girlish charm coupled with aggressive vocal snarls and manic punkish dancing (arms flailing through the air in a hyper-intense swim-like motion) through much of the set. She introduced perhaps the most accomplished composition of their 11-song set, "B-Movie" as a type of "psychotic love song." The track encompassed a driving, mid-tempo hypnotic rhythm with tribal drumming and vocals reminiscent of early Lene Lovich. Jane Wiedlin's repeated pleas for the sound-man to fix her microphone (her lips were getting shocked) evidently went towards deaf ears, though it did provide a degree of comic relief for some in the audience. The Go Go's ended on a powerful note, tearing through the Shangri Las classic, "Walking in the Sand" (think: 747 screech-landing on a runway) like a band possessed. Next onstage were the aforementioned Plugz, a three-piece act with an aggressive repertoire of angry songs and snotty attitude to match. By the time the band got through playing its entertaining rendition of Ritchie Valen's "La Bamba," the scent of trouble was already lurking in the air as, eerily, police in riot gear slowly appeared filing into the hall, without given explanation. It was a surreal spectacle to witness. At first the organizers requested the band to stop playing, but being the irreverent punks that they were, the Plugz predictably resisted authority, informing the gentleman in charge that they intended to finish their set regardless of who-said-what. Still more requests were issued for the band to cease playing but clearly nobody really understood what the hell was going on at that point. Not long after, the plug was quickly pulled on band and audience, and a night of revelry and innocent fun suddenly turned ominously gray...

***

Fast-forward 33 years. Being interested in underground music history, over time I've read and heard occasional references to what interchangeably was described as the "Elks Lodge Massacre," the "Elks Lodge Riot" or the "St. Patrick's Day Massacre." It peaked my interest in part due to the controversy surrounding the show, as well as the historic nature of the event itself. More recently, short film clips of recognizable footage appeared in a British television documentary featuring the Go Go's, which instantly caught my eye. The stage set was large and reminded me of what I imagined the Elks Lodge would look like but I couldn't be certain. Yet if it indeed was the same show, where was the rest of the footage? Who had it, and why was it being "*locked out of the public eye*"? Surprisingly, I was about to find all that out soon enough.

In February I came across an online listing for a film documentary series being shown at the Echo Park Film Center in the Silverlake area of Los Angeles. I was previously unaware of the Center and was startled to read that an actual screening of the long lost Elks Lodge footage was actually being shown. I promptly contacted the organizer, film archivist Dino Everett [see sidebar feature] who had spearheaded the film series, which included screenings of old school punk shows and additional other obscure titles he felt deserved greater public exposure. He was also in charge of the momentous task of editing the raw footage, and in the case of the Elks Lodge footage, lining up the audio portions of tapes with the visuals—a task which sounds simpler than it really is. He explained the details to me of how the project came together, as well as potential obstacles of it being shown after the single February 15th screening. To thicken the pot further, Everett had also invited local music pioneer Alice Bag to read passages that pertained to the Elks Lodge Massacre from her recent memoir *Violence Girl*, as well as another riotous show that her band the Bags participated in, at the Troubadour nightclub in LA. This additional feature made the Elks Lodge screening even more noteworthy and drew to it even further interest and attention.

On the night on February 15, 2013, 100+ individuals—many from the early LA underground scene—squeezed into the tiny Echo Park Film Center to witness the first ever screening of the 1979 Elks Lodge Show, plus the post-show riot. Noteworthy musicians recognized at the event that night included original members of the Bags, the Zeros, the Go Go's and the Adolescents, amongst others whom I unfortunately did not get a chance to see or meet due to the confines of "standing room only" atmosphere. At the theater's entrance, Alice

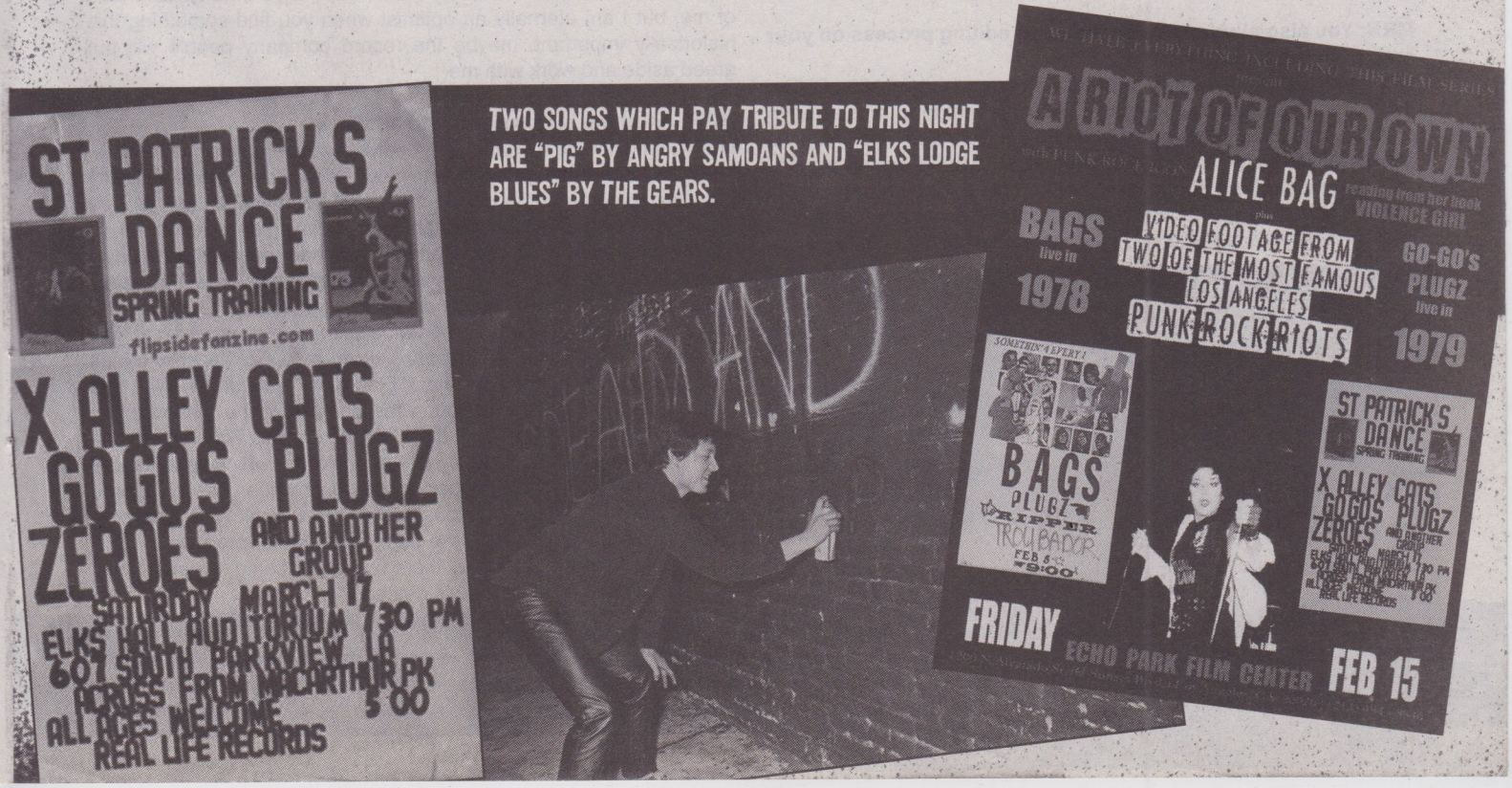
Bag signed copies of her memoir as well as a 7" retrospective sampler of her work in bands such as the Bags and Castration Squad, as well as more recent musical projects and collaborations.

Prior to the film's screening, Dino Everett remarked to the audience that, in his opinion, one of the highlights of the Elks Lodge footage was witnessing the outstanding drumming of original Go Go's drummer Ellissa Bello (who was coincidentally in attendance that night). As I had only seen Ms. Bello drum in Castration Squad (a band she joined after the Go Go's) on tape, I too was highly impressed by her skills and power evidenced in the footage. As an aside, it is ironic to note that Bello herself was axed from the band several months after the Elks show, which is puzzling considering she was the best musician in the band. Regarding the Go Go's themselves, for those familiar with the band's early punk material, the Elks Lodge footage represents some of the only live film footage of the band captured from their first two-and-a-half years as a band, and certainly their only full-length live set. This fact alone might create significant buzz if Elks Lodge video footage is ever released as a full-length documentary feature.

As the event itself began, Alice Bag gave selective readings from her memoir pertaining to the Elks Lodge and Troubadour shows, after which she spoke with Ellissa Bello about their shared insights into the senseless, ruthless nature of what occurred that night. Ms. Bello referred to the Elks Lodge hall that night as looking like an "Afghanistan" war-zone, one in which she raced back inside the building during the height of all the chaos, in an attempt to help her friends escape the melee. Alice Bag spoke of a female member of the Elks Lodge audience she knew who resisted arrest and who was unceremoniously man-handled and "hog-tied" which the LAPD later rationalized, dubiously stating that it was simply necessary to do in light of the victim taking Angel Dust prior to the disturbance, and therefore, was impossible to control (not true claimed Ms. Bag, she knew the young woman personally and stated she was "clean"). Alice Bag also spoke of the duality of her experience with the LAPD while growing up as a young girl she initially viewed police favorably (due to numerous arrests of her father for domestic violence against her mother) until later incidents such as Elks Lodge forced her to re-evaluate her earlier positions.

Regardless, the sheer size of the police response—which included blocking off several surrounding intersections and cops in full riot gear—lends weight to the claim that the LAPD planned the raid well in advance, for reasons one can only conjecture upon. How else might one explain the rationale of raiding a major musical and cultural event in the city due to the relatively innocuous, non-event of a single broken beer bottle shattering (or maybe even two) somewhere in the hall that night!? The LAPD stated in the press that they descended upon the show to combat what they termed was a "life and death situation." But if that is so, who exactly was at risk of death in the hall before they had arrived; who were they saving? To many, simply stating that the incident was a disproportionate, knee-jerk response by an over-zealous police force, merely scratches the surface. No spoken order was given to the crowd, asking them to leave before the police stormed into the building in full riot gear swinging clubs. Seven people were reportedly jailed, others were hospitalized. The Masque opened its doors as both an infirmary for less serious injuries and also to stage a make-shift press conference. *Los Angeles Times* reporter Kristine McKenna who attended the show was reported as later stating, "I didn't see *any* incidents in the hall that would have required police attention...Police just started roughing people up without any warning or explanation." (*BAM* magazine April 6, 1979, p. 15)

Regarding the actual film footage of the Elks Lodge show, I specifically viewed it as a well-preserved time capsule of another era...a buried, unpolished, punk rock relic—now unearthed—which exposes the viewer to unexpected riches, and surprisingly, relatively few glitches. I found it to be a fascinating historical document to watch, and to do so with others also keenly appreciative of the subject matter made the viewing experience all the more gratifying. Watching the events unfold that night, and witnessing the crime of what occurred when spontaneity was assaulted and music was killed is certainly a deflating, 1000-yard-stare type feeling. Headliners X and the Alleycats were unable to even set foot on the stage, before the party was crashed by uninvited and unprovoked savagery. Nonetheless, the fact that somehow this footage *has* survived and that someone took pains to meticulously piece it back together with super glue provides testimony to the innovative character, grit and determination of a counter-culture that has proven after 35 years that it is indeed no trendy flash in the pan. Through similar efforts, it is my hope that somehow this raw footage can eventually be morphed into a full-length feature film that could further document that night and expand upon the ideas and images already presented. I found it to be as close an experience as I could get to being transported back in time, to a period of LA music history I myself did not personally get to witness or experience. I hope others get to witness it too.



INTERVIEW WITH FILM ARCHIVIST DINO EVERETT, AS TOLD TO EDEN FELT

MRR: Tell us about your involvement with Echo Park Film Center and how it originally came about.

A few years ago I had heard bout them. I went by to check it out and as I was talking with the two folks that run the place, Paolo Davanzo and Lisa Marr, and we realized that Lisa and I had played some of the same gigs together over the years, so we instantly hit it off. I started archiving their film collection and programming my own screenings, and doing film transfers for them, etc. Basically I believe in their vision and always try to help out whenever I can.

The film center teaches both free classes for kids, and paid classes for adults in film-making and editing, both analog and digital. This year in 2013 there is going to be a specific emphasis on celluloid film because everyone is saying it is dead, and we do not believe this. There are plans to expand the classes for kids to go beyond just film-making and offer more life skills and vocational programs to help out students that cannot afford to go to college, so there are lots of new things for the center on the horizon.

MRR: The Elks Lodge film footage had not previously been released for public viewing, and until now few were aware that such footage existed. How did you initially come across the footage and manage to (legally) show it?

I am a film archivist by profession and had been doing these punk screenings at the center when one of my professional colleagues (Michael from Sony) approached me at a conference and said "Hey, sorry I missed your last screening, but I have some footage you could show if you want. It's from a show some friends and I put on back in 1979 that kind of went a little sour 'cause the cops stormed the place. It was at the Elks Lodge." When he said that I knew exactly what show he was talking about and so I got more information from him about what they shot, and what footage they had...He explained to me the whole story of what happened, to them, the footage, the proposed live album, etc. and basically the night had left such a bad taste in all of their mouths when it was over, they had kind of locked the footage away. Not so much to hide it from people but so that they personally did not have to revisit how the cops destroyed what should have been a wonderful event since it was the biggest punk concert in Los Angeles at that point in time.

MRR: You also alluded to a challenging editing process on your end, what did that entail?

When my friend sent me the footage it was spread out over four DVDs. It was originally shot on 3/4 inch video, and eventually transferred to digibeta, and the DVDs were dubbed off the digibetas. The first DVD got me a little optimistic as I scanned it, but when I looked closer I saw that most of the songs were not complete. The camera would shut off sometimes for a whole song, sometimes for a second. The problem really started when I looked at the other DVDs and they were all completely silent, and would also go off intermittently, so matching this stuff together was going to prove extremely difficult...There were also weird moments where the original video tape would be sped up on fast forward causing other losses of footage. All together it was a challenging editing project, and quite honestly one I hated to do with third generation copies of the footage because it will all have to be done again if anything is to ever be released.

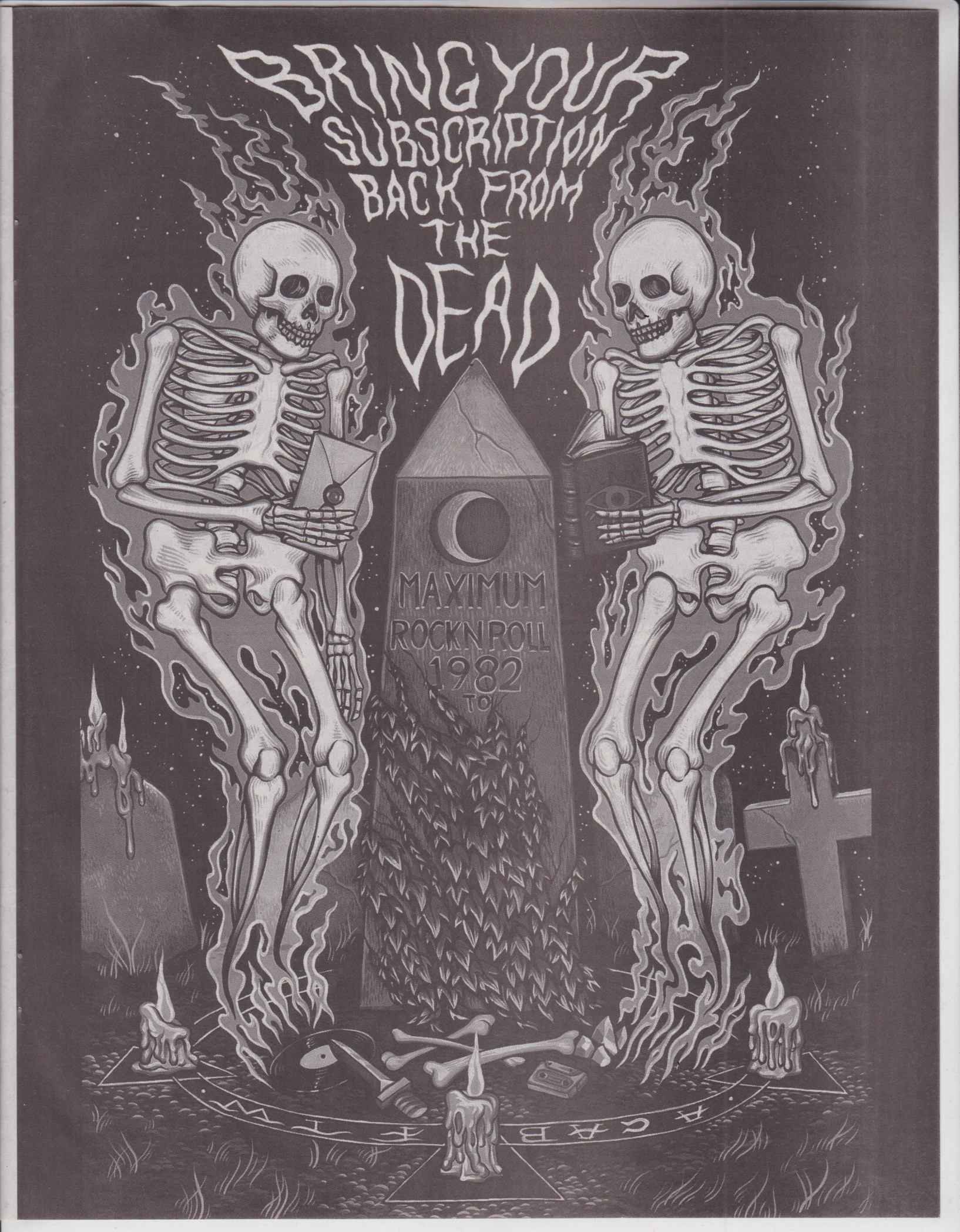
MRR: You mentioned that you were initially surprised by how much attention the event had created; for those interested, might there be future opportunities for those who missed the screening to possibly view the film or was this a one-off deal?

Basically I was and I wasn't surprised by the reaction people had... Usually I try to dig up rare stuff to draw an audience, but usually it is too rare or just too obscure, and no one cares enough to leave their home. This one touches a nerve with the people of Los Angeles, and any fans of those particular bands. In some ways yes this was a "one and done" screening of the footage. The plan now is to formulate a feature length documentary around the footage... If that generates enough interest to ever release something, then there is the possibility that something might get worked out to get this footage out there...The problems are always the music licensing, and considering you have the most successful female group in the world with the Go Go's, combined with cover versions of "Walking in the Sand" and "la Bamba" by the Plugz, I have a hefty job ahead of me, but I am eternally an optimist when you find something this historically important, maybe the record company people will put greed aside and work with me.

MRR: Anything else you wish to add?

I had been wanting to make an LA punk documentary for some time, but hadn't found the right catalyst to motivate me; this footage presents the missing piece of the puzzle that I had been waiting for. Usually LA is mentioned as an afterthought in the existing documentaries, or the few that have been made on LA have had too much ground to cover in the course of 90 minutes. The title of one is *Rage – 20 years of Punk Rock*. That is a hefty undertaking to cover, 20 years worth of bands in one movie? Or they present a scene that never existed, like *Decline of the Western Civilization,* which mixes old school bands with second gen bands, like Black Flag and Circle Jerks. With this footage I can at least touch upon the genesis of the movement in Los Angeles from '77 up until the Elks show which was the biggest LA show on the 1970s, so two years of punk rock which seems more doable to me, and I have the perfect narrative written already for me courtesy of the LAPD. Why was Los Angeles punk rock different? Because on March 17, 1979 the cops formally declared what many of the punks already knew, that there was a war being waged against the kids by Darryl Gates and his gestapo.

Eden Felt is co-editor of the 96-page booklet Marks in Time: The Very Early Go Go's (1978-1980) *and former member of the band Comrades in Arms. You can reach him at: edenfelt13@gmail.com*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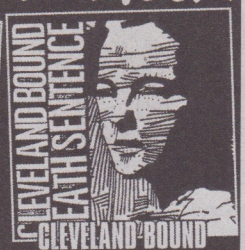

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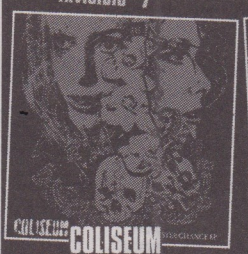

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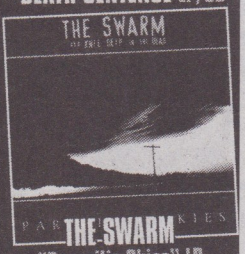

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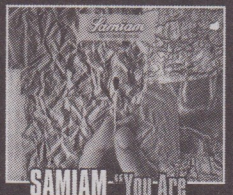

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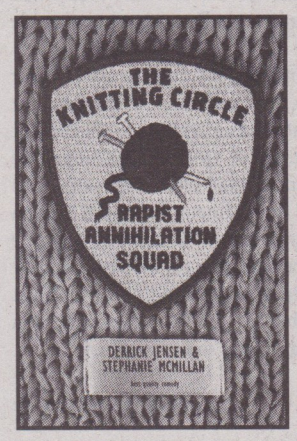
The first thing that strikes me about this book is its presentation. The cover is designed to look like the popular *33 1/3* series, which is a publication that has brought readers the minute details of albums by ABBA, Celine Dion and fucking U2. The blurbs and authors' bios on the back cover are equally sincere, humorous and misleading. Ostensibly, this is the seventh book in the *45* series, which purportedly includes *Red Star Singers: The Force of Life* by Robert Eggplant and *Gideon Bible: Who Gave Greg The Mic?* by Patrick Hughes. Even the publishing information is a joke. As far as I can tell, the website above does not exist, there is no Libros Retroactiv and the street address of their US distributor will lead you to a park on the shores of Lake Michigan (but if you write to that email address above, you will get what you need). Somehow, I felt that this primed me for the stories that I found within.

The two authors split their writings equally within the book, with Cometbus writing the first half. In his case, it is refreshing to hear his take on a band that obviously means so much to him. For years, in his long-running zine, he would sometimes allude to great bands and life-changing lyrics without actually letting you in on the most important details…like the name of the band or the person who actually wrote the song! While I think that some of his writing in here deals with firm-handed absolutes, I still believe it is engaging overall. For example, Cometbus complains that there is "no real critical appraisal or acclaim in punk, no serious discussion about approach or theme or technique. There's no artistic scrutiny. Feelings are spared, but the result is a low bar and a standard of mediocrity." While I know what he is talking about, I also think that opinion is just not true. The bulk of his writing comes from the heart, detailing the myriad of emotions that Radon has put him through while listening to their music. He discusses the pain, the nervous anxiety, the heartbreak and the ways that the band was unfairly overlooked during their tenure. He makes a good case for using your energy to document the bands that stay inspirational and independent (like Radon) while sparing your negative energy on the bands that helped to sell out our scene (like Against Me!). If you've ever read an issue of *Cometbus* and enjoyed it, you will not be let down one bit by his chapter.

In Travis Fristoe's chapter, he mostly sticks to the visceral experience of coming of age at weekly Radon shows and the band's relation to their home state of Florida. His writing style is similar to what is presented in his zine, *america?*, which is to say, full of emotion and not afraid of hard truths. Just when you thought Radon were three drunken Floridian dudes who wrote songs about aliens, girls and B-movies, Fristoe is here to let you know that, yes that is true, but there is more to it. They also alluded to the still-toxic Superfund sites in their hometown of Gainesville and joked about the odorless gases that were a legitimate threat to their very lives. Radon was very serious in small ways, but still able to laugh at their own mortality. Fristoe conveys this aspect of their band beautifully.

The two authors made a conscious decision to not interview the band in this book. Instead, they tried to convey the feeling of being so in love with a band that you can't imagine living without them. Everyone has a band that is this important to them. Even if that band is not Radon, I think this will translate to that feeling you get when a band makes the hairs on your neck stand up. I'm still a little dumbfounded that they left out the story of the last show at the Hardback Café, but I guess they have their reasons. This is a great read and it's humbling to see two such influential people admit to their obsessive fandom.

—Greg Harvester



The Knitting Circle Rapist Annihilation Squad
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It's an unfortunate reality that for all the redeeming qualities of the radical community, sense of humor doesn't seem high up on the list. And it's a shame too. Striving for social change is a serious activity certainly, but I think too often we learn to equate being funny with being dismissive. Eschewing the joke in favor of the inflammatory slogan is commonplace practice in radical propaganda. After all, rage is generally more effective at mobilizing opposition than self-effacement. But for many of us engaged in these very serious projects, what seems to be missing is exactly the call to playfulness and joy that grounds radical activity at its core. For many of us, a little levity could go a long way.

Fortunately, if anyone were to insert some much-needed lightheartedness into the community it would be Derrick Jensen and Stephanie McMillan. Jensen, when he's not advocating for the complete destruction of civilization as we know it, is actually an extremely funny guy, as anyone who has seen him speak will attest to. Stephanie McMillan, best known as the illustrator of an anti-capitalist web-comic, is an equally competent and frequently hilarious observer and participant of the leftist political scene. Together, these two have attempted to do something that was almost unthinkable: to write a novel that could be scathingly radical and actually funny.

And the product of that creative union is *The Knitting Circle Rapist Annihilation Squad,* a surreal and dark comedic novel about gender, violence and rebellion. Briefly, *The Knitting Circle* tells the story of Bridgette, a middle-aged suburbanite woman with a passion for her community, her friends, interpretive dance and, of course, knitting. Invited one evening to a private dance class, Bridgette is horrified to find that her creepy, hyper-masculine dance instructor has more nefarious intentions that teaching her a few new steps. The villain's rebuffed advances become more and more forceful, and when he turns violent, Bridgette has no choice but to fight back—with a knitting needle to the heart.

And thus begins the story of our heroine, an average woman who accidentally ignites a revolution. For when Bridgette eventually reveals her bloody secret to her local knitting circle, one by one the other women begin to share their stories as survivors of sexual violence, and the frightening lack of repercussions for their abusers. And one by one these abusive men begin turning up dead, each time murdered by a single knitting needle.

What follows in the book is a series of increasingly bizarre encounters as the Knitting Circle vigilantes evade inept police, battle right-wing religious zealots, confront vicious media tycoons and generally attempt to foment a global revolution against a society of pervasive sexual violence. They face-off with reactionary animal rights activists, secret government allegiances with al-Qaeda, and sundry hate groups with sinister names like MAWAR (Men Against Women Against Rape). But these familiar caricatures extend beyond the usual

targets of radical propaganda, and Jensen and McMillan lampoon left-wing pacifists with the same irreverent ire that they shower on conservative talk show hosts.

Despite dealing with some very heavy subjects, *The Knitting Circle* maintains a fairly light approach throughout. The villains are all comically incapable, the heroes are supernaturally lucky and the main plot is about as complicated as a children's cartoon. But it's still fun. And despite a few groan-inducing attempts at comedy, most of the grotesque characters and situations actually seem frighteningly familiar to positions heard parroted in the media, both right and left.

The Knitting Circle Rapist Annihilation Squad does its best to favor comedy over rhetoric, and for the most part it succeeds. Unfortunately, the storyline eventually devolves into an utter mess of peripheral characters and story-arcs that go nowhere, and at its worst, some of the jokes and one-liners seem torn from the pages of a shitty sitcom script. Yet, more often than not I found myself actually laughing at the ludicrous tropes of American culture. And even when the story began to veer off into complete absurdity, I still managed to chuckle every few pages.

Certainly Jensen and McMillan's indictments of rape culture are familiar territory, and nobody is going to be edified by their treatment of the issues at hand. Still less is anyone going to view this novel as a legitimate incitement to wage a vigilante campaign against perpetrators of violence, but hopefully people will see it for what it is: a satire. When wielded effectively satire and parody can be powerful weapons for social engagement and both Jensen and McMillan clearly see the potential for these forms of comedy to unite communities while simultaneously keeping a critical gaze on society. You may not come away from this book with any deeper understanding of feminist politics or radical practice, but you will probably laugh a few times. So if you can stop taking yourself so seriously, go ahead and read something just for fun. It might be good for you.

—Matthew McKenzie

Spit and Passion
Christy C. Road
158 pgs • $15.95
The Feminist Press
Feministpress.org

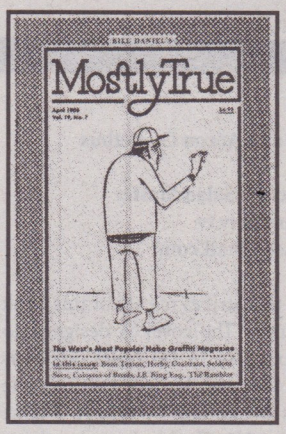
Christy Road's detailed artwork and writing never ceases to amaze me. She is constantly producing, self-publishing and relinquishing her art for non-profit groups, radical collectives, *MRR*, and then starting the whole process all over again.

Christy unfolds her heart-wrenching story through the portraits of a young Cuban-American girl trying to navigate through middle school awkwardness in Miami, Florida. Dealing with a beautiful feminine aunt and mother who are very strict Catholics, didn't help the changes in her pubescent body and mind. Unsure if she likes boys or girls at this point, she is steadfast yet confused in her crush on Alex, the shave headed new girl at her school. But continual saving grace is Green Day, her temple of holiness and her high priest was Billy Joe Armstrong. The avenue that Green Day's music gave her was the freedom to feel secure inside of her own head and heart above anywhere else. Which then gave her hope to continue to push through the sweltering heat of the schoolyard, machismo family politics and the Miami sun.

The drawings in the book along with the commentary have the aesthetic Croad style, with a frantic energy emanating off of the characters involved. Kids at this age are bratty and cruel beyond belief, but when you look at the anguish in the young Christy's face and the taunting bully's you are pulled back in time to a place that makes you feel small and helpless.

Ironically enough I started identifying and enjoying Christy's work about the same time period she framed the book. So when I started reading this book my heart stopped for a beat and my stomach turned into a knot. Remembering and reliving a time when I was that awkward pre-teen growing up with a very feminine, non-liberal, strict Korean mother that did not understand my thirst for punk and art. I have an immense amount of respect for Christy (and a huge crush on her!) because she is one of the people who inspired me to keep going when times were hard and I was young. I can't wait to see more published work from her in the future.

—Danny Gresham



Mostly True: The West's Most Popular Hobo Graffiti Magazine
Bill Daniel
96 pgs • $15.00
Microcosm Publishing
636 SE 11th Ave.
Portland, OR 97214
www.microcosmpublishing.com

It is entirely true that Bill Daniel is a stand-up guy. After the first run of this paperback was put out in 2008 by Microcosm, I was dismayed to find that I hadn't received a photo credit for my published submission of a rather rare moniker from 1941. Fast forward more than four years, and Bill is writing me to let me know that the credit mishap had been remedied, and that he was sending me two complimentary copies of the second edition! Now that, dear reader, is the work of a true gentleman. Such behavior would be exceptional enough in the straight world, but I suspect that it is even more notable in the railroad earth.

Mostly True is the freight train moniker aficionado's chance to geek out to the nth degree. For the uninitiated, monikers are drawings that are made on the sides of boxcars and other rolling freights in chalk and paint/oil stick. The artful perpetrators have traditionally been both rail workers and traveling hobos, and their monikers often incorporate the writer's handle or nickname, accompanied by any manner of easily recognizable image. Monikers on freight trains predate the more widely known phenomenon of aerosol graffiti by nearly a century. Daniel takes his audience back to the very beginnings of this shadowy art form with the inclusion of Skysail Jack, J.B. King Esq., J.H. McKinley, Tex King of Tramps and water tank carvings from the late 1800s, to name a few. All of the steadfast Legends are represented, including with Bozo Texino, Herby and Colossus of Roads, all through first hand interviews. Present-day torch-bearers of the cause such as Joey Alone are given fair air time too.

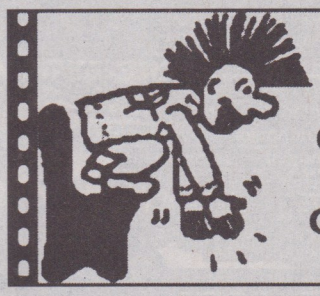
This book will capture your imagination in the same way that your first encounter with monikers did way back when. Years ago I would be engulfed in bewilderment at the sight of an El Truncón on an oil tanker laid up behind the local library in my hometown, asking myself the timeless questions of, "Who wrote this, and why?" Daniel obviously asked himself these very same questions, and had the guts to go out and find the answers for himself, in ways that most of us would only dream of. *Mostly True* could be seen as the journal of that quest, which he describes as a "25-year oddball odyssey of amateur anthropology that this volume represents." His love for the rails bleeds through on every page.

Daniel's work ethic is evidenced by his dedication: he spent more than 20 years shooting the film *Who is Bozo Texino?*, then five more years touring and screening it. (If you haven't already seen this documentary, do so immediately, as it could very well restore your faith in humanity…I know that it did the trick for me). Daniel also isn't short on punk rock credentials, having photographed the likes of Minor Threat, Big Boys, Black Flag and the Dead Kennedys in the '80s, to name a few.

I am certain that nothing more exhaustive, inclusive and passionate will ever be created on the subject of monikers and the souls who create them. The first-hand accounts, news clippings, interviews, personal letters, photos, stories and priceless ephemera of all shapes and sizes are individually remarkable, and are even more so for having been housed under one roof. Daniel respects tradition, knows the history, loves the art and has lived the life…and it shows.

—David A. Pedroni

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

"GOD IS PUNISHING ME FOR MY PAST WICKEDNESS BY KEEPING ME ALIVE AND IN AS MUCH PAIN AS HE CAN."

I have seen enough music documentaries and read enough books on bands to be aware that drummers and bass players tend to not get the credit they deserve for helping form bands and create the sound for which the band will eventually be famous. You see it all the time. A band reforms and somehow they don't have that same effect. Less than one hundred percent does not equal the whole or whatever the equation. It is a certain time, certain ability and of course certain people who create that sound. Trying to duplicate it twenty or thirty years later never works out well. **Beware of Mr. Baker** is the vehicle for Ginger Baker, a drummer most famous for playing with '60s bands Cream and Blind Faith, to get his day to shine out from under the shadow of his more respected band mates.

It is highly likely he doesn't get that credit because Baker is quite crazy and completely full of himself. You could argue that he may have a point, but that still doesn't make him a nice guy. Of course, that always works to a film's advantage. Baker's is such an interesting story that someone like me, who could care less about a classic rock dinosaur like Cream, is very entertained.

Baker was born in England and lost his father when he was killed during World War II. Baker discovered drums, claiming that he had perfect rhythm. He was off. Although he was a fan of jazz drummers, he started playing in rock bands. His success with rock later allowed him to play with some of his jazz idols. His playing is compared to the Who's Keith Moon and Led Zeppelin's John Bonham. In **Beware of Mr. Baker** there is no end of famous drummers singing his praises such as Rush's Neil Peart, Metallica's Lars Ulrich, Stewart Copeland of the Police and Marky Ramone. Cream is credited with starting Heavy Metal to which Baker gruffly replies "it should've been aborted." Seeing him play there is no doubt he is a great drummer.

All this praise is balanced with interviews with his ex-wives, his children, his ex-bandmates and others who all have experienced the other side of Baker: the drug use, the abuse and the abandonment. It is not a pretty picture. Baker's second wife was the teenaged sister of his daughter's boyfriend. Only a famous musician could get away with something like that. John Lydon declares, "I cannot question anyone with end results that perfect." Baker played on Public Image Ltd.'s *Album*. Baker was simply a studio musician on that album so Lydon might not have had the full Baker experience.

Baker is now 73 and lives in South Africa. The title of the film **Beware of Mr. Baker** comes from the sign leading up to his estate. Don't say he didn't warn you. Baker originally went to Nigeria in the '70s to play with Fela Kuti. That trip is documented in the 1971 film **Ginger Baker in Africa**. It is a slice of life giving a bit of a personal insight into Baker's drum obsession. Baker was forced out of Nigeria and after periods of living in England, the U.S. and Italy, he is back in Africa. He doesn't play drums that much due to arthritis, but has now found a new obsession, polo. He even blew all the money he made on a Cream reunion importing a bunch of polo ponies to Africa.

After all this it is somewhat surprising that the worst character in **Beware of Mr. Baker** is the filmmaker Jay Bulger. I don't usually have a problem with a filmmaker insinuating himself into the narrative. Nick Broomfield always comes across as more insane than any of his subjects. Michael Moore always has the gumption to challenge the rich and famous. Neither approach bothers me. Bulger in contrast comes across as contrived. He presented himself as a writer from *Rolling Stone* to get access to Baker. He ended up parlaying that lie into actually writing the article for the magazine and then into making this film. Somehow that seems more deceitful. Perhaps Bulger's plan was to make Baker look less horrible by comparison. If that was the case he succeeded. Baker comes across as a misunderstood musician whose tempestuous personal life is slightly excused due to his great talent. (www.bewareofmrbaker.com)

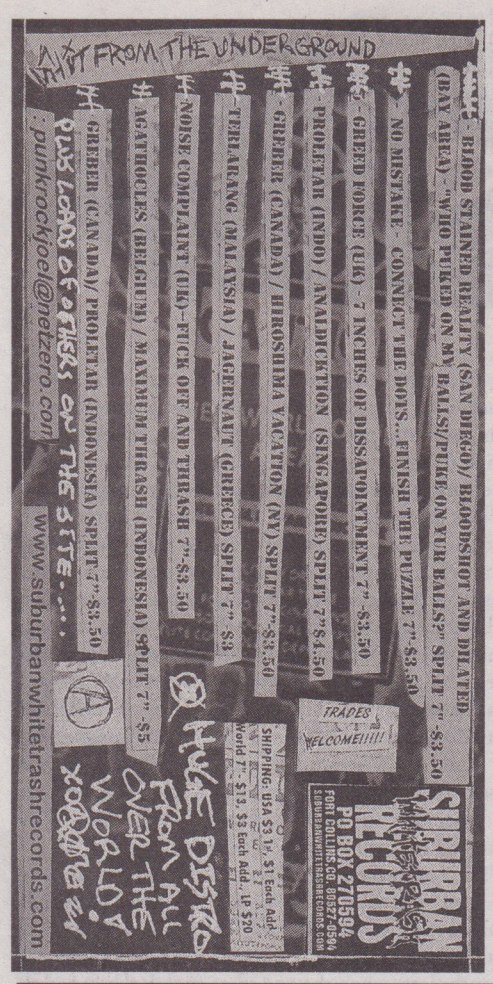
There is no doubt that eavesdropping on the private lives of celebrities is something people like to do. It bothers me that I know more things about celebrities' personal lives than I know about their professional work. At first **Elvis – Summer of '56** seemed like snooping into the personal life of Elvis Presley. It is almost sixty years after the events portrayed in this film. Why should we still care? Yet, once I got into it I couldn't stop.

Elvis – Summer of '56 is an account of Presley's romance with June Juanico which lasted for about one year, when he was just about hitting it big. Eighteen-year-old Juanico met twenty-one-year-old Presley at his concert at an Army base in Biloxi, MS. After hanging out with him after the show, Juanico sees him again months later when she and some friends take a trip to Memphis. The girls find Elvis's new house and peek over the fence to check out the pool being constructed. When Elvis catches them, he and Juanico begin their affair.

Elvis – Summer of '56 is centered around unseen footage Juanico's mother's boyfriend Eddie Bellman took during the summer Presley spent in Biloxi. Bellman took some 8mm footage of Elvis and friends on a fishing trip he had arranged for them. The footage has been sitting in his closet for years. Now everyone can see it and relive the romance between June and Elvis—well at least her version. Apparently Colonel Parker thought it was bad business for Elvis to be engaged to any woman and Presley began hanging out with Hollywood stars, so Juanico dumped him months after he stopped calling. Although uncomfortably voyeuristic at first, it becomes easier to watch as it goes on. It is hard to imagine anyone these days being so famous that old footage could still be dug up so many years later and people actually wanting to watch it. Though anyone famous now probably isn't able to hide anything.

Max Load was a punk band from a small Illinois town across the Mississippi River from St. Louis, MO. They self-released one 7" single in 1979. Fortunately they also recorded many other demo tracks during their existence from 1979-1983. All have been collected on a LP, CD and DVD package. Though you can read about the LP elsewhere in these pages, I want to tell you about the DVD. It contains twenty songs recorded in 1981 for the Southern Illinois University cable access TV show *Street Beat*. The video is fading and the beginning and end are fuzzy, but I always love these cable access performances. The sound is not mixed well, the band is stiff and the attempt at an interview involves the interviewer complimenting the singer-guitarist Tony Mayr on his screams twice, yet there is something endearing about Max Load. It is a sort of innocence combined with DIY sincerity. The songs are poppy and fun. If this was the first punk band you ever heard, they'd still be your favorite. **(www.rerunrecordsstl.com)**

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, % Maximum Rocknroll, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com



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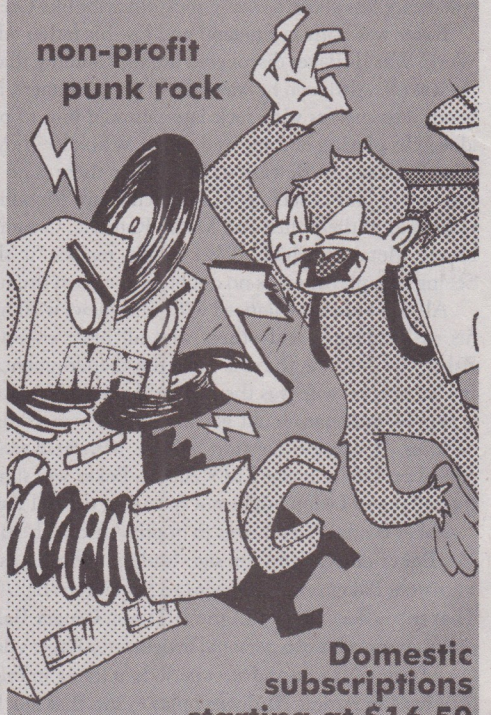

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RECORDS

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We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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1981 – "Faster and Forward" EP

'81 in 2013? These Finnish youth harness the earlier days of gloomy anarcho-punk. The gentle guitar tone leaves plenty of room for lyrical agit-prop. Unfortunately, these three songs aren't so great as to captivate those not already entranced by the band or style. (JM)
(Social Collapse!)

ABOLISH AUTHORITY – "Apeili" EP

Well, what have we here? An old Greek punk band releases old tracks for the first time on vinyl after 27 years. Tupa-tupa drums, chunky riffs and political lyrics about constant brainwash, the hidden meaning of symbols and the threat in blue (the pigs). "Threat" is also the name of this EP by the way. If the vocals remind you of EX-HUMANS, that's because ABOLISH AUTHORITY was formed after EX-HUMANS disbanded a year before this recording in 1986. However, ABOLISH AUTHORITY played heavier, more aggressive and metallic hardcore punk, in the vein of peers ADIÈXODO or HAMÈNA IDANIKÀ (Lost Values), who are the only other bands I can think of who played this style, i.e. hardcore, as early as 1986. The prolific first wave of Greek hardcore bands was just around the corner (FORGOTTEN PROPHECY, NEGATIVE STANCE, HAOTIKÒ TÈLOS, NAUTIA, PANIKÒS, etc). Collectors and early Greek hardcore enthusiasts commence. (LA)
(Geheimnis)

AHNEUS – LP

Straight outta Finland. What are they saying? Fuck if I know. I don't speak Finnish. You get a Pushead ripoff cover of a skeleton business dude holding some US cash and a crucifix that would make a great black light poster on your wall to piss off your folks. "Mom I'm not gonna clean my room. I'm listening to fucking AHNEUS." It sounds like how some of the older Finnish hardcore bands went hard rock in later years. I'm not sure about the history of this band, as I don't have access to the idiot box (internet) at this time. It's driving, but a little too wanky for me. (RO)
(Kämäset Levyt)

ANCIENT SHORES / CYNARAE – split LP

ANCIENT SHORES starts off fast, crusty, and heavy but by the second song they are on the verge of losing me. They slow down to a melodic part that is probably supposed to be really meaningful but just draws attention to the riffs being generic and repetitious. A few songs later they have a slow and noisy part where the singer keeps screaming that he doesn't care and by that point neither do I. This band sounds like a bunch of youth crew dudes from 2004 who are doing the grim dark hardcore thing now, but listen to the wrong crust bands for reference. CYNARAE is considerably better with a mid-paced to sludgy metallic hardcore sound. It's heavy and the riffs are driving. Features members of the HELM, buy the record for the CYNARAE side. (BL)
(A389)

ANTI-EARTH MOTHERFUCKERS / SCHNELL – split EP

Total shit-fi noise core. Total shit-fi noise core. Total shit-fi noise core. Total shit-fi noise core. Total shit-fi noise core. Total shit-fi noise core. Total shit-fi noise core. Total shit-fi noise core. Highly recommended. (WN)
(Ken Rock)

ANTI SPECTACLE – CD

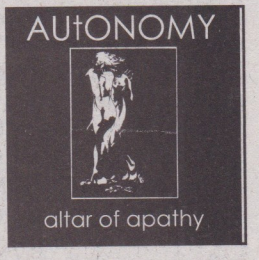
Absolutely ripping hardcore punk from Japan, this six-track EP sounds a fierce battlecry, upholding the legacy of bands like DEATH SIDE with style and finesse. It's not too flashy or speed-crazy—along the lines of COLORED RICE MEN in terms of tempo, while some of the rock-influenced songs like "Bored to Death" recall the blazing glory of TETSU ARREY—but ANTI SPECTACLE are masters at pulling memorable hooks from the chaotic ether, and almost every chorus retains an instant sing-and-pogo-along quality. Readers whose spirits burn with the true fire, this will not let you down. (WB)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

APPRAISE – "Hold" EP

Super honest and personal sXe hardcore from Barcelona. There's lots of circle pit youth crew guitar work in here, and the singer has an accented-English style and delivery that feels like there is a little Japanese fastcore influence to it. They sound like they are fun live… hmm, I've always wanted to go to Spain. (BL)
(AUGE / Tea Brigade / Refuse)

ASTA KASK – "Aldrig en LP" LP

Here we have the first vinyl reissue of ASTA KASK's sole LP, originally released in 1986. Having long considered the format to be a sell out, the band embarked on this release



as a piss-take, complete with a bigger production, jokey songs, and a cheeky title that translates to "never an LP." Like many of their peers, death and war images fill the covers of many of their releases, but ASTA KASK are no hardcore band. Sure it's aggressive, but melodies, big upbeat choruses, and bouncy bass lines are the dominant traits here, even more so than on previous releases (the band cover shot that appeared on the original release seems to indicate this change as well; look it up if you're curious). Regardless, it's no big departure other than a few goofy tracks thrown in between the usual material and a few re-recorded classics. A must for fans, though newcomers might wanna begin earlier in the ASTA KASK discography. (JH)
(Prank)

AUTONOMY – "Altar of Apathy/Grave Realities"

When a picture of the incomparable Edith Piaf dons the back cover of a record, you know the band must be doing something right. AUTONOMY from Carbondale, IL already have two worthy releases (a tape and LP, the latter reviewed here too) and this one features a different line-up, making this 45 a step in a new direction. If you're into dark and melodic anarcho-postpunk with a youthful twinge, this is right up your alley. The bass is eloquent, the guitars are layered and the addition of female vocals (and often gang choruses) make this slightly poppier; but that is by no means a feat. It brings to mind the SEDATIVES (sans the keyboards), RED DONS, even a bit of WHITE LUNG, and I'm sure AUTONOMY still has lots in store. Good. (LA)
(Let's Pretend)

AUTONOMY – "The Art of Work in the Age of Digital Reproduction" LP

AUTONOMY's straight-ahead, melodically ascending punk, fraught with epic guitar leads and bitter rhythm section breaks, primarily functions to underpin the vocals. In the grand anarcho tradition, AUTONOMY crafted a symbol representing what it represents, what it rejects and encircled the angles. A zine containing all of the lyrics is included with the LP, leaving no doubt about ambiguity's sentiments. The group posits itself as inherently and primarily political, no doubt an increasingly unfashionable choice, but refreshing amongst our willfully apolitical punk landscape. There is a bleeding heart quality to AUTONOMY's delivery, which is sure to alienate certain listeners, but some songs express doubt about the effectiveness of a politicized punk community, revealing the group's pragmatic concerns as well. With a lot of overtly political music, or specifically protest music, a listener must first agree with the music before they can enjoy it. This isn't necessarily the case with AUTONOMY, but it doesn't seem like the group is interested in an audience of apolitical music appreciators either, placing themselves in a paradoxical predicament. Sometimes politics are embedded more subtly, baiting listeners on musical merit first and springing an agenda second, which is likely a more effective, albeit sneakier means of propagating political messages through music, a populist art form. AUTONOMY's traditional anarcho insistence on protest and meaningfulness isn't terribly original, but that clearly isn't the purpose. (SL)
(Dirt Cult / Social Collapse)

AVON LADIES – "Combat Shaman" EP

The first AVON LADIES 7" and the demo were perfectly executed shotgun blasts of ugly, paste eating dementia and idiocy, and this one continues with that trajectory only I feel the 'core is somehow less "hard." It's still fast, unhinged, and at times, stomping, but somehow different. Who cares. It still rrrrrrips. (JU)
(Distort Fanzine / Fashionable Idiots)

BABY GHOSTS – "Ghost in the Vacuum" EP

BABY GHOSTS play indie-pop in the vein of GO SAILOR! and P.S. ELIOT, but they inject more pro guitar solos into their songs than either of those two bands. In their four songs, they feature dual female vocal harmonies that help to carry the songs and set them apart from the pack. They have a good ear for catchy pop melodies and guitar hooks. The line, "You can call me on my space phone" made me cringe a little bit, but what the hell....it's 2013. If you're into the bands mentioned above or well-done indie-pop, this will not disappoint you. (GH)
(Drunken Sailor / Lost Cat)

BABYSITTER – "Eye" LP

Toothless garage-ish pop rock that's equal parts JET and SMASHING PUMPKINS. Very much the kind of music that's used in commercials. I have no idea how this made it through to review, it isn't remotely punk. (AU)
(Psychic Handshake)

THE BAD DOCTORS – "Twilight of the Idols/Spit It Out"

Polished DEVO inspired new wave that is undeniably catchy. The guitar riffs are quirky, a bit angular, and have a post-punk feel to them. The synths are full sounding and remind me of the sort of synths you'd hear on an EPOXIES record as opposed to a NUN record (think full sounding and upbeat). The vocals, guitar, and keys all come together seamlessly and this two-song record makes for a really fun listen. Anyone who is into the EPOXIES, the MINDS, and DEVO should enjoy this record. (P$)
(Eaglebauer Enterprises)

BENT LEFT – "Fabergé" CD

A band that's been around for ten years or so here. These guys sound like a FAT band. A little political, a little poppy, and well produced. Along the ways of LAG WAGON and early PROPAGHANDI. From Kansas City, this trio is pretty good. One of the better bands in this crowded genre. I can see the Warped kids being into this. (RL)
(Encapsulated)

BETTER DAYS – "Good Luck Tonight" EP

Kind of mind blowing how these kids from St. Louis managed such an authentic sounding recreation of the GORILLA BISCUITS. Of course, they're playing their *own* songs in 2013. If nothing else, it's apparent who they like. To me this is kinda boring—the vox are a little tough suburban bro for my tastes these days. But if you like Warped Tour Core à la KILL YOUR IDOLS, or a bunch of other bands I'd just as soon forget, this is super tight super competent bro core, on colored vinyl with digital download. (GB)
(Encapsulated)

BLACK AND WHITE – "We Like Noise/No Reply"

This is so fucking good! Current punk rock from Japan that perfectly channels the MIDDLE CLASS at their most snotty and the BUZZCOCKS at their most desperate... Perfect pogo punk for international scumbags to gas their brains out to. "We Like Noise" is such a jammer and will be a perfect soundtrack to your shoplifting, trespassing juvenile delinquent ways. Seriously makes me wanna quit my job and burn a few police stations to the ground. The cover art is really cool too, like 1960s Italian graphic design meets Linder Sterling. (LG)
(Hardcore Survives)

THE BONE IDLES / DANGER!MAN – split 12"

DANGER!MAN from Oslo features members of more Norwegian bands than is worth mentioning and I can tell that a cross-pollination of people from Norway and Germany brought about this split release. The DANGER!MAN side is like a weird mix of Oi! hardcore punk, with a bit of street punk cred thrown in for good measure. This isn't my cup of tea really, but I can see how local punks from both countries would find this appealing. The BONE IDLES from Karlsruhe, Germany, play sped up anarcho-street-punk, with growling, yelping vocals by Gunnar Nuven, who was the singer for SVART FRAMTID, KAFKA PROCESS, SO MUCH HATE and more back in the day. This is punk in the Skandi vein, with fast riffing, non-stop drum-battering, catchy hooks and a sense of urban urgency. The vocals are what win me over and by the time this side is done, I feel in the mood for a fight. Put this on, down some beers, and then go throw the empty bottles at moving cop cars. This split is titled *Chaos Conspiracy*—indeed! (LA)
(Rookie / Sjakk Matt, no info / Sonic Temple, no info)

BOY – "I'm Weird" EP

Melodic punk from Brno, Czech Republic. The B-side, which I accidentally listened to first, sounds like one of those saccharine and vaguely uplifting pop punk songs usually encountered during my yearly visit to the Vans store. Which is insufferable to say the least. The A-side, by comparison, moves the needle in a far more promising direction with two dark and driving yet at-

mospheric tracks featuring clever guitar leads and a couple unexpected twists. A continued push in this latter direction could yield some interesting things. (JH)
(Voltage)

THE BUREAUCRATS – "Feel the Pain/Grow Up Age" EP

OK, I am a bit embarrassed. This is the first time I've ever heard the BUREAUCRATS legendary 1979 Canadian punk rock single. I know, I know. It's just one of those records that always seemed around, but just out of my price range. Well, this record was definitely worth the fifteen-year wait. Super poppy punk, mod revival, whatever you want to call it, but, not one of those super wuss lightweight terds, this is one of the rare one in fifty "powerpop" 45s a *punk* can actually listen to. A *two-sider* even!! The singer's thick "British" accent is hella laughable, but if you play it between FAST CARS and PROTEX, you might not even realize you've left the Isles. Kudos Ugly Pop! (GB)
(Ugly Pop)

BRAIN VACATION – "The Musician" LP

Out of all the onesheets/press-releases I've received with records, this is the first to include a suggested retail price (in case you're wondering, it's $15, but I suggest picking it up in the dollar bin in a few years, if that). Imagine an eclectic collaboration between the CIRCLE JERKS, present-day FUCKED UP, and some unspecified shoegaze-influenced indie rock band on Matador with a hardcore-kid-that-moved-to-Williamsburg-last-year following, with the cymbals way too fucking high in the mix, and the delicious irony of attempted epic-ness that lacks any and all hooks. Thankfully, the material on which this was pressed can be melted down and be re-stamped with better music. (DG)
(Wall of Youth)

BRAVER / DIRECT HIT! – split EP

Four solid songs from two Midwest bands fill up this 7" piece of wax. Milwaukee's DIRECT HIT! play some fine OFF WITH THEIR HEADS sounding inspired punk rock that had my foot a tapping to songs about life's drudgery. BRAVER from Minneapolis play a more straight pop punky sound a la a more straight forward ERGS! crossed with BEDFORD or a snottier WESTON. A rollicking good time this 45 is. (JF)
(Let's Pretend / Lost Cat)

BROKEN PRAYER – 12"

This is one helluva record that is not easily summed up, but is one of the more interesting ones I've come across in some time. It immediately starts with a bang, and a banger that rides on blazing D-beat with cool background noise and siren-like feedback, before heading into a heavy breakdown that concludes things properly. Next up is a VICTIMS meets early PISSED JEANS lethargic and dirgy mid-pacer with some kind of tin-can echo effect on the vocals (and with a title like "I Smile for a Living," the sentiment isn't off either), with these two styles setting the general tone of this record, though there's some additional variation, such as one song that falls somewhere between the STOOGES "1969" and HÜSKER DÜ's "I'll Never Forget You." But even after expecting some genre-hopping, I was unprepared for the fuzzed-out, low-octave keyboards and dark new wave singing on the A-side's closer, and there's a similar song on the second side that throws in some wah-wah petal that actually sounds good. The vocals range from angsty to angry to fearful to sarcastic and do not always fit the rhythm or feeling of the music, but even the angst on the raging D-beat numbers works well, and the other disparate elements that are pieced together work perfectly. I can appreciate that this record is legitimately pushing boundaries and "challenging" on its own. But when you combine that element with disparate elements that are all brought together seamlessly with only a couple tracks of relative filler, you're on to something. Pick this up without reservation. (DG)
(Sorry State)

CADAVER EM TRANSE – "Inverted" flexi

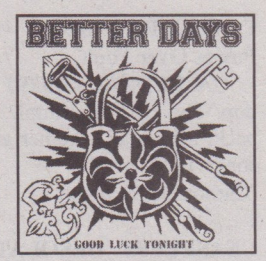
Cold wave hits Brazil with flanged guitars, menacing bass, metered drums and deep gloomy almost spoken male vocals. Sure you can dance to this, but it's definitely more experimental and weird then the comparable stuff in the current incarnation of this genre. The music is methodical, but there is the undeniable unhinged influence of punk—as it should be. More CHRISTIAN DEATH with hints of the creep factor of RUDIMENTARY PENI. Ambient guitar sounds, echoed vocals on the last track make this the best shit and I hope they stick with sort of fucked up, creepy sound—keep it up! Stay out of the box! Watch out for this band. (MB)
(Nada Nada / Dama Da Noite, no info)

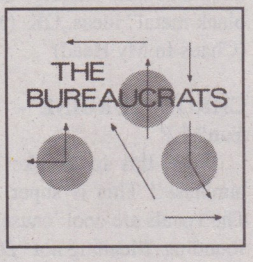
THE CARTOONS – "She's A Rock and Roller/Who Cares"

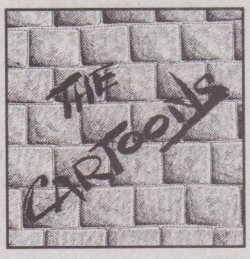
Haha fuck off Harry! Here is a fucking *killer* seventies NYC punk rawk two-sider. One of those chosen few seventies US KBD rarities that so charmingly (stupidly?) apes the SEX PISTOLS a la CRITICAL MASS or Seattle's ENEMY, I just love this shit. And for us *raer rekkid* fiends, a relatively recent entry to the wallet emptier category… Chuck Warner comped this on *Hyped to Death* CD-R, long forgotten like fifteen years ago, zero copies surfaced since then, and nobody knew what hit 'em. And then, to add to the teeth gnashing, a one-off 1979 Picture Disc version appeared. Well, lucky for you, you shouldn't have to cough up much more than five bucks for yours (Ahem!) *great* record from a, uhh, *great* label. (GB)
(Last Laugh)

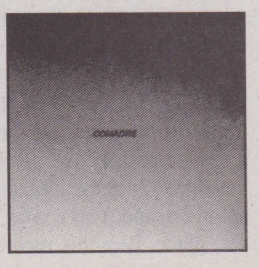
CASANOVAS IN HEAT – "Ruins" EP

Catchy, up-beat, melodic and melancholic pop punk from Boston, MA, featuring members of MALE NURSES and SUBCLINIX. Side A starts out with a neat thick, deep bass line and a highly infectious crazy-man's riff—ideal for a night on the town. The vocals, which are as well executed as everything else, have lots of emotion and attitude and I actually really like the way this transports me to the late '90s, when I was first discovering bands like PROPGANDHI, the DESCENDENTS et al. Both tracks on Side B have that sorrowful tune that punk rockers like me so love to get addicted—you know that bitter riff, the one that floods you with bittersweet memories and regret, the one that will always take you back to when you were sixteen and full of hunger for a life of forbidden fruits and delicious misery. I only wish they came up with a definitive ending, instead of fading it out. No matter, it's still really good. If the angstier, more melodic Epitaph bands are your jam, and you like some straight guitar work, check this out! Now, beg your pardon, I gotta go dig up my old ALKALINE TRIO records. (LA)
(Deranged)









CATHEDRAL GHOST – "Shake It Out/Time Passes Over You"

CATHEDRAL GHOST plays catchy garage pop. The riffs are simple. The vocals are laid back. Mix it all together and you get some fun songs. (CK)
(Carbonated Sounds)

CEASELESS DESOLATION – "Nothingness" CD

Heavy Polish crust/hardcore/metal. Their band name, CD title, some track titles, lyrics and at least one track taking inspiration from Charles Bukowski all hint at the doom/sludge influence. Other than the first two minutes of the first track the music doesn't have a doom/sludge sound at all, but the attitude/tone/lyrics have as much in common with doom as they do crust. I guess technically this is called blackened crust but I have almost never bought into that idea. I don't hear much of what I consider a black metal sound. CEASELESS DESOLATION appear to have anarchist leanings and even "red anarchist black metal" ideas. OK. (MH)
(Chaos In My Head)

CHRON TURBINE – "Skull Necklace for You" LP

Wow, this looks like nothing I would ever purchase!! This is super weird punk(ish) stuff. The vocals are cool 'cause they're like all DEVO sounding. Meaning not "*DEVO*" or "weird punk" stupid crap, but like the guy actually *sounds* like Mark Mothersbaugh, probably by no fault of his own. Sorry. Hopefully he doesn't look like Mark Mothersbaugh too. Although that might come in handy if he ever wants to be in a DEVO cover band. I dunno, there are *a lot* of songs here. Kinda long. With *instrumental* interludes. There's probably a single in here somewhere. I am actually starting to feel bad. There must be a song on here. Ex-RYE COALITION anybody? LES SAVY FAV? Maybe I just need to smoke a bowl... (GB)
(Peter Walkee)

CONTORTURE – "Who's in Charge?" 12"

This could not be more badass—four Swedish women playing a blend of Swedish hardcore and D-beat, with hair-raising talent and an aggressively real attitude. The back-up vocals remind me of AUS-ROTTEN, which is pretty awesome. I really enjoy that this is definitely on the crust side of D-beat, as the majority of recent bands go for the more hardcore side of D-beat. This record is awesome; pounding, fast drums, with howling guitars, and crust as fuck vocals. Rather than focusing on the vocals themselves, I am more interested in the lyrical content. It's absolutely refreshing to read lyrics about real world problems like child abuse, selfishness, and being too drunk to have real DIY ethics, especially from a female perspective. In their recent *MRR* interview (#357), they talk about their lyrics and inspiration, and it all comes from a very dark, very real place. Buy this record, listen to it, read the interview, read the lyrics. Solid. (KR)
(Acclaim / Halvfabrikat / Not Enough)

THE CORPSE – "Fight Against Rules" LP

When I saw the front of this record I yanked it out of the assigning box. This is one of my favorite Polish punk bands of all time. Formed in 1985, these guys never really disappeared, and while I have never seen them play nor can I say how they are live now, this record slays. I slapped this on and realized that I reviewed the CD version of this in 2010 (my review is quoted in the booklet, whoops), but fuck it, I am pulling coordinator privilege and reviewing it again (besides it's too late to reassign it). Think the most punk thrash you can imagine that bends genres to its will. Do you like MOSKWA? Do you like old Finnish punk? Do you like ANTI-CIMEX? Do you like D-beat? We have songs that travel between fast to mid-tempo with metallic squeals but *aaaall* punk riffage, throaty gravely vocals. This is my shit. The LP comes with this killer black and white booklet with tons of photos, a discography and interviews, all in Polish and English. The cover artwork rules. Do not sleep on this. (MB)
(Refuse / Scream / Warsaw Pact)

CRACKS & SCARS – "Stick to Your Guns" LP

Solid melodic street punk here from Germany's CRACKS & SCARS. Street punk being a very broad term; let me say that this record would have fit in with a lot of the early of the early TKO record releases, but with a little bit of that ANN BERETTA or SIXER Richmond, VA sound mixed in. No lyric sheet, so I can't vouch for the lyrical integrity of the band, but they do have the Fuck Racism logo on the back. (JF)
(Steeltown)

CRAPPY DRACULA – "Concerns of the Modern Womb Wiggler" EP

I feel like I have an open mind and I'm open to a lot of weird shit that most of my friends don't like. That being said, this record is awful. It just sounds like a collection of dudes who got really into THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, tried to start a sort of "wacky" band like that and then got all of the nuances and timing completely wrong. The money used to release this record could have been put towards something more worthwhile, like feeding the homeless. Worthless. (GH)
(Eefin)

THE CRAZY SQUEEZE – CD

Here we gots the two Johnnys of STITCHES fame, but instead of the nihilistic '77 punk we get some slick English stylee power pop and glam. I'd compare them to the BOYS and HOLLYWOOD BRATS. Witmer's obsessive record collecting shows here, complete with sexy sax and glam rock honky-tonk piano. They get the sound perfect. Near perfect covers of COCKSPARRER and the BOYS are included. Makes me want to drink. (RO)
(Vinyl Dog)

CROCODILE COX AND THE DISASTER – "Fumie/Same Offence"

Oh! These are two tracks of nasty fast hardcore. Think current bands like HERATYS with a bit of an INDIGESTI in the mix with more menace than melody. This band could rock any hype US hardcore band right now. Super into the weirdo rock fade out on "Same Offence." This is a winner. (MB)
(Diwphalanx / Jasrac)

CROSSFIRE – "Men Without Faces" EP

Contemporary street punk from Austria. The snotty-growly vocals sound forced, and the overall production is ready for Warped Tour. The song structures and hooks are basic and familiar to any type of punk, but overall nothing really stands out here. Pretty safe and forgettable. Like RANCID. (MA)
(Steeltown)

CYANIDE PILLS – "Still Bored" CD

Cyanide Pills deliver a pure pastiche of European power-pop from its golden, pre-synthesizer era. I don't usually reference a bunch of bands in reviews, but Cyanide Pills can be summed up as pure BOYS worship that ends up in between the EXPLODING HEARTS with less conviction, and the TRANZMITORS sans aesthetic cohesion. There are seventeen tracks on this CD, and enough first-class material to warrant an EP, but the guitar leads would still be missing some inventiveness and the lyrics would still leave something to be desired. (SL)
(Damaged Goods)

DEAD YUPPIES / STAN OSKARZENIA – split CD

Five tracks a piece from these Polish anti-fascist punker stalwarts. Both sing in their native tongue (always a plus in my book, or in my CD player, I guess, more accurately), though translations are provided. Musically, they both perform aggressive melodic punk a la DILLINGER FOUR. Plenty of coarse heaviness to go with the harmony. Lyrically, it's what you'd expect from explicitly political (i.e. left) punk. And all the better for it. (RK)
(Pasazer)

DEAD YUPPIES – "Gdy Świat To Za Mało" CD

Ah, two of the most dependable Polish labels have collaborated to release this top notch aggressive punk from Poland... Five years ago apparently. DEAD YUPPIES accomplish well-written, tuneful punk songs sometimes reminiscent of Polish anarcho-punkers WŁOCHATY, but the recording is a little flat and over-compressed sounding. I really dig a lot of the guitar riffs and the melodic hollered vocals, and the thoughtful/political lyrics are translated to English in the booklet (one, seemingly, a tribute to Mia Zapata). I'd be interested in hearing newer material—no doubt it would be great. (MA)
(Trujaca Fala / Pasażer)

DESPITE EVERYTHING / UNFUN – split EP

Vancouver, BC, teams up with Athens, Greece in this match of band names which have been lifted from other successful projects. Europeans DESPITE EVERYTHING have the rough-voiced, mid-tempo, power chorus style made famous by Gainesville motherfuckers and/or LEATHERFACE. While not so much my jam, they write good songs, I like the lyrics (personal and political), and though it sounds like it was recorded in a real studio, the mix has the proper edge. UNFUN, on the other hand, seem to have been recorded under a wash of static. They blaze through a plain fast number and have a dragged-out, mid-tempo, melancholy piece. The lyrics discuss personal topics and are nothing special. They're not bad, but to match DESPITE EVERYTHING, they have some work to do (JM)
(ADD / Drunken Sailor / Hahaha Cool!)

DESTRUCTION UNIT – "Void" LP

DESTRUCTION UNIT's latest album is suitably entitled *Void*. The group conjures desert imagery with each track, but presents the wide, scorched earth as a complicated space. Certain tracks are spacious and dawdling, evoking a cold and alienating place. Others badger listeners with plodding and savage repetition—a reminder that a great, vast nothingness is something to fear as well. Similar themes emerged on earlier DESTRUCTION UNIT work, but *Void*'s production and instrumental textures reify the dynamic moods. Soaring guitar leads and towering synthesizer textures mingle with dense feedback on "Great Wall" and "Exterminate," and the most predatory elements of a barren desert rush forth. Ryan Rousseau's lead vocals are burlier than ever. They're drenched in effects and mixed low, but the assertiveness in his delivery overcomes the production. The music vamps for measures at a time without words and one of its longest tracks is strictly instrumental. Arizona's desert landscape influences every DESTRUCTION UNIT release, but none do so this thoroughly. Earlier work was directed more by Rousseau's affinity for synth-punk, hindered by his involvement with multiple bands and generally more informed by circumstance. *Void* speaks the truth of DESTRUCTION UNIT's dehydrated psyche and labors intensely to articulate it. (SL)
(Jolly Dream)

DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE / PEACEBASTARD – split EP

This is a pretty fucking good split from two European crust bands that I now like. PEACEBASTARD from Berlin plays that scruffy DIY hardcore that isn't quite D-beat, but more like its less formulaic cousin. Whoever is writing the riffs for this band is doing it right, the songs have a good flow without being repetitious and a straightforward simplicity that feels accessible rather than generic. Female vocals with some dude tradeoffs and an aggressive, honest approach; I dig it. DISHONRABLE DISCHARGE from Oslo is a bit rougher-edged with a heavier D-beat sound. It's stripped down aggression with delay on the vocals and guitar leads that evoke the fondest memories of classic Scandinavian crust. Both bands want me to stomp around a dark room with a bunch of other weirdos and get hit in the face with beer-soaked dreadlocks. (BL)
(Heart First)

THE DOMESTICS – "G.D.P." EP

Don't let the boring cover art deceive you; these blokes from the north of England play hardcore rooted in early '80s American acts like POISON IDEA and tough late '80s NYHC with a dose of classic UK street punk. Methinks they've been around the block once or twice, too, as lyrical content deviates from simple "fuck you, I'm punk" fare, opting instead for philosophy, evolution, and other more "grown up" topics. A decent listen. (JH)
(Kibou / Runny Bum)

DOOM – "World of Shit" LP

Ten years later, this shit still smokes. Blistering Scandicrust from the UK's finest, DOOM's 2001 *World Of Shit* is as close to perfection as you can ask for – just total in your face. Nothing to say that hasn't been said a thousand times...DOOM. (WN)
(Antisociety)

DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Hardcore Confusion Vol. III + IV" EP

Wow. This record gives me three things; psyched out riffs, strange vocal patterns and dismal song writing. In other words, this is dark, genius hardcore. Its strangeness is matched with the fulfillment of powerful music. As the third and fourth parts of a series, this single 7" closes the loop of this very unique hardcore outfit. The real rager on this final installment is the last song, "Safe Word," and this new vocalist, Cameron, really reminds me of Mark Hickey of AGRESSION. Awesome. Also, this is a nice layout; following the previously released installments, it's a yellow and red gatefold with a maroon and black inside, the letters H and C in high gloss. The insert has the lyrics, and also comes with a fold out mini poster of the four members that is silkscreened silver ink on maroon paper. Pretty snazzy packaging, killer music, and well worth the $8 asked for it. (KR)
(Sorry State)

DRY BONNET – "Hey You/Do It Clean"

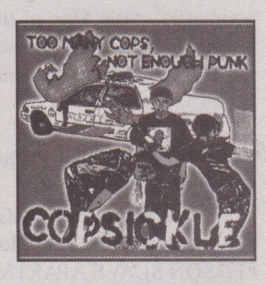
Dreamy teleport garage, with surfy riffage, a full sound and a teen sentiment of carefree gayety. Fans of the Slovenly/In the Red/Dirtnap/HoZac/Goner camp will dig this. It's fun, fuzzy enough to get your brain mellow, the gang vocals make you feel like you're on a road trip to summer booze camp, the guitars get weird and quirky and the bass is solid enough to keep you sane through a mushroom trip. There is an overall warm feeling to the production that makes me want to lie in the sand under the sun. Side B is a psychier rendition of ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN's original and it ain't too bad at all. (LA)
(Replay)

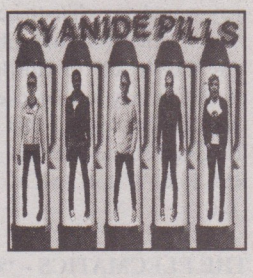
DUMBS – "Glue Sniffers" CD

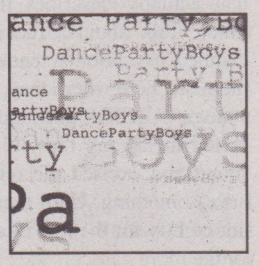
Looking at the cover of this, you know what you're in for when you see that the art is a take off of the RAMONES thirteenth studio album *Acid Eaters*. Yes... total RAMONES worship. They're not covering any new ground here and they're not adding anything to the road that the RAMONES paved long before them. It's just fun, straightforward punk. That's it. (GH)
(Pasazer)

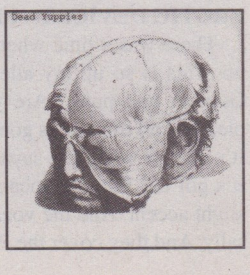
DYNAMITE FISHERMAN – "Makin' Waves" CD

A bar band-ish punk rock combo here. A trio that plays basic punk à la DOA and Canada's SUBHUMANS, pretty much basic early US punk. I wasn't really into this for the most part but I'm sure it gets the job done for locals and friends. (RL)
(Diogenes)









EFFLUXUS – "Devoid" EP

A killer follow up to last year's 12", EFFLUXUS take their self-described "headache hardcore" several steps further on this slab, truly owning the moniker with a duo of buzzsaw guitars battling for eartime in my headphones. The relentless pace and fury of the rhythm section is tempered by anxious vocals and guitars that seem to be constantly struggling to reign in the distortion…they do so with great success but the result is tense, on the edge of chaos from the first bombastic crash. One of the finer Bay Area exports in recent years, and a split with Sweden's INFERNÖH on the horizon. Mandatory. (WN)
(Prank)

EGO SUMMIT – "The Room Isn't Big Enough" LP

For the uninitiated, EGO SUMMIT marks the only occasion that Ron House (THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS), Jim Shepard (V-3), Don Howland (BASSHOLES), Mike Rep and Tommy Jay (MIKE REP AND THE QUOTAS) ever assembled as a full-on band. *The Room Isn't Big Enough* somehow succeeds in giving equal footing across the board, which is no small feat considering the dominating sounds each member is capable of making. You get the sense that they're pushing each other to deliver their absolute best songs and performances, which somehow *actually happens*! It all feels and sounds so special, like you're getting a peak at five buddies (all of whom happen to rock with off-the-charts smarts) making the record that they would most like to hear. One listen to Rep's "Black Hole" (oh so terribly punk) or Shepard's "We Got It All" or Howland's "Wife Blues" is proof that they just knocked it right the fuck out. One of those records that makes just about anything else sound like total and complete bullshit. Real Rock'n'Roll. (MC)
(540)

THE ELECMATICS – "Going Wrong" EP

ELECMATICS are a French two-man outfit that actually describes themselves as "Tarantinic." Talk about a fuckin' bummer. Self-proclaimed psychobilly tendencies aside, there are moments here where they veer close enough to a strange SUICIDE getty-up that I'm almost compelled to tap my toes. If they streamlined that sound and excised the remaining dreck, they'd have something. Until then though, I'll be praying nightly for their swift and immediate torture. (MC)
(Alpes Cretin)

EROTIC DEVICES – LP

There was a time when I used to lap this shit up. This is so up my alley, it's not even funny. German pop punk? Are you kidding me? Yes, please. And this one is good, don't get me wrong. It's exactly what it is supposed to be. It's catchy. It's got the English vocals delivered with just a slight accent. And the vocals are even a little nasally. And they cover the POINTED STICKS. So why does this one leave me a little unenthused? (That's a sort of rhetorical question.) (KK)
(Incognito)

THE EX-BOMBERS – "The Tightwire" LP

Drum and bass music. One drummer and one (eight-string) bass player. I like a lot of drum and bass music, some of those BARRE PHILLIPS records are killer. This is lackluster jazz rock stuff. (P$)
(Cavetone)

EXCON – "Bronzer" EP

This came at me like a NEON BLUD ripoff all mean growls and wails, a smattering of straight forward singing and a cacophony of everything else. Before I realized that it truly is Australian I thought it was but couldn't figure out why it seemed that way. Was it the cover that looked like CIRCLE PIT? The Angie Bermuda style riffs? I'm really into what seems to be a real Australian aesthetic that lands somewhere between *Mad Max* and *Easy Rider*. A worship of Hells Angels, ROYAL TRUX, glam metal style and nihilism. Equal parts driving through the desert at night, windows down, total freedom, too many cigarettes and sitting crumpled in the back of a bar wallowing in despair. Too many cigarettes. But then there is also some amount of mugging to it, like in a weird performed badassery way. Like some shock rock teenage bullshit or the do's and don'ts column of *Vice* magazine. But the guitarist comes from the very excellent SLUG GUTS, and peels off into weird tremolo soaked surf meets noise riffs and all together this does really slam. (MM)
(Bon Voyage)

EXHAUSTION – "Future Eaters" LP

Guitars creak like a killer opening the doorway and vocals drawl like last words. Not yours, but the last words you hear from the sociopathic idiot savant fondling your hand in your last moments. The vocals are so childish it lends smoothness to the whole album. It goes down easy and sets about thrashing your esophagus after ingestion. EXHAUSTION wields the negative, downer rock sensibility like they invented it. Exhaustion couples the terror of twisted vocals with atmospheric guitar experimentalism that simultaneously evokes damaged ditties of Florida circa 2011 and the Lower East Side circa 1981, but spreads the aesthetic compellingly across this an entire LP while forebears succeeded on a track-by-track basis spread across slews of singles. (SL)
(Aarght)

EX-HUMANS – "Anofeli Epiviosi" LP

I'll admit right now that listening to records from the olden days of Greek punk is a bittersweet experience. Greece and its punk scene are bearers of many woes and wonders for me, and so it's like looking through a window into the past that shaped the very shitty present. Being a by-product of this city and scene, this view obviously fascinates me—it's my history. And what more valuable than knowing that there is in fact no past? That there has, in fact, been absolutely no progress made, and that this record is as relevant as ever. Every song is a reminder of what a wretched place it was and still is, and yet every song is a token of how, sometimes, wonderful things can blossom in the most rotten of corners. Everything usually gets tainted and wastes away, but you can still bask in the knowledge that there was, at some point, a moment of greatness in amongst the decadence. Or maybe the decadence is what was so great…

Anyway, moving on, EX-HUMANS formed in Athens in 1980 and this is a reissue of their classic LP from 1984, called "pointless survival." It was their only LP release and it is a gem of early Greek punk, with a strong post-punk feel, sociopolitical lyrics and a unique rough sound. EX-HUMANS stand in a genre shared by only a handful of their peers, such as GULAG, STRESS, ANTI, GENIÀ TOU HÀOUS and PANX ROMANA, and became largely know for appearing on the famous 1984 comp, *Disturbance of the Peace/Diataraxi Kinis Isihias,* which is also being reissued. This is limited to a few hundred copies, so I'm glad Geheimnis records in Athens decided to send us one (after Shitworker of the Month prompted him), because I know how fast this is going to sell out. All the Greek malakas who know their local punk probably already have this. (LA)
(Geheimnis)

THE FAMILY CURSE – "Twilight Language" LP

This is the first full-length LP for this Brooklyn-based post-punk act. The overall sound is taut yet rambling angular noise-punk that skitters and clatters around a rhythmic core. I was going to reference a nod to the FALL or even YUMMY FUR when I realized that the closest reference that comes to mind is CIRCUS LUPUS, particularly in the second track, which I thought was an ode to actress Julia Ormond but is actually about a girl called Julia Armant. My mistake. I have to say I enjoyed this album a great deal. You can pick out a few influences here and there but on the whole they have a fresh approach and their own sound. (AM)
(Doormat)

FUCKING INVINSIBLE – "Very Negative" EP

Thick, down tuned, thrashing and screaming hardcore that isn't afraid to get a little discordant or moshy here and there. If you're a fan of the Deathwish Inc., A389, or CURSED things, then this might appeal to you. (JU)
(Atomic Action!)

FISTULA – "Northern Aggression" 12"

FISTULA have been doing their sludge/doom thing for over ten years now. The title *Northern Aggression* seems to be a comment on their own sound and how it relates to similar sound-

ing groups from the south. The obvious being BUZZOVEN (not exactly the south) and EYEHATEGOD. On this release FISTULA have reached the level of nastiness that both BUZZOVEN and EYEHATEGOD did in their prime. FISTULA's down-tuned slow dirge riffs and pained vocals have a lot in common with both bands. Where "Northern Aggression" separates itself is it's not all slow. My favorite tracks are the ones that mix the slow doom and faster sections: "Sobriety is Overrated;" the first 50 seconds are very slow and heavy with a wonderful sample but then the last 30 seconds are fast and nasty. Also for a band who does have slower doom leanings, the songs here are not long drawn out affairs with four tracks under the two minute mark. This is my favorite FISTULA release. (MH)
(Patac)

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY – "Shatter Your Day" 2xLP

Philadelphia, a place renown for little more than pilgrims and a bad attitude, where taking yourself too seriously will result in getting your ass handed back to you, a place where you gotta create your own fun. I was gonna start off by calling F.O.D. a "jewel in the crown of Philly thrash" but to get real, there is no such crown. If there were, I guess these guys would have to be wearing it cause they'd be the kings! SRA has done us all a favor by not only reissuing and remastering their first full-length from 1986, *Shatter Your Day,* but expanding it to include all of F.O.D.'s recordings from 1982-1986, including the *Chinese Food!* cassette release from '82, the full *Love Songs* 7", live radio sets, tracks from Flipside and Philly comps, random shit taped on a boombox and more. The result is 55 tracks of true suburban teenage clamor—buoyant, goofy, breakneck thrash that is the pride and joy of a city starved for both. You need to own this record. (FF)
(SRA)

FORTY HELLS / JUST BREATHE – split EP

FORTY HELLS play pop punk in the style of OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, and the songs wouldn't be that that bad if it wasn't for the incredibly cheesy group back up vocals sprinkled throughout the songs. There're three dudes in the band but they have those big group back-ups. It sticks out like a sore thumb and is borderline embarrassing (for the listener). As in you're embarrassed for them. Ack. As for JUST BREATHE, their three songs feel like you're listening to the cliff notes of NOFX's *Punk in Drublic* (minus the humor… actually minus entertaining lyrics all together). The first track even kicks off kinda like "Linoleum". It is what it is. (FS)
(7AM Vinyl)

FOUR SLICKS – "Four on the Floor" LP

French grease-monkey garage punks The Four Slicks are back with another LP. The focus with these guys is '50s/'60s traditional rock, fuzzed and punked up. While you have numerous options available out there for this kind of stuff, The Four Slicks sound genuine in their love for this stuff and execute their re-workings in way that has you thinking they are punks rather than hey-daddy-o buttheads. (MC)
(self-released, Slick)

FRIENDS OF DOROTHY – "To Perverted for Sex" EP

Yawn. A bunch of macho rockers singing about being gay. If there is one actual homosexual in this band I would be surprised. Punchy punk that sounds like the HIVES. Features the singer of HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE who now goes by Paul Fashion. Please note the typo in the title is on the record, front and back. I just type it as I see it. (CK)
(Ken Rock)

FUN – "Massive on Meat/Into the Void"

This Finnish band is pure SHELLAC worship. If you love SHELLAC but feel like they don't put out enough records, this might tide you over for a while. If you love SHELLAC but feel like they pretty much satisfy all of your SHELLAC-listening needs, you probably don't need this. Honestly, I know this sounds like a lame review but I can't get past the wholesale lifting of SHELLAC sounds, riffs, and parts to even give this an objective listen. Reading the Tenzenmen website I see that these guys have even recorded with Steve Albini. I wonder what was going through his mind during that session. (AM)
(Cut Half / Rejuvenation / Tenzenmen)

GEHENNA – "Negotium Perambulans in Tenebris" 12"

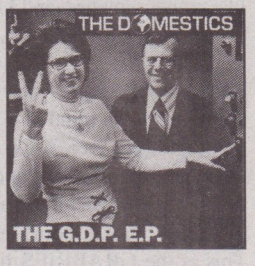
This is a recent repress of this classic first GEHENNA LP that came out over ten years ago. What can I say about one of the best and longest running hardcore bands out? For those who don't know yet, The Infamous GEHENNA have a unique approach to hardcore that is all their own, and they are a terrifying band both on wax and especially in a live setting. Raw, vicious, blackened hardcore with out of control metallic riffing and disgusting vocals. Totally punishing, fast as fuck, evil sounds on this LP. I celebrate their entire catalog, and anyone who likes hardcore or metal should too. I would pay money to see this band smoke a blunt/eat a burrito while jamming Project Pat. Hail the Seven Crowns. (TM)
(A389)

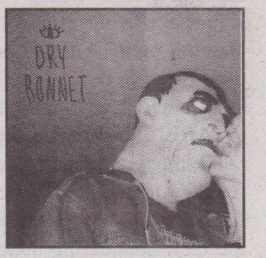
GEHENNA – "Covet Thy Crown" EP

This is kind of a weird record to review, it's a limited bonus EP included with January preorders for the band's new LP. So if any serious collectors absolutely need this record but didn't order in time, I've got a copy. The two original tracks on the disc were previously released on a comp and side B is a cover of G.G. ALLIN's "Bite It" which might be the most-covered song in the history of suburban teenaged street punk bands, so I find it pretty amusingly awesome to hear GEHENNA do it. These dudes pretty much do what they want at this point anyway. For fans of supercharged metallic hardcore. (BL)
(A389)

GLAM – "Veneno en Sus Flechas" 12"

Ah, we've all been anticipating this one eh? Much like their EP from a few years back, this Spanish hardcore band starts pummeling right off the bat with their heavy and quick 1-2-1-2 beat, dark chromatic three chord riffs, and reverb drenched howlings. Throughout side A, I get the impression that GLAM has been listening to a lot of CELTIC FROST or something, cuz there's lots of metal-styled punk riffs…if that makes any sense. And track one totally has a C.FROST breakdown part. They also seem to have a lot of choruses devoid of snare hits, which is uncommon, and I feel sort of indifferent about that. Side B however is pretty much crushing from start to finish, with a few really cool rhythmic twists and awesome guitar lines thrown in to keep the hair on your arms standing up. The drums on this thing are huge sounding, which really makes it so much more effective overall. And of course, as is to be expected, the art/packaging is up to typical LVEUM standard. (MA)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)





GOD'S AMERICA – "Our Bones Will Bleach in the Sun" EP

Crushing, blasty hardcore with the bass turned waaaaay the hell up, there's nothing mind-expanding or outside the box about this, but they nail the dumbed-down MAN IS THE BASTARD sound pretty much on the head. Cool/whacked out artwork in the '50s-white-America-meets-war-victims-meets-zombies idiom, I can only hope this was named in honor of Royal Canadian Kilted Yaksmen. Hardly essential but you know what? I like power violence, and I like this record. (WB)
(A389)

THE GRABBIES – "Live" EP

"I wanna be blind so I don't have to see your fucking shitty face… we are fucking idiots and losers and you are not and that's why you are a fucking piece of shit… I never learned anything in school. Fuck school! Fuck you! Yeah! Yeah!" This is the GRABBIES live, a focused burst of misanthropy and fetid guitar squalor that makes the anti-social musings on hipper new records sound like "your mom" disses on the swing-set. Hateful, pretty ignorant punk delivered with deranged conviction. Some bands bait controversy with ambiguous appropriation of taboos. The GRABBIES epitomize anti-intellectual, uncalculated idiocy and confrontational flare-ups. I like feeling offended by music, just not when the offenders are vague about it and back-pedal after the fact, floundering under the consequences of their irresponsibility. The GRABBIES are confident and unapologetic. There's a role for exhibitionist contrarianism in art and there's a place for the GRABBIES in punk. (SL)
(Distort Fanzine / Fashionable Idiots)

GRAND THEFT AGE – "We Come from Your Hell" CD

Tough-guy NYC style hardcore is alive and well in Rome, Italy, if this quintet is to be believed. Indeed, if you're still jonesing for the next *Age of Quarrel* (albeit snarled in Italian), this could be exactly the godsend you're awaiting. The requisite amount of chugga chugga, breakdowns and metallic leads. Nine bursts of aggression clocking in at twenty minutes. I quite fancy it myself. Probably just as well I don't speak Italian. (RK)
(Scarred For Life)

GRAND THEFT AUDIO – "Sara Una Risata Che Vi Seppellira" CD

Italian youth crew hardcore with anthemic metal overtones. This isn't bad, but it's nothing special either. I'm thinking SICK OF IT ALL, SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, and later Victory stuff. This probably works best for Italian hoodie types. Vocals in English by the way. (RL)
(Raged)

HARD SKIN – "On the Balls" CD

Jesus! HARD SKIN is the best band on the planet! How am I supposed to give this a proper review?! The boys are back with more anthems about lager, birds, sausages, bollocks, mates and the kids. Okay, when you really get down to it, these boys are one trick pony, but their songs are *really goddamn catchy* and all of the other classic oi bands are shit these days. If you've been a fan of the last few records by these lads, this album won't disappoint you. There's not a song on here that is as classic as "Beer and Fags", but that's a tough order to fill for anyone. It doesn't really matter what I say; you're already gonna get this if you're into this band. If you'd rather hear this entire album as sung by women, they've got you covered. Check their other review in this section. (GH)
(JT Classics)

HARD SKIN – "Why Do Birds Suddenly Appear" CD

Alright, here's every entry in my 2013 year end top ten sorted. HARD SKIN is back again nobly showing the posers and herberts how it's done. First lesson, write perfect anthems that bring to mind the cream of the REJECTS, SHAM and the SPARRER with none of the excess, second lesson, bring in the ladies. These instant classics feature women from VERONICA FALLS, BIS, LUSH, VICE SQUAD, DUKE SPIRIT, the KILLS and many more demonstrating the many dimensions of female trouble. Songs about getting out of the council estate and onto the terraces, whilst avoiding the filth and ruminating on the majesty that is dogshit park in loverly Gypsy Hill. My favorites are the song with Marion and Roxanne from VERONICA FALLS, it's as good as anything on Riot City, a departure into poignancy for the SKIN, about the tyranny and misery of feeling trapped in social housing. Miki from LUSH sounds like she was born a skin byrd, as does JOANNA NEWSOME, who was born for street punk it seems! Her vocals are amazing; there are actually three freak folk chanteuses on this disc; Joanna, ALELA DIANE and BETH JEAN HOUGHTON, all of whom take care of business in a most admirable and surprisingly raging fashion. Definitely a career option for all of them once they give up the velvet tapestries and scented candles for the streets. Debbie from ECHOBELLY and the NUNS does a fantastic number about being a Sausage Man, double entendres and JIMMY PURSEY like skill on the mic! Leila from the DUKE SPIRIT rules, her vocals are somehow both tough and slinky in a most superb and alluring manner, in contrast Alison from the KILLS somehow got HARD SKIN to do something that brings to mind her own band. One of the weaker tracks in my eyes, along with the BEKKI BONDAGE one, which I found a bit too much. The one with the woman known as MUSTARD GAS just sounds like RANCID. The rest of the record is non stop all killer, so those three numbers do not bring down the momentum. In fact on any other contemporary street punk record they would be cream of the crop. Speaking as someone that truly hates BIS, I have to say Manda does a great job on her song; it's a rambunctious fuck you HONEY BANE style argy bargy. The guitar work throughout the record brings to mind COCKSPARRER meets MICK JONES, the laddish back up vocals will send a tingle down your spine, and as always with these lads the quality is top shelf. HARD SKIN have once again wiped out the competition swiftly, a Millwall brick to the generic dreck that fills the record bins. (LG)
(JT Classics)

HASSLER – "Amorality" EP

Some people talk about going on vacations or to spas and that kind of bullshit to relax after hard-life stretches, but for me it's *this* sound, *this* type of hardcore that puts me in that "all is right in my life," kind of state. I don't know why but it's been that way for a looong time. There's just something about the frozen grit and soot-covered workman-like brawn of classic Boston and Midwest (Toronto, Canada is still Midwestern USA, right?) hardcore sounds that set me calm-submissive like the goddamn Dog Whisperer. Now, I know that isn't the intended aim of angry, frustrated, catholic-guilt-land hardcore; it's supposed to make you run around like a fucking ape, sweating out all the bullshit orders you had to swallow from your boss, and the bullshit sadness on the news, and the bullshit selfishness you see on the streets, but… Anyway, the second EP from HASSLER picks up right where the last one left off: plowing through my brain like a fucking muscular hardcore ox. For fans of flannel with little splashes of concrete stuck to it, ill riffs, bloody noses in a good way, hard work, dedication, and believing in something real. (JU)
(Beach Impediment)

HELLBASTARD – "Sons of Bitches" 12"

I am a big fan of HELLBASTARD's 1986 *Ripper Crust* demo. That demo, like a cross between HELLHAMMER and AMEBIX, has been credited with helping to give birth to what we now know as "crust." *Ripper Crust* is punk at its core but pulls on the metal heart strings. That being said, this 2012 *Sons of Bitches* LP is not that sound. This LP still has punk lyrics that are anti-religion and are against white-collar crime. But, the new LP sounds more like *Rein in Blood* SLAYER mixed with WHITE ZOMBIE. This is not a bad combination, but it is not what one expects from HELLBASTARD. It's on army green wax with a professional band photo on the back of the sleeve of them dressed in steam punk garb. The lyric and credit insert is filled with emoticons. It's not a bad record, but it's no *Ripper Crust*. If you're looking for the band known as HELLBASTARD that you love, you may have to hitch a ride in a time machine or look somewhere else because they're no longer with us. (AE)
(Patac)

HIRS – "The First 100 Songs" LP

Demented, perverse (in all the best ways) and obscenely prolific, I don't know how this band hasn't crossed my radar before. Shame on me, because this is a fucking onslaught, compiling two

years of HIRS' brilliantly satanic trans* grind punishment (*yes, you did read that correctly, and yes, dreams can come trve). The drums are so fast and precise that they've got to be programmed, and I imagine that's where this will lose a lot of listeners, but thankfully HIRS steers well clear of the death metal cybergrind schlock circuit in favor of hyper-blurred neo-powerviolence for da (queer anarcho-)punx. One hundred tracks is a lot to take in in one sitting, but inventive song structures, fist-to-the-cop's-jaw lyrical precision and some truly mind-exploding samples keep this from getting dragged into the blasty murk like so many grindcographies. If there's no God, this LP will inspire thousands of youths across Amerikkka to rise up, glitter at hand, and carve out their parents' eyeballs. (WB)
(SRA)

HOAX – LP

This twelve-inch collects the three sole 7"s, the track from the SEWN LEATHER split 7" flexi, and a demo track from HOAX, the current darlings of hardcore. If you're not familiar, these grooves are packed to the gills with some of the hardest, meanest, and most hateful dirges you will ever hear. The hype is warranted. (JU)
(Adagio 830)

HOAX – "Caged/Sick Punk"

On this record, HOAX serve up two dark, abrasive mid-pacers that pique my interest, but this record is less flappable (in more ways than one) than their others. "Caged" revolves around two drawn-out riffs that are interesting in theory but lack power, and the rest of the song falls short of oozing the power that it's capable of. "Sick Punk" is the better of the two songs, bookended by a great, definite *Get it Away*-style riff, which gives way to a similar verse riff with a nice slight groove, followed by a (slightly) faster chorus riff that takes a couple of welcome and unexpected turns. Both songs suffer from vocals that have all the right ingredients but don't lash out enough, and the mix as a whole seems a bit too flat for anything to be able to stand out. That said, "Sick Punk" would be great as an addition to a future LP or something. I doubt my silly opinion will have any effect on this record's eBay value, but there it is. (DG)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

HOLY — "The Age of Collapse" LP

From looking at the cover and the LP name I thought this was the new AGE OF COLLAPSE record, and was stoked to hear the new shit. But I was thrown by HOLY's murky hardcore sound for the first song, so I looked the record up while the sound continued to grow on me. The band is from Milan, Italy and this is their second LP out in as many years of existence. The riffs on this record have a lot of mid-tempo '80s hardcore influence but the guitar tones and production style have more in common with modern crust, with thick distortion and thumping drums. When the band slows down, the breakdowns are more like sludgy powerviolence than anything you would circle pit to, and the PV element shows itself in a few blasty parts as well. Stoked to be turned on to this band. And with white vinyl, into it. (BL)
(Adagio 830)

ILSA – "The Maggots Are Hungry" LP

When I first dropped the needle I immediately thought KHANATE with their super slow pained doom sound. But the track eventually kicked into a mid-paced heavy hardcore sound. ILSA have clearly taken a handful of different sounds they like and melded them into their own. The opening track, "Next in Line" is a perfect example. A minute or two of very slow doom, only to change into a mid-paced metal gallop with slight crust influences and then to finish off with a classic doom sound including a guitar solo. "Primrose Path" on the other hand is fast nasty heavy hardcore with metal leanings. All of this is a nice combination of doom/crust and a little death metal. (MH)
(A389)

JAPANISCHE KAMPFHÖRSPIELE – "Hardcore aus der Ersten Welt" LP

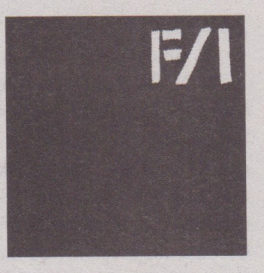
I haven't heard anything from JAKA in a couple years and thought they might have called it quits. I was excited to hear where they had gone on this LP. Then I realized this is a reissue of a CD that came out in 2004. JAPANISCHE KAMPFHÖRSPIELE are one of the weirder grindcore bands I've ever heard. Their music is not only a twisted take on grindcore, but the songs are terribly complex without sounding techie at all. Remember SCRAWL? Odd like them without the ska influence. And, also from Germany. Multiple vocalists, rhythm changes all over the places and a goofy heaviness. I love it. Lyrics mostly in German so I can't tell you what they are singing about. Such a unique sound and band. I love them but can understand how not everyone into grindcore would enjoy this. Give them a listen if you want a different take on grindcore. (MH)
(Phantom)

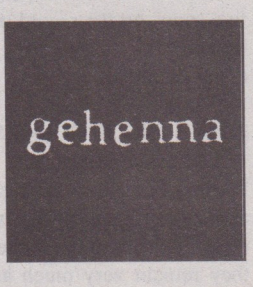
THE JERRY SPIDER GANG – "Back to Life" EP

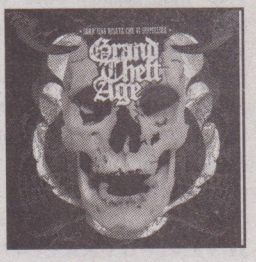
Raucous punk rock 'n' roll from France. Take some STOOGES or DEAD BOYS inspired riffs on amphetamines, throw in some raging solos and you've got a winner. Three songs that are sonic distillation of a transnational bender. (P$)
(Frantic City)

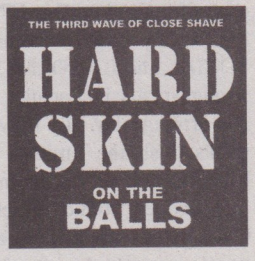
JOHNS TOWN ALOHA – "Single Complete Album" CD

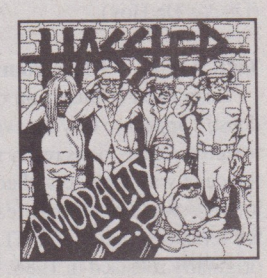
This is a great discography put together for the worst of all possible reasons. JOHNS TOWN ALOHA were around from 2008 to 2012, until the tragic death of founding bass player/vocalist Nagasaki Nightmare. The surviving members have not started a new band called CROCODILE COX AND THE DISASTER (new single reviewed elsewhere in this issue). This CD compiles all three singles and the split EP with REDNECKS (such a fucking ripping record!), all of which are very much worth hearing. The basic sound is chaotic thrashy punk, very bass driven with aggressive pounding drums and wild solos all over the verses à la BLACK FLAG. That being said, the more accurate comparison is a joining of the stripped-down simplicity and drive of GAUZE with the melodic sense of contemporaries SKIZOPHRENIA. Compared to many of their peers, JOHNS TOWN ALOHA seemed not to get a great deal of hype, which is a shame because they were a damned good band, and I'm glad Devi and Hayato have decided to continue to make music together and carry on the legacy of a band that was sadly stopped far too early. While this collection is an easy recommend, I'd say every one of these records is worth tracking down in its own right, especially the first EP (*We Painted the Last Cult*) and the split with REDNECKS. This swank package also includes a live DVD that I can't watch because it's coded Region 2 and I'm not tech-savy enough to figure out how to make it work, but I'm sure it's fucking great and well worth watching as well. (AU)
(H:G Fact)

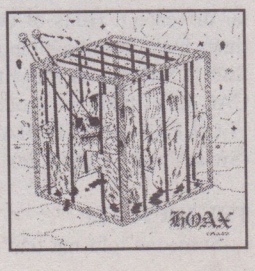












JOWLS – "Cursed" 10"

At times this band musically reminds me of PG. 99. The lyrics are pretty melodramatic and that turns me off a bit. Although all the band members can clearly play their instruments only one of the songs on this six song EP really stands out, and that's the song "Sway Slow." This song reminds me a little more of a band like SINALOA because they've slowed the pace down and made the song a little more straightforward, but still kept it interesting, unique, and catchy. The other five songs on the record don't quite stand out in the same way. (P$)
(Tiny Engines)

JUGGLING JUGULARS – "Asylum" EP

I've heard songs here there from this long-running Finnish gang over the years, but as far as I can remember this is my first time sitting down and listening to one of their records, and they remain very much as I remembered. Stridently political lyrics over solid melodic hardcore that recalls both GORILLA BISCUITS and poppier Brit punk stuff à la WAT TYLER/ SCHWARTZENEGGAR. There are some excellent hooks here, especially in the rousing close of "Children of the Cold War" and it's an overall impressive outing for a band well into their third decade of activity. (AU)
(Kämäset Levyt)

JUVENTUD CRASA – "Calor Entre Los Dientes" EP

Puerto Rico's JUVENTUD CRASA covers a lot of ground on this EP. The first three tracks are punchy punk anthems recalling PELIGRO SOCIAL and LA POLLA RECORDS—i.e. very strong vocals in Español backed up by catchy and driving riffs. Flip it over, and the other three tracks push the limits a bit, maybe like POLISKITZO if they were more epic and recorded in a "proper" studio (which they should not do). Overall, the compositions are quite inventive, the vocals are very charismatic, and this EP is really just awesome. (MA)
(Discos De Hoy)

THE KICK – "Close Your Eyes/Adicts"

I can't tell if this is an official reissue, but it doesn't appear to be your average shitty boot. The textured sleeve looks really nice and the matrix in the dead wax isn't scratched out. The KICK was a Swiss wave-punk that featured Sara the tuneful female vocalist of TNT, and this single was originally released in 1986. "Close Your Eyes" is a great UK-anarcho-meets-reggae offering, while "Adicts" is a more upbeat, chorus-drenched guitar driven hit. Hints of darkness creeping in at times make it impossible to not compare this to SIOUXSIE, but maybe with equal parts POLITICAL ASYLUM, and modern stuff like ARCTIC FLOWERS and BELGRADO. I like. (MA)
(Swiss Punk / Static Age)

THE KICK – LP

Someone told me that a post-punk band existed with women from TNT and MANNISCH DEPRESSIV and my mind was blown and the walls were lined with curious thoughts. Then I got this beautiful reissue for review… Well it's actually just Sara who sung in TNT and MD and two dudes, one of whom might have also been in TNT but I found the liner notes confusing so I am not entirely sure. Well, regardless of who did what in what amazing Swiss punk band, this is a cool record; Sara's vocals are faultless, not as psycho as in her earlier bands of course, because baby this is the new wave… The liner notes cite SIOUXSIE as an influence, and the sharp, clipped cool delivery is there, but her voice is calm and even somehow rather than trilling, somewhere between Alison from YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS and SIOUXSIE? This is pop tinged dark wave, music made out of the wreckage of 1970s riots in new 1980s industrial landscapes, evocative and powerful sounds that illuminate the total disillusionment of a post-Reagan / Thatcher world… The live tracks on this actually make the record, which is a rare occurrence. Usually with reissues people will fill up a side with miscellaneous live crap, just so they can make an LP out of a 12" EP or a 7". The live stuff on here disproves that theory; it totally rips and puts across the energy of the band in a way that the 12" doesn't quite reveal. Sara's vocals are fierce, and the band sound like they are on fire. It sort of makes one wish they had captured that aspect of the band's sound in the recording studio, as it's quite incendiary. As always with Statik Shock/Swisspunk reissues this looks beautiful, and is definitely worth your time… Pick up the 7" while you're at it. (LG)
(Static Age)

LANDVERRAAD – "No Love for a Nation" EP

Five super fucking angry tracks of dual interweaved woman vocals traveling through hardcore, blastbeat-laden killer thrash brutality. This is mostly fast with some good tempo changes, stop/start moments and melodic weird cool atonal shit. This is good. Songs in Dutch, English and Russian blowing apart racist "immigration controls," nationalism, binary gender roles, the run to progress without thought of environmental consequence and a song about one of their moms. You wanna know more? Well, they have song descriptions to bring you up to speed. Very cool record, let's play together. (MB)
(Mosh Potatoes / Rope of Guillotine, no info / Pure Heart / Emancypunx / Dzsukhell / Drink and be Merry / Access X Denied)

LEFT FOR DEAD – "Devoid of Everything" CD

A remastered discography from this well-known Canadian HC/powerviolence band formed in the mid-'90s. I think by now everyone has formed some sort of opinion about these guys, so I'll try to keep this brief. The more blast beat laden parts of their tracks do absolutely nothing for me, but when they break it down, they have some absolutely earth crushing riffs. Also, while he is certainly intense, I've never really cared for Chris Colohan's vocals; they ebb a bit too close to screamo territory for my taste. That being said, as far as '90s hardcore goes, you'd be hard-pressed to find many acts that were as destructive as LEFT FOR DEAD. If you're a fan this is a must have, and you'll certainly be pleased with the slightly tweaked sound, as this band has never sounded better. Mosh someone you hate, I guess. (KM)
(A389)

LIBYAN HIT SQUAD / ROUND EYE – split LP

I cam across LIBYAN HIT SQUAD accidentally several years ago, they were opening a show they had no business playing somewhere in Southern Florida and the punks either hated or ignored them (a fact that the dudes in LHS seemed quite pleased with). They killed it—proficient and discordant, musically challenging in the same way NOMEANSNO is, but dirtier. Their recorded output is no different, and this new slab tops their last efforts by leaps and bounds…while these sounds are probably best avoided by the rigid "I only listen to bands that sound like MINOR THREAT or DISCHARGE" set, those with welcoming ears will find well intellectually advanced and sonically paranoid punk with influences as varied as DEAD KENNEDYS and DRIVE LIKE JEHU and with Greg Ginn contributing lead guitar to one track. ROUND EYE on the flip feature LHS frontman Chachy (and an omnipresent saxophone), hail from Shanghai, China and crank out some of the most infectious guitar driven space punk I've heard in ages. HAWKWIND and '90s college rock collide headfirst with US hardcore sensibilities dulled by geography and musical insight, and the result is nothing short of brilliant. I was aware of this band simply because of the LHS connection, but while my hopes were high I could not have imagined that they would be this good. Cannot recommend this record enough. (WN)
(Ripping)

THE LINES WE CROSS – "Enlightened Path" EP

Fucking hell, I made somebody really mad here at *MRR* HQ this month. Either that or I should have never fucking opened my mouth about my embarrassing '90s mosh-metal past. Look, this is a perfectly awesome record if you think hardcore peaked around the midpoint of the MORNING AGAIN discography. Got an unironic "Prison of Hope" tattoo? This is your shit. But To say that this is slavishly imitating a style of hardcore that has not aged particularly well at all would be an understatement. Who knows though, maybe this kind of thing is making a comeback, spoken word intros and all. If it is I'll have to buy stock in JNCOs and tiny backpacks before the market takes off. (AU)
(Fruchtsaft Loving Youth / Steeltown)

LOLA-COLA – "Tough Love/You Got a Mouth on You"

This band features the infamous Rob Yazzie of FELLS fame on bass. Rock'n'punk with great female vocals from Penny Cola. It's good to see

folks still following the RAMONES thing and having pride in their band and marrying the name. Musically, "Tough Love" has punk hit written all over it. Reminds me of the LOUDMOUTHS and side two has a hint of X-RAY SPEX of course because of the sexy sax and the tempo is right too. Four dicks up. Buy it. (RO)
(Ken Rock)

LOST CHERREES – "S.O.P.H.I.E." 12"

So, from what I can gather, this is a benefit record to raise money for the Sophie Lancaster Foundation. Sophie Lancaster was a young woman who was attacked and killed in the UK in 2007 for looking Goth and like an outcast from so-called "normal" society. I think this is a good cause and I believe that attention should be called to the fact that kids treat kids like shit. Bullying should not be tolerated in any form. With all due respect to the cause, this record is really bad. The single song on side A starts off with a two-three minute a capella lament that launches into a tepid, somewhat mid-tempo peace-punky/hard-rock kind of song. There is nothing about this song that is engaging or worthwhile. There's a second spoken word part in the middle (accompanied by an acoustic interlude) that is just embarrassing. It sounds as if the speaker is just reading this piece for the first time and she even stumbles over her words. The song closes with more of the same tepid rock. It just drags on and on. Side B is a dub version of the same song. Good cause. Bad record. (GH)
(Antisociety)

LOVESORES – "Bubblegum Riot" 10"

This looks like aging rockers from douchebag hipster city (Portland). I'm trying to give them a fair shake. Really. It's in the vein of the HUMPERS or LAZY COWGIRLS (in their dreams). The singer annoys the fuck out of me. The guitar player can play but who gives a flying fuck. I'm wiping my ass with the cover as I write this. (RO)
(No Front Teeth / Rapid Pulse)

MAAILMANLOPPU – "Musta Ovi/Enää Kiväärit Laulaa"

Yes! Perfect! Goddamn…how do I describe this record to you? I can't! We're all so used to making safe (or obscure) comparisons to styles or bands that we like, but I'm always hungry for the records that truly break margins and exceed expectations. MAAILMANLOPPU have done it! I've been blaring their previous 12" consistently the past couple months, so when I got assigned this I knew I scored! Expecting greater, fast hardcore, I got blindsided by two totally unconventional slow-to-mid paced punk masterpieces. There are elements of dark/post punk blended in here, but this is so much punker and more groundbreaking than other bands doing that stuff right now – and I don't even feel like they're trying to be goth or anything. This is just an astonishing single! Don't overlook this, and go pick up their 12" from last year too if you haven't already! (MA)
(Kämäset Levyt)

MAX LOAD – "Maximum Artpunk'n'Roll from the Wrong Side of the River 1979-1983" LP

Have you heard?! MAX LOAD is from *Illinois*!! That's right, Illinois represent. Fuckin' sick as fukk shitty lo-fi KBD punk trash from Illinois circa 1979 that you've never heard of. Why is that? Either because a copy with an original sleeve is criminally impossible to obtain, or a sleeveless copy is criminally easy to obtain. There's nothing in the middle for us collectors on a budget to splash out on next paycheck. Well fuck, I guess that's the future of collecting. Well, at least MAX LOAD now has a full posthumous LP so they can be written into the annals of punk rawk history. So what do we have here? Well, the 45 is an unfuckwithable keyboard damaged two-sider. The rest of Side A is demos from 1980 showing the LOAD stretching out a bit, plenty more synth damage and muffled basement psychedelia, with a couple crude punk blasts thrown in for good measure. Side B goes off the DIY deep end, circa 1981-83 home taping excursions, with lots to sink your teeth into. Rad full color cover, poster insert plus a bonus CD of more unreleased '80s dementia with bonus DVD footage, I think it retails for fifteen bucks. What the fuck are you waiting for?! (GB)
(Rerun)

MINDSET – "Leave No Doubt" LP

Goddamn, this LP rips and makes me wish I was still edge. Absolutely raging straightedge hardcore in the classic youth crew style, à la *We're Not in This Alone*. There are no corny parts, just awesome riffs, mosh breaks and very pissed off, very positive vocals. MINDSET have perfected this style and somehow managed to fill a whole LP with no filler, unlike a lot of modern youth crew bands out there. I would love to see kids going off for this band live. Kicking myself for missing them at Gilman a few weeks ago! (TM)
(REACT!)

MISSION FOR CHRIST – "The Complete Sessions" CD

A bonafide D.C. band if there ever was one. Formed after the first wave of D.C. hardcore, these guys took a cheekier, diverse approach to punk. I remember hearing their demo songs when I first discovered hardcore and was living just outside the Nation's capital, and I was nonplussed. Revisiting those tracks on this CD has not swayed my opinion. MFC were seemingly averse to committing to an actual sound, and tried just about everything even remotely related to punk, as evidenced by this release. Their more hardcore songs are akin to the MIDDLE CLASS, but they aren't memorable. Other tracks veer between the bass-heavy, go-go style of TROUBLE FUNK, and the artier aesthetic of NO TREND, whose label released the only proper MISSION FOR CHRIST EP. Unfortunately, none of the songs in question are particularly notable. If you're an early American hardcore completist, this CD might be worth checking out, but there's usually a reason some bands are forgotten by time. (KM)
(Ektro)

MOIRA SCAR – "Scarred for Life" CD

Deep weirdo death rock with a major cabaret tinge. This band is around a lot and they look like cartoon characters and act like they are from space. The freakiest costumes, the freakiest trombone blurts, the freakiest keyboard splats. Kind of like walking through a haunted house filled with demons singing in pseudo operatic tones. Sometimes they seem a little too cheesy and I don't quite dig them but they are such true freaks that I can appreciate it. (MM)
(Resipiscent)

MYSTERY MACHINE – "Electric Primitive" CD

Not badly drawn cartoon artwork of a STIV BATORS dude with some BETTY PAGE devil chicks and skeletons. You get the idea. Not into it. On their best day they have some hints of the SAINTS but overall it blows. (RO)
(Rockett Fuckoff Studios)

NEON BONE – "Quits the Band" EP

Is there a reason that the first two songs on this record sound like cover songs to me? Is it because the band sounds kinda like HÜSKER DÜ with some QUEERS mixed in? "The band"? Apparently, this is a one-man show. Use the 3-D glasses that come with the record and have a look at the pics. It's one dude! Anyhow, this is excellent pop punk that hasn't been castrated. Did I say excellent? I did. From Germany. Apparently every record label that has ever existed had some part in putting this out. (KK)
(John Steam / Last Exit Music / Nebula Fünf Enterprises / Ring of Fire / Subwix / TrueTrash)

NEW MORALITY – "No Morality" CD

This is some hard as nails hardcore from Germany that sounds a lot like TERROR. I had to look in the insert to check if Scott Vogel was the singer of this band. He's not; it's some other dude who kinda sounds like him. This CD fucking rules though. Total bonehead jams on here. You got heavy as shit riffs, totally dumb, awesome mosh breaks, all the bases are pretty much covered. They do get into some vaguely melodic territory at times, which is almost always a deal breaker for me, but it actually rules when this band does it, 'cause it's more of a weird Mike Dijan style octave chord thing, and not some epic amazingcore chorus that a lot of bands try to do. Very cool, solid release. Fans of Reaper records bands should be into it. (TM)
(Demons Runamok)

NOCTURNAL FEEDING / PETER STUBB – split EP

PETER STUBB had me laughing. This appears to be a one man, noise/punk/grind/joke band. Guitars sound cheap (not a bad thing), drums simple, death metal vocals run through a vocoder and a lo-fi aesthetic all add up to some silliness. I imagine a guy who loves hardcore and creates pop tunes but with a goregrind aesthetic. Does that make sense? The last track is a straight pop tune. NOCTURNAL FEEDING's side started with an acoustic track that could easily fit in the anti-folk world like PALEFACE, acoustic AGAINST ME! or early BECK. I happen to love anti-folk and liked NOCTURNAL FEEDING. (MH)
(Let's Pretend)

NO POWER – "No Peace" 12"

As far as genre records go, this one is pretty damn good. The genre in question is D-beat, and these North Carolinians pull it off better than most. The wheel is not being reinvented here, and that's okay. Most of the tracks are standard fare, with the obligatory drumbeat, thick riffs, scratchy non-solos, and echoed vocals. They do mix it up a bit, like during the second half of "Rational/Rationale," which is straight dirge with feedback and an obsessive bass line. The vocalist does an excellent job of keeping with the music, which gives almost all of the songs a memorable vibe. Definitely recommended for fans of this style, and good enough to appease any jaded crusty that will incessantly compare any band of this nature to DISCHARGE. (KM)
(Sorry State)

OH SHIT THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US – "Combat Shock" EP

Oh Shit! They're gonna bore the crap outta me! You get some lame *Weird War* rip off comic book cover, and some weak '80s style thrash with modern production. The title track is about all the shit they dealt with in 'Nam. I'm sure these bozos weren't born yet. They do a VENOM song cover song on side two. So what. (RO)
(Cobra Cabana)

OOGA BOOGAS – LP

This is an interesting record that plays like a collection of singles… not because *all* the songs are hits (though there are some really good moments on here) more because the album lacks cohesion. You get some garage rock, new wave, and synth heavy swagger from this Australian group featuring members of TOTAL CONTROL. This lack of cohesion doesn't detract from the listening experience. What does detract from the listening experience is that some of the songs seem ill-conceived. Like the eight minute repetitive boogie of "Sex in the Chill Zone" that lost my interest about 30 seconds in. There are other songs however like "Circle Of Trust" in which a repetitive bass line comes together really nicely with some tastefully minimalist guitar riffs. You also have a song like "It's a Sign" that sounds, in a not so subtle way, like a lost VELVET UNDERGROUND track. This one is a mixed bag despite some standout tracks. (P$)
(Aarght!)

OUT CROWD – "Just Us" EP

Standard fare hard youth crew-ish tunes on this one. Moshes, tough intros, faster parts. Cool, just not outstanding. (JU)
(Reaper)

PEEPLE WATCHIN' – "Somethin ta Tell Ya" 12"

Country rock tinged pop punk from the heartland of the American countryside, Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts. Seriously, the first song on side B could be an OLD 97S song, just way punked out. Other moments worth remembering include the legitimately catchy intro on the first song and the equally legitimately shitty guitar solo on the same song. Unfortunately, most of the rest of the record ends up mired in the same rut I find PRETTY BOY THORSON's records to inhabit. There's just too much SCREECHING WEASEL and not enough country or innovation. But keep those shitty guitar solos coming, because I get so goddamn excited when someone plays beyond their ability and shreds beyond all sense or good taste. (LP)
(Nervous Nelly)

PERSPEX FLESH – "Heavy Steps" EP

These guys sound like Britain's answer to GAY KISS. Burly, beastly, mid-paced hardcore with some neat atonal leads on top of everything. This style of the 'core seems to be quite in vogue at the moment, but fortunately these guys do it really well. A couple of the tracks incorporate some '90s style riffs and beats to keep things sounding distinct. The opener, "Heavy Steps," is the legitimate banger on this record, but leading off with such a raging slugfest kind of makes the rest of the EP seem like a step down. Also, as much as I like this record, it sounds like they can't decide if they want to be straight up moron-core (musically speaking, the lyrics are well-informed sociopolitical musings) with an endlessly plodding HOAX-style aesthetic, or really test themselves, get fucking weird and see where they end up. For our sake, I hope they choose the latter path, because the talent is already present. This EP is right up there with the NO LP that dropped last year as far as my favorite recent UK hardcore records, definitely pick it up. (KM)
(Video Disease)

PERTTI KURIKAN NIMIPÄIVÄT – "Ossa Eläimetkin Pieree" EP

I reviewed a CD by this band a couple of issues back and liked it a lot. I feel the same way about this little record. PERTTI KURIKAN NIMIPAIVAT is a band of four mentally disabled Finnish men who play deceptively simple, yet catchy punk. The six songs on this record feature gruff, impassioned vocals, three chord anthems and a whole lot of heart. I suggest that you watch the movie, *The Punk Syndrome* and learn all that you can about this inspirational band. Great record! (GH)
(Punk & Pillu)

PIG CONTROL – "Kreuz" EP

The quality here really varies by track (of which there are four here). #1 is OK crust-leaning hardcore meets mid-period POISON IDEA with dissonant guitar leads. #2 is the record's raging high-point: speedy, abrasive hardcore with riffs I wish I'd written myself, and I can't entirely tell where #3 ends and #4 begins, but all but maybe the last minute of the B-side is feedback followed by crappy buildup, but the minute of rage at the end makes it worth it, even if the label artwork of a guillotine with a heart-shaped head hole makes me think of fucking SUBMISSION HOLD (possibly the worst band ever). (DG)
(Heart First)

P.L.F. — "Devious Persecution and Wholesale Slaughter" 12"

I'm a pretty zealous PLF fan so when I pulled this out of the stack and the reviewer boner hit, I had to sit down while my circulatory system adjusted to modified blood flow options. The first LP in five-ish years and a welcome square meal for the grind heads, rather than the hors d'oeuvre of splits the band has released in recent years. The record is fourteen songs of the band's established style of crafty grind riffs, over brutallic drumming, this time provided by the venerable Bryan

Fajardo of KILL THE CLIENT and GRIDLINK association. Fans will be relieved to discover PLF has not fallen off in the least. I could scribble for quite a while fellating this band, but let's just say that this record is recommended. (BL)
(Six Weeks)

P-NISSARNA – "Jugend" EP

Re-issue of '80s KBD Sweden snot punk as fuck jamz. All three songs on this are catchy. This is definitely a classic record, but regardless of whatever douche-bag record hoarder status you belong to…or not, pick this up if you can, 'cause these are just great OG punk songs. This record has the sound that gels all genres together, definition of classic punk through and through. (MB)
(Re-ken, no info)

POINTED STICKS – "What Do You Want Me to Do/ Somebody's Mom"

Here's a reissue of a classic piece of Canadian punk vinyl from 1979. The POINTED STICKS first single is a snappy blast of tuneful poppy punk. The A-side has the catchy melody of an amped-up BAY CITY ROLLERS (I mean that in a good way) while the flip has the snotty tension and agitated drive of near-contemporaries the BUZZCOCKS. This shits all over the current wave of retro bands aping this style who forget to put the "power" in their powerpop. Essential listening. (AM)
(Ugly Pop)

PRETTY BOY THORSON AND LIL HAPPINESS – "I Ain't Gonna Beg/Running Back"

First NUDE BEACH, then DIVERS and now Jesse is on a SPRINGSTEEN kick too?! The BOSS is reaching his tentacles pretty deep into the punk scene these days and infecting our songwriters with his poetic rambling of driving cars and heartbreak. You too may be one failed relationship away from falling into BRUCE's clutches. I know he's attractive. It's hard to resist a chiseled New Jersey bad boy with small town values, but be strong. We need you here on the other side. And although PRETTY BOY has left us for the dark side, it should be noted that this record, like that of NUDE BEACH and DIVERS is awesome. Both songs could, in their own right, be a radio hit. This record rules, and the B-side destroys. I hate to say it, but long live the evil empire! (FS)
(ADD)

PURPLE 7 – "Purple Seven" 12"

Indie rock from Bloomington, IN. PURPLE 7 remind me a lot of early '90s SUPERCHUNK. There are catchy riffs, strong rhythms and sincere vocals. Plus there is a big hint of REPLACEMENTS worship. Nice packaging with lavender vinyl and the B-side etched with the lyrics of the first song "Poison Ivy". (CK)
(Let's Pretend)

PURITY CONTROL – "Adjusting" EP

Blast beats abound between mid-tempo intros / outros beneath harsh, syllabic vocal delivery on this six-song EP from Toronto's PURITY CONTROL. The consistency of the vocals lends each song its own cohesive character, as if the singer deliberately sticks to a uniform cadence for each track. On "Dear Life" and "Insect Politics" it's a triplet consistency, most other tracks stick to a duo-syllabic vocal presence. The breakdowns closing each side are pretty traditional, except for some encroaching metal guitar riff flourishes. "Gag Order" is particularly effective with its descending tempo, dissonant riff and exasperated declaration, "I'm tired." The performances here are tight and assertive, but PURITY CONTROL's thematic cohesiveness and confident delivery of traditional tropes earn them a "notch above" token. (SL)
(self-released)

RAD PAYOFF – "Amazing Blaze" EP

RAD PAYOFF manages to, while staying firmly within the well-drawn lines of pop punk, make some decent, interesting choices. There are some strange chords, bass shredding, and nice twangy tone on at least one of the guitars. Overall, this is a goofy and catchy take on what can be a stale and repetitious endless harkening-back-to D4. However, this record won't convert anyone who doesn't already like pop punk. (LP)
(Let's Pretend)

RED HEX – "Shoulda Known/Down in the Dirt"

Cool snotty punk from Tacoma WA who bring to mind GIRL TROUBLE and KARP! Seriously, one side is total rad blown out garage punk, then the other is a kreepy KARP like rocker… "Shoulda Known" must be under a minute long, it's perfect succinct destruction for those who know their Washington garage punk history but just need *mooooore*, then you flip it and shit gets weird, mutant small town fucked up action core! This is a cool record by a band I look forward to hearing more from. (LG)
(Negative Fun)

REJECTS OF SOCIETY – "Against Time" 12"

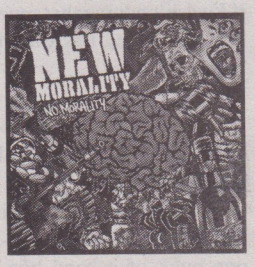
This Italian band plays straight-ahead tough-guy hardcore with chugga-chugga mosh parts and shout-a-long choruses about not giving a fuck, getting tattoos, etc. During the slow mosh parts the vocals almost have a rap quality to them. There are places where the melodic guitar calls to mind GORILLA BISCUITS but overall it's a pretty generic sound. It's well done for what it is: they've aimed for the middle of the road, tough guy '90s American hardcore and nailed it. The record closes with a sped-up version of OPERATION IVY's "Knowledge" that doesn't seem entirely necessary. (AM)
(Steeltown)

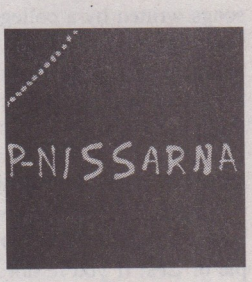
REJECTS OF SOCIETY – LP

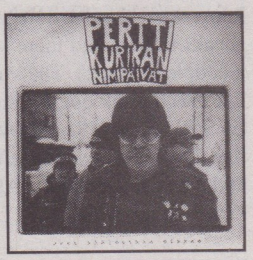
European mosh metal with gratuitous crew vocals and ample opportunity for dogpiles. The opening track is a stinker and it took a few tunes for them to bring me back, but they started to suck me in despite the backing vocals that tend to land on the pop punk side of cheesy hardcore. Lyrics are well thought out and optimistic without being blindly idealistic, and the jams are powerful and full of hooks (and breakdowns). (WN)
(Steeltown)

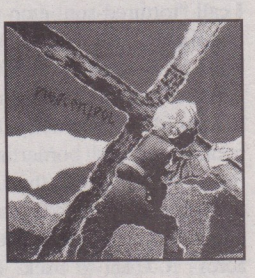
REGRES – "Nie Patrzeć Wstecz" 12"

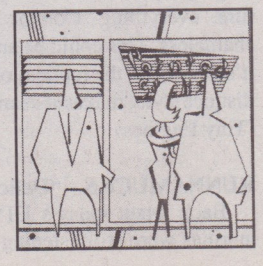
This long-running Polish band makes excellent use of the 12" EP format. They play a traditional short-hair hardcore style very fucking well. The production is full and rough, the guitars play leads and riffs in equal measure, the songs are (for the genre) creative but still tight. Lyrics are in Polish with English translations provided—they're positive and frustrated. I'm digging this for sure. (JM)
(Refuse)











REVEREND SAVAGE AND HIS HOLY ROLLERS – "I Am the Bible" LP

MARTIN SAVAGE of Savage Records and one of my all-time favorite bands THE BLACKS throws his hat into the ring of garage rockers turned rock'n'roll preachers. Some day I will get to the bottom of this phenomenon, which I can only hope, is considered somewhat kitschy. The songs are of the god is good, the devil is bad variety played in a frantic garage-y style without too much over-the-top proclamations of faith. In fact, if I wasn't paying that much I attention and didn't hear any lyrics, this wouldn't be a bad garage album. (CK)
(Savage)

THE ROMAN CANDLES – "Gracious Living/Yellow Smile"

A couple songs that exist somewhere between the folk punk of Plan-it-X style jams and the pop punk of a band like ONION FLAVORED RINGS. These are unpretentious straightforward songs written by a college kid ostensibly about post high school malaise and dead friends, but are more accurately about being young and feeling disenfranchised. (P$)
(Vallejo By Knife)

ROUGH KIDS – "The State I'm In" LP

Thanks to Sorry State, we get the album we've been waiting for after ROUGH KIDS' first couple of EPs. If you're not familiar, you're going to be treated to some raw, driving '77 influenced punk played by hardcore scene veterans who know what they're doing. A little pub rock vibe sneaks in here and there – there's even piano on a couple of tracks. The vocals have an anthemic LA beach-punk quality, similar to the OBSERVERS/RED DONS, but overall the band sounds like they spend way more time in the garage than at the beach. Great LP. (AM)
(Sorry State)

RUN FOREVER – "Settling" 12"

This is a record that perfectly defines a genre I call "tortured-soul-emo-pop." It has all the tell tale signs of this new and exciting style of music. First of all (and most importantly) every song needs to be about being miserable. Lyrics need to read like bleak poetry. Lots of very emotional breakdowns with borderline whiney vocal inflections. And of coarse (this is very necessary folks) the token acoustic song in the middle of the album. This album has BRIGHT EYES smeared across it, front to back. This dude (the singer) wants to be Connor Oberst so fucking bad. The singing style, the word choices, the song structure, everything. Connor Connor Connor! It's shameless. This could be an interesting album for it's genre, but the replication of a certain person's distinct style, makes it seem formulaic. (FS)
(Tiny Engines)

RUNNAMUCKS – "Deficit of Dreams" LP

Back when today's DIY hardcore scene celebrities were still listening to emo and wouldn't have thought HARD SKIN was funny, the RUNNAMUCKS were playing breakneck thrashy hardcore that was getting compared to the NEOS and GANG GREEN, yet these snotty high schoolers from suburban Orlando hadn't heard of these bands, and were simply trying to play the fastest music they could. They got their kicks, threw animal shit into the crowd at at least one show, pissed off a bunch of people who probably needed their egos checked, and released some still-great fast hardcore records in near-obscurity along the way (the split 7" with the LUMPS and the *On The Brink* LP being two of them). They dabbled with rock influence from the beginning, which would come to envelop their entire sound, with the killer *Of a Different Breed* LP coming out while the thrashy-hardcore-to-serious-rock-band transition was still underway. Unfortunately, the quality started to go downhill from there, and while this LP has a few respectable songs, it is mostly heavily subdued "mature" rock. For a comparison, imagine any of the hardcore-gone-'70s rock bands of the last few years getting married, having a couple of kids, and starting to enjoy later EVERCLEAR albums (I'm sure there are more direct comparisons to '60s or '70s rock bands that once ripped and later wrote dad music, but I thankfully haven't heard said output). I get it, you've been living fast for the last fifteen years, and now you're burnt out and had your heart broken and just want to mellow out and play music that reflects that, but that doesn't mean I'm gonna want to listen to the result. With not much more refining, the song "Don't Cry About Me" would be radio-friendly, and "Validation" has guitar leads that are close to indistinguishable from synthesizers that are somewhere between '80s dance pop and the GET UP KIDS or something. Even the last LPs introduction of keyboards, while still not the best, at least invokes JERRY LEE LEWIS rather than solo ERIC CLAPTON or whoever on this record. Sorry. And I say this as someone who listens to *We Must Burn* as often as *Pick Your King*. But if you've never heard the RUNNAMUCKS, the *Of a Different Breed* and *Inferno* LPs are still in print, and *On the Brink* LP can be found for cheap. (DG)
(Ripping)

SABERTOOTH – "Morning Breath" EP

SABERTOOTH's sound was definitely weaned on post GREEN DAY major label pop punk, and then distilled down to more conventional sounding pop punk. In the end, they come off sounding something like RVIVR with drums recorded by the Fat Wreck in-house recording engineer. Speaking of the drums, they are screamingly loud on this seven inch. This is some typical Midwestern sounding pop punk with nothing to rescue it from mediocrity. (LP)
(Debt Offensive)

SAD NEUTRINO BITCHES – "Squaw" LP

SAD NEUTRINO BITCHES hail from Germany, have existed since 2000 and this is their first full length LP. They're a little too punk to just be labeled as "garage" and a little too garage to be labeled as "punk", so I guess "garage punk" is the apt description. They take some cues from the early Crypt records catalog, but inject it with over-the-top, high-pitched male vocals. Moments of this remind me of early GAUNT and the BANANAS, but these guys kinda have their own sound going as well. It's a strong album all around and the songs are short as hell, which is always a plus in my book. One thing I have to say is that it's 2013 and I don't feel the need to explain why their band name and LP title are both stupid and offensive. With that, I'm out. (GH)
(Phantom / Spastic Fantastic)

SECULAR PLAGUE – "Death for Sale" CD

Woah, this band is tight. Deathrock meets anarcho punk from Belgium. Think RUDIMENTARY PENI style riffing but also with a '80s Orange County TSOL vibe, especially in the vocal style. The style of riffs and straight up chorus pedal guitar tone reminds me of the Farce EP. The songs are very mid-tempo and short, the production is clean, the riffs are perfect and every song on here is really cool. (TM)
(Flehmen / Realicide)

SHIT CREEK – "Psychic Hospital" EP

If you are familiar with ADD's previous output of dude-centric region rock (hereafter to be referred to as "D4 worship"), then you are probably already aware of whether or not you like this seven-inch. Featuring members of such illustrious acts as DUDE JAMES and SHANGHAI RIVER, this is the same kind of gruff voiced dude pop punk that churns out from within the fluctuating borders of "the region." If you like TILTWHEEL, listen to a TILTWHEEL record instead. If you don't like TILTWHEEL, don't listen to them or this SHIT CREEK record. (LP)
(ADD)

SKIZOPHRENIA – "Don't Give Up!!!!" EP

45rpm is the best speed for this record, but it doesn't really sound quite right on any speed. I don't think SKIZOPHRENIA is meant to sound right. This record is just revolutions per minute *beyond* the RPM my friend. SKIZOPHRENIA likes *punk* punk; they are grating like GAI and upbeat. They have that positive sound like CRUDE, but on speed. I like Cola. I'm going to call this Cola punk—a new sound for a new punk future. (AE)
(Hardcore Survives)

SOKEA PISTE – "Välikäsi" CD

Dark and forceful Finnish punk. Driving paces are topped with walls of Mould-esque guitars and a sharp vocal attack, but a large chunk of these tracks are mid paced plodding, putting the emphasis on the calculated sonic presentation instead of throwing it all in your face at once. The progression from the more aggressive *Ajatus Karkaa* from 2011 is apparent (and that release appears at the end of the CD version of *Välikäsi*), and while I miss some of the intensity, the maturity in this new record is appreciated. Far from brainless hardcore, these are thinking people's punks who are well ad-

ept at crafting a noise rock song that still doesn't let you forget their roots, and more importantly holds your interest. (WN)
(Ektro)

SOCIETY NURSE – 12"

Following up on an excellent debut 7", the latest entry from SOCIETY NURSE showcases a unit at the top of their game, dishing out ugly, caustic paeans to disappointment and humanity's collective sense of helplessness, taken over the top by its massively modern but filthy production and some killer bass tone. There's no denying the '80s US hardcore feel (especially the Midwest), but this is way too intelligent and off-the-wall to be dismissed as mere "retro" nostalgia fodder. SOCIETY NURSE is the sort of band that old heads and HOAX-worshipping neophytes can get together to recognize as the real fucking deal. Members of WALLS and BOOKBURNER, but who's counting? (WB)
(Iron Lung)

STATIC EYES – "Trouble/Waves"

Booming garage punk from Wisconsin. "Trouble" rocks fairly traditionally, but the fuzzy lead guitar interrupts the groove in a great way. "Waves" is the more aggressive tune and my pick of the two. They flirt slightly with the sounds of the HORRORS or NECESSARY EVILS, but never fully dive in, rooting themselves more in punk than anything else. Worth a look. (MC)
(Windian)

STOIC VIOLENCE – 12"

Split release between Katorga Works and Video Disease, which should clue you in to the current buzz about this band. Fear not, this record lives up to whatever ridiculous preconceived Internet notions of grandeur preceded its release. However, when it comes down to it, this is just fucking hardcore. Really, really good hardcore. The first song is called "Fight Them All," and it does make me want to fight them all! And I don't even know who "they" are! This band is like POISON IDEA on speed mixed with the songwriting sensibilities of the SUICIDE FILE (yes, dude does sound a bit like Dave Weinberg, not a bad thing). No frills, no bullshit, just short, fast, and loud tracks with tight instrumentation that will encourage the affected youth of the punk scene to incite riots, and will make all semi-jaded codgers like me spring out of our wheelchairs and do a dance. (KM)
(Katorga Works / Video Disease)

STRONG BOYS – "Can't Take It Back" EP

The first vinyl offering from Dublin's STRONG BOYS, this is grimy queer punk for the discerning mysterious leather guy. There's a definite late '70s proto-hardcore feel to the proceedings, replete with swaggering guitar and some truly putrid low-end vox. There's ten seconds of "Lexicon Devil" in there, and a whole lot of GERMS vibes overall (just check out their logo). There's a song about cybersex called "Cocktheft." What more do you need to know? STRONG BOYS, ruling it. (WB)
(self-released)

SWAMPWOLF – "The Brilliance of a Feral Mind" LP

Gloomy metal/punk crossover for the ADHD generation, this gaggle of freeks from Flagstaff happily delve into black metal (lots of black metal), thrash, powerviolence, and good ol' fashioned sludge-crusty HC in their quest to become the heaviest beast in the southwestern US. While this ecumenical approach ensures that there's never a dull moment across a half-hour of playing time, the final result is a somewhat mish-mashed sound that fails to distinguish itself from the hundreds of similar bands whose members had their minds blown the first time HIS HERO IS GONE came on. Things really take a turn for the worse when the band takes a too-frequent left turn into elven power-metal realms, all the more disappointing when this emerges from a totally killer riff. Luckily, there's something redeeming to balance out every Malmsteen-worth guitar lick: vocals are spot-on and the pretty/gnarly dynamics they get going on songs like "Some People's Children" are supremely satisfying. Not bad at all, but with a little more stringent editing this could have really been a contender. (WB)
(Goin' Ape Shit / Morning Star)

SWINGIN' UTTERS – "Poorly Formed" CD

This disc sounds like a different UTTERS. Gone is the barrage of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS-esque street punk. Although that sound has slowly been going away thru all their side projects. With Jack from ONE MAN ARMY now a full time member, they have a more rootsy indie punk rock'n'roll sound. This sounds a bit like the PIXIES, the STROKES, and a pub rock band. Somehow this weird combo works because of their usual strong songwriting. They also mix in a couple of acoustic influenced numbers that take on the lushness of the COUNTING CROWS. Not comparisons one would expect for an UTTERS' album, but this is one to file under the dreaded "just plain good music." Recommended. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

TAUMATURGIA – "Homosapiens" CD

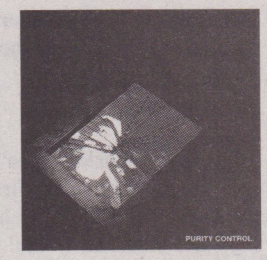
A full length of Polish pop-punk inflected with a healthy dose of ska. Definitely more DISCOUNT than CITIZEN FISH (no horns for starters), they have the good sense to both sing in their language, and provide us not well versed in such linguistics with English translations in the booklet. Catchy and danceable as all such a genre should be. Tricky to sing a long with, but well worth the effort. (RK)
(Pasazer)

TEQUILA SAVATE AND MOJITO RANGERS – CD

As the *MRR* expert on all things one-man band related, here I am again to review the latest. Yet this could possibly get confusing. TEQUILA SAVATE is a one-man band, but on this record he is joined by MOJITO RANGERS on second guitar, which technically makes this not a one-man band record. It is a conundrum to say the least. The music is not your average stomp stompin' one-man band bluesy rock either. It is rather fluid, but still messy and nasty garage rock. The vocals are heavily buried in reverb much reminiscent of TY SEGALL or THEE OH SEES styles, both of whose records are technically one-man band productions as well. So it is probably best to not think about all that and simply enjoy the music. It is quite enjoyable. (CK)
(Bang! Bang!)

TRAUMA – "10 Songs" EP

This five-year-old recording is finally getting proper treatment, a ten-song demo more than worthy of vinyl release. Skip the "members-of" bullshit and dive right into a whirlwind of breakneck hardcore presented at the absolute breaking point both musically and sonically. Japanese ferocity crashes headlong into USHC rage, I have listened to these songs dozens of times but I still got chills when I dropped the needle on "Fall In Line." This is a bittersweet



listen (and review) considering the recent passing of vocalist Jeff Paul, but the power is undeniable. (WN)
(Bulkhead)

TV EYE – "Working Bee" EP

Kudos are in order. First of all, congrats to the singer of TV EYE for having a more annoying voice than Ben Weasel. That's no mean feat. However, we can't forget about the rest of the band, who are working hard to craft songs that I am sick of before they're even over. True, lots of bands are able to do this, but the longest song on this record is just seven seconds over one minute long. Yow! These guys are pros. Straight up and down, this is SCREECHING WEASEL by way of the MARKED MEN, right down to the occasional RAMONES lick. "Punk Bible" wins for having a catchy guitar lead and some subtle bass licks, but then loses by having the worst name of a song ever. (LP)
(Just 4 Fun)

THE UNRELEASABLES – "I Hate My Nazi Girlfriend" EP

Wow. This one is a rager. It's mid-tempo. It's catchy. It's crunchy. It's awkward. It's mechanical. Most of all, it's awesome. With the title track, the additional cuts, "She's an SS Bitch" and "Fuck the Third Reich", give the record a sort of theme. If you think you like punk rock, this one is for you. (KK)
(No Front Teeth)

VACATION – "Candy Waves" EP

There is enough feedback on this record to give the JESUS AND MARY CHAIN a run for their money. I am not complaining. Louder and noisier is always preferred by me. VACATION has catchy songs buried beneath that feedback and the vocals are pretty cool too. I like the record, but I am not a fan of the band name. (CK)
(Drunken Sailor)

VARUKERS – "1984-2000" CD

VARUKERS originated back in 1979 and were a part of that early Riot City Records UK82 camp. To keep it really simple; if you like DISCHARGE, you may like the VARUKERS. I will not expound any more history on you as this is a discography and is a little piece of VARUKERS history in itself. With this double CD, you get the following albums: *Massacred Millions* (1984), *One Struggle One Fight* (1985), *Nothing's Changed* (1994), *Still Bollox But Still Here* (1995, a re-release of old tracks like "Led to the Slaughter"), *Murder* (1998), and *How Do You Sleep?* (2000). Enjoy! (AE)
(Antisociety)

VENKMAN – "Powerviolence and Applesauce" EP

23-tracks of fast, sometimes goofy and wonderful hardcore and powerviolence. VENKMAN are from San Francisco and I had heard nothing of them before this EP. To put it simply this release blew me away. It's one of the first new records in a while that has the all-go fast mentality that first got me interested in hardcore. A lot of the tracks are from a personal perspective with *lots* of mentions of food: "Powerviolence and Applesauce" with lines like "Blast beats/Apple pies, Brutal riffs/Homemade French fries," and "Beer (not Beer)," plus "Macaroni Salad" then "Cajun Alieon" and "Burritos and Wrestling." VENKMAN are a four piece with male and female vocals and play *fast*. Mostly fastcore and powerviolence, but with touches of hardcore and on a few tracks bordering on grindcore. Give this one a listen for sure. (MH)
(Cow Catcher)

VILLAGE PISTOLS – "Big Money/Strawberry Fields Forever"

Here we have a reissue of the only vinyl artifact left behind by North Carolina art prank the VILLAGE PISTOLS. Formed in 1980 by some local musicians as a joke to annoy hipster audiences (hence the awful caterwauling three chord cover of the BEATLES hit) they inadvertently managed to record and release one great, classic US punk song in the title track here: "Big Money" is a cranked-up combination of the GERMS and the DEAD BOYS. Who knows what could have become of them if they'd outlived the joke? (AM)
(Last Laugh)

VIOLENT FUTURE – "Street Prowler" EP

Among the many "Violent..." bands kicking around at the moment, you now have VIOLENT FUTURE to deal with. This gang from Toronto play the kind of mid-paced, slightly Oi!-tinged hardcore that has been in vogue as of late and I'm inclined to say they belong somewhere near the top of the pile. The drummer, Greg, displays a sometimes-tenuous grip on his instrument, but I'll be damned if it doesn't add to the primitive appeal of these songs, all of which are surprisingly powerful despite the stark arrangements. As far as classic east coast US-style hardcore goes, this is one of the more satisfying releases I've heard in some time and I'm excited to see what they do next. (JH)
(Slasher)

VOWELS – "Chained" EP

VOWELS are from Dresden, Germany and contain members (or ex-members) of VITAMIN X, the TANGLED LINES and a few others. With their quick bursts of speed, short songs and borderline chaos VOWELS have a lot in common with powerviolence. But this German band has their own twist on hardcore/fastcore/powerviolence; spastic moments and speedy moments and slow moments and lo-fi moments all boil down to a good hardcore 7". (MH)
(Vendetta)

WALLRIDES – "Cops are Pigs" EP

Given that this band is from Umeå, I am going to guess that the blatant similarities to E.T.A. (as well as the first AMDI PETERSENS ARME 7") are not a coincidence. Not that this is a bad thing in any way. But everything from the clean-ish guitar tone to the way the riffs are played to three out of four songs being about skating brings to mind an uncanny fusion of these two early '00s Scandi-favorites. I would say, however, that the overall vibe of this record (musically, at least) is more about having fun than brooding over a bleak existence, and that the entire record is ripping early '80s style hardcore without anything slow. Great stuff. (DG)
(Kenrock)

WARM TOY MACHINE / WHITE FANGS – split EP

More French garage punk! What the fuck? WARM TOY MACHINE offer up "Angiecaped", an upbeat kitchen sink rocker that starts off trad and combusts into fuzz and tortured yelping. It's a total winner. WHITE FANGS sound a whole hell of a lot more macho with "Shit Happens," built on a simplistic hard rock riff that sounds almost comical when compared to the white-hot shit their counterparts just delivered. No contest here. (MC)
(Frantic City)

WAY TO GO GENIUS – 12"

WAY TO GO GENIUS tries their hand at a variety of shit: catchy near-wave poppers, growling hardcore and dark, creeping punk. It's a bit schizo, but they manage to pull each variant off without any embarrassment. It's all a bit basic to warrant applause, but nothing here outright stinks. (MC)
(Big Arm)

WEEKEND NACHOS – "Watch You Suffer" EP

I've never been able to relate to this band's vibe, but this record is pretty cool. Starts off with a straight up mid-tempo hardcore jammer that breaks into some very slow, punishing sludgy breakdowns with heavy riffing. I once saw the singer throw a rack tom and hit someone in the face at a show. That was pretty intense, and so is this EP. Word around town, this two song 7" is a preview of this band's upcoming full length, so fans of this band should be stoked. (TM)
(A389)

WELTRAUMSCHROTT – "40 Wagen Westwärts/Asphalt Cowboy"

My German sucks but this appears to be a cowboy-themed single. The front, back, and inner layout all feature cowboys (dude's probably German though), and, well, see the song titles? Both songs are decent gruff and melodic punk songs with a hint of mall-punk styling (octave chords). I kinda dig it though, especially side A, kinda reminds me of later SNUFF at their more mid-paced and straightforward moments. (MA)
(Atom Park Rec / Elefenart / John Steam / Knick Knack / My Delight / Sounds Against Matula / Superfluous)

WHITE FANGS – "Drug War" LP

The word that comes to mind while listening to this LP is groovy. That may not be an exactly fair judgment since I know that will immediately conjure up images of hippies in Golden Gate Park, and there is no way I can endorse that kind of review in MRR. That said the guitars on this have a smooth, breezy, jangley style that is um… groovy. So there it is. The vocals vary between lackadaisical and frantic. The drums go crazy on a few songs, but the best ones are when the whole band is locked into that easy-going groove topped with a bit of distortion. (CK)
(Frantic City)

WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET? – "Who Killed Spikey Jacket" 12"

After many returns to this record, I still can't decide: *can four people really be this dumb*? While I certainly hope so, I still have my doubts about the absolute sincerity of the messages promoted by the lyrics and insert of this record, as much as that saddens me to report. What doesn't sadden me it the absolutely flawlessly cretinous punk/Oi!-contained herein, bereft of anything even casually approaching artistry, nuance or craftsmanship of any kind. Taken at face value this is exactly as presented, the perfect music for glue-addled wasters who revel in destroying stuff, getting wasted and well…spikey jackets. Whether this is a sophisticated bit of social commentary or literally the dumbest record of the new millennium so far, it's fucking great (and this aging punk at least needed the kick in the ass that "Punks Dress Punk" provides). (AU)
(Total Fucker)

WORN OUT – "Conform. Obey." EP

Tense, misanthropic and apparently straight edge grind/powerviolence from Chicago, this is a repress of their 2011 demo and some of the best Midwestern fast I've heard since SFN. With a hearty dose of the crust in terms of both beats and production, WORN OUT bust out some huge riffs when they manage to slow down, and the piercing lead vocals are downright nasty. Totally unrelenting and not to be trifled with, posers are encouraged to please fuck off now. (WB)
(Diseased Audio)

WORTHWHILE WAY – "Love Is All" LP

Wow. I'm only halfway through the first cut and I'm thinking this is pretty damn awesome. It's got a little jangly thing going on. And it's got these really pretty female vocals. And it's catchy as all fuck. That pretty well describes the whole record. I don't claim to be an expert on Japanese music or even Japanese punk rock, but this is much different than anything else I've ever heard from Japan, or, as my buddy, Mario, likes to say, The Japan. To me, this is pop music with a punk sensibility. If you trust anybody that would say something like that, you're an idiot. Oh, and how can you not like a band that covers BILLY BRAGG? (KK)
(ADD)

XTRAMEDIUM – "This Hour the Clocks Stop" 12"

Something that I learned recently is that you can absolutely judge an album by its cover. Maybe that doesn't work for books, but albums: yes. Seriously, go look at all your favorite albums. They have cool cover art, right? This line of thinking doesn't offer any guarantees, but it does give you some serious insight to a band. XTRAMEDIUM has awesome cover art, and sure enough when I dropped the needle, awesome music filled my ears. They are a French pop-punk band that has jangly leaving them sounding somewhere between GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE and TULSA. You get a harmonica every once in a while, but it's tasteful. This is way good! (FS)
(Desertion)

YHTEISKUNNAN YSTÄVÄT? – "Kahleet Poikki" CD

Rugged Finnish hardcore in the classic '82 style interspersed with some crusty melodic elements on a few tracks. While I share the desire to keep things from getting stale (an easy limitation within this genre), I think this record shines brightest when they stick to the traditional sound, which clearly runs in through their veins. A bit of a mixed bag, though not without its moments. (JH)
(Roku)

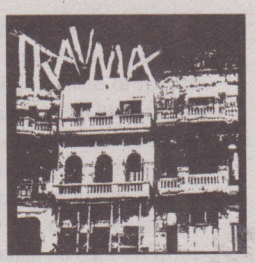
V/A – "Land of Nod" LP

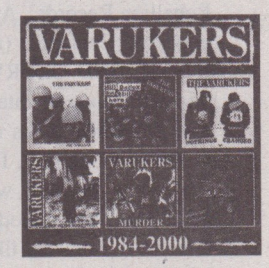
Whoa, what year are we in? Looking and listening to this comp I'd guess 1985. But alas, it is 2013 and Atlanta, GA is on fucking fire. If you don't believe me, it's because you haven't heard this yet. This is the *Bloodstains Across Atlanta, GA* comp that all us KBD freaks have been waiting for; hardcore, weirdo punk, post hardcore, contemporary demented punk with a classic backbone, and a bit of downtrodden grind in there, too. This is why comps are essential, I have just discovered bands I most likely would have never heard of, and they all fucking rule! The RALPH track is great, and I'm really sold on G.H.B and PREDATOR. I was already a fan of MANIC (their new 7" fucking destroys) and BUKKAKE BOYS, but the tracks on this comp are so killer, it made me bust those records out so quick. While the awesome newsprint booklet informs the listener that not all of these bands are currently still active, the ones that are (MANIC, GENTLEMAN JESSE, GG KING, COPS, ACID FREAKS) are powerful forces in the current state of punk. Other bands include WYMYNS PRYSYN, GOD'S BALLS, VINCAS and SHAVED CHRIST, who all rule so hard, but I am unsure if they are all current though. My living room has been stuck in this snapshot of the Atlanta scene since the day I got this in for review, and there are no complaints from me. The Atlanta scene seems to have some grit to it, it has to, or else I don't understand how all the punk from there is so abrasive and honest. This is a great representation of what seems to be a killer scene, and in my opinion, is an instant classic. There is a DIY element to this entire compilation that I sincerely appreciate. FFO: Comps, relevant hardcore and punk, and moshing around your living room. (KR)
(Scavenger of Death)

V/A – "Not So Quiet on the Western Front" 2xLP

After over a decade, the comp that started this publication (and possibly my favorite comp of all time) is finally widely available once again. *MRR* #0 was the insert to this 49-band comp of bands from pretty much all over greater Northern California and Nevada, from San Francisco to the tiniest suburbs and towns, and ranging from the most ubiquitous to bands who never put anything else out. A wide range of punk styles are represented, and for a compilation of nearly 50 bands to have such a high ratio of quality to filler is a remarkable feat.

That said, Alternative Tentacles decided to take some questionable liberties with this reissue. The back blurb was replaced with Jeff Bale's screed conflating the increased presence of punk's social conscience in the '90s with the Moral Majority's religious purity that appeared in his 1999 reissue of this comp (which as far as I know, was placed in the packaging with that reissue, keeping the original back cover untouched). Why the fuck would you replace the original text with this writing, dated 1999 at that, for a reissue coming out in 2013? Thankfully, there is also an excellent insert written from the present-day *MRR* perspective that offers additional commentary, puts the comp in a greater historical context, and offers some responses to Jeff Bale's opinions.





I'm glad that the main insert and original printed sleeve were both kept intact, and that there does not appear to be any difference in sound between this reissue and the original, but it is also annoying that AT did away with the original LP labels with the track listing (which also help the listener keep track of which disk is which), instead opting to provide the listener with the viewing pleasure of the uniform AT logo no matter which of the four sides are playing. But despite these flaws, what's most important is that the record is available again in mostly unaltered form. (DG)
(Alternative Tentacles)

V/A – "Oi! Ain't Dead" CD

It's difficult not to come up with a buttload of witticisms when faced with such a title. What we are faced with is three (largely exclusive to this disc) tracks a piece from the OLD FIRM CASUALS (from Frisco, featuring a certain Lars Frederiksen), Holland's RAZORBLADE (the singer of whom would appear to be the man behind Rebellion Records), Australia's the CORPS, and good old England's (no longer belongs to me) BOOZE AND GLORY. It has to be said, that if this is the current state of Oi!, it's pretty fucked. The first three bands musically, are much more in the (ever elusive, I acknowledge) streetpunk / hardcore bracket, with only the Brits channeling that old melodic sound that one would remember from the likes of COCK SPARRER, LAST RESORT et al. Lars can definitely write a nifty tune in many genres, no complaints there, (though to be quite accurate, the aforementioned "Old Firm" is the Glasgow soccer clubs of Celtic, and Rangers—the latter of whom never actually had casuals per se—and back in the day, casuals fucking hated skinheads. As did most other folks, of course!). Lyrically, this ranges across the typical abysmal tropes of being hard, and not backing down, and you'd better not double-cross me, being proud, and well-dressed, to the sewage of muddle-headed jingoism. The sad bastards from England claim (in the same song), that England will never change ('cause we fought the Argies, and the Irish, and now Al-Qaeda!?), but lament the fact that yuppies are taking over. A real embarrassment to the working class. (RK)
(Rebellion)

V/A – "R.I. X-Core" LP

This LP is a collection of Rhode Island hardcore recordings from '84-'86 and opens with a side-long radio set from VERBAL ASSAULT at KDVS in Davis, CA from 1986. As you'd expect, the set list is all tracks from *Learn* and *Trial*. I love this stuff and these versions have a nice live grit that's missing from the band's actual records, and quite honestly it makes their *Out of Step* meets DAG NASTY styled hardcore sound more like it should. On the flip you get the demos from VICIOUS CIRCLE and POSITIVE OUTLOOK. I'd never heard either of these demos until now but was always curious. Some of the VICIOUS CIRCLE tunes are almost like a proto- youth crew, URBAN WASTE meets 7 SECONDS sound. The POSITIVE OUTLOOK stuff isn't as good—like a much *more* rockin' and slower UNIFORM CHOICE demo with tons of solos. Cool collection and nice historical document of an area that gets no attention. (JU)
(Atomic Action!)

VA – "Tribute to Krupted Peasant Farmerz" CD

Holy Smokes! Talk about limited appeal! I'm not sure what's more absurd, a KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ tribute CD, or a tribute CD of any sort in 2013? Please understand this is not a slight the band (KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ are quite awesome), but a tribute CD? Really? Quick side note: don't worry, no one from this band died recently to inspire this release. Nope, this made purely out of un-dying admiration for this '90s San Jose (modestly political) pop punk band some thirteen years after their demise. And the covers are cool. The songs are obviously great, and the bands on here do a good job in covering them in their own style. But this reviewer's personal negativity towards this release is the tribute CD format in general. This by design is a release that absolutely no one will listen to all-the-way-through more than once (unless you had a hand in putting this out, or your band is one here). Once your curiosity is quenched, when will you say to yourself "Fuck man, I just gotta listen to that *tribute* album again?" If you wanna listen to 45 minutes of KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ songs, you'll put on one of their original albums. If your name isn't Craigums, have *you* ever listened to a tribute album more than once? But I also understand that other people have tastes that greatly differ from my own so I will close in saying this: if a KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ tribute CD sounds appealing, you should get this because it is actually an enjoyable listen (at least once). (FS)
(Hahaha Cool!)

V/A – "Tribute to Dead Moon" EP

Oh dear gawd. A 7" of all DEAD MOON covers? Please tell me this isn't real. Okay, I need to start with a disclaimer. All four of these bands are awesome. (NEVOSAS, LANDLORD, DEAD DOG, AL SCORCH) Not kind-of awesome. But legitimately awesome. And DEAD MOON, even cooler. Obviously. They're one of the best bands of all time. But I just don't see a reason for this to exist. I can never think of a moment when I would ever want to listen to a record of bands covering DEAD MOON. Maybe if all my DEAD MOON records vanished? And even then… For some reason hearing these covers makes me cringe. Maybe I just cringe whenever someone other than PIERCED ARROWS does a DEAD MOON cover. There must be something magical about DEAD MOON that makes it so only Fred and Toody are capable of doing these songs justice. You and I and everyone we know, will never be able to do a proper DEAD MOON cover. That's just the way magic works. (FS)
(Let's Pretend)

V/A – "We Stand as One" LP

Three hardcore bands are represented here. DIRTSHEATH from Eastern Brandenburg, Germany, REJECTS OF SOCIETY from South Tyrol, Italy and STAGE DISASTER from Rheinland-Pflaz, Germany. DIRTSHEATH is some '90s youth crew sounding hardcore complete with tons of chorus chants and some chuggy guitar parts with curiously few moshable breakdowns. Lyrics in English cover fuck normal society, fuck religion, stand together and a great fuck you to right wing skins in the song "Hate Song." The mix on this recording is low music high vocals that should have been reconsidered. REJECTS OF SOCIETY is a more rock'n'roll mix in their hardcore with some heavily melodic guitar leads, but still maintain some chuggy parts and toughness. The vocals are gravelly and break into a singing part here and there that are quite good. The songs are pretty melancholic and anthemic singing in English about growing older and still being on the fringe. STAGE DISASTER is more chuggy and metallic hardcore with some guitar solos, breakdowns abound. Chorus vocals back up the vocalist's scratchy delivery. Lyrics in English about fuck the system and… dunno? It's pretty vague. Overall, it's alright comp and if you are into any of this sort of hardcore, it might be interesting for you to check out what's happening in these parts of the world. (MB)
(Steeltown)

V/A – "You Can't Kill Me… I'm Already Dead" LP

I think it is well known that Rhode Island has the densest population of artistic types in all New England, and this compilation of newer bands will be another source of pride to the Ocean State. This LP has a successful mix of styles I haven't heard since the Anima *Food Not Bombs* comp of yesteryear. Eight bands get two songs each, according to the insert. BARNSWALLOW has lyrics printed for two songs, but I only heard one, unless the first is a short instrumental. Anyway they have a dreamy, ethereal sound like TSUNAMI's *Deep End* LP, if they had a guy singer who didn't sing so well. Maybe this song is a little overlong. IDIOT VEHICLE is like NOMEANSNO if they were straightforward and seriously pissed off—a righteous sound, obviously, yelling and pounding with searing guitar over the top. FUCKING INVINCIBLE do a straight ahead crusty hardcore thing, well executed. NEON BITCHES also rage with ripping guitar and driving fast hardcore. This band kills, keep it coming! WEAK TEETH bring more ambition to their songwriting, mixing the fast-n-heavy with guitar leads and extended breakdowns featuring bare shouted vocals so the message cannot be missed. RAINDANCE bring the mosh-a-rama beatdown, with heavy staccato beats and brief awkward leads. They hit this style pretty good. CONVUL are rather eclectic, with some heavy noise rock and laid-back lounge-y material. Their second track is way gnarlier in a CATHARSIS manner, with the double bass in effect. HOLY NIGHT is distorted, noisy, and ugly. These songs are untitled with no lyrics provided. Great job, team. (JM)
(Atomic Action)

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540: fivefourzerorecords@gmail.com
7AM: www.7amvinyl.com
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Alpes Cretin: theelecmatics@yahoo.fr
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Antisociety: antisocietyreords@yahoo.co.uk
Asshole: www.facebook.com/copsickle
Atomic Action: www.atomicactionrecords.bandcamp.com
AUGE: www.auge.bigcartel.com
Bang! Bang!: tequilasavate@yahoo.com
Beach Impediment: www.beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com
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Bulkhead: www.bulkheadrecords.com
Carbonated Sounds: praytotherockpods@hotmail.com
Cavetone: www.cavetone.com
Chaos in My Head: chaoswmojejglowie.pl
Cobra Cabana: cobracabanarecords.com
Cow Catcher: 2937 26th St. Apt. 3, San Francisco, CA 94110, venkmanrips@gmail.com
Damaged Goods: www.damagedgoods.co.uk
Debt Offensive: 524 Markerville Road, NE Calgary, Alberta T2E 5X2, CANADA, sabertoothpunk@gmail.com
Demons Runamok: Friedhofstrasse 8, 77790 Steinach, GERMANY, demonsrunamok.de
Deranged: www.derangedrecords.com
Desertion: c/o Jeunet Clement, 11 Rue Maissin, 83000 Toulon, FRANCE, desertionrecords.wordpress.com
Diogenes Club: dynamitefishermen@gmail.com
Dirt Cult: www.dirtcultrecords.com
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Doormat: 14 East 4th St #823, New York, NY 10012
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Drunken Sailor: drunkensailorrecords.co.uk
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Elefenart: www.elefenart.de
Emancypunx: www.emancypunx.com
Encapsulated: 6731 Alabama Ave., St. Louis, MO 63111, www.encapsulatedrecords.com
Fashionable Idiots: fashionableidiots.blogspot.com
Fat Wreck Chords: www.fatwreck.com
Four Slicks: music.fourslicks.com
Frantic City: franticcity.free.fr
Geheimnis: www.geheimnis-records.gr , geheimnis.records@gmail.com
Goin' Ape Shit: 5026 E. 4th St., Tucson AZ 85711, goinapeshit@cox.net
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Hahaha Cool!: www.hhhc.storenvy.com
Halvfabrikat: www.halvfabrikat.net
Hardcore Kitchen: hxcxk@pf.highway.ne.jp
Hardcore Survives: hcsurvives.exblog.jp
Heartfirst: Landsberger Str. 146, d-80339 München, GERMANY, www.heartfirst.net
Hirs: HIRS666@gmail.com
Incognito: www.incognitorecords.de
Iron Lung: PO Box 95521, Seattle, WA 98145, ironlungrecords@hotmail.com
Jolly Dream: www.jollydreamrecords.blogspot.com
JT Classics: PO Box 357, London, SE 19, ENGLAND, www.jtclassics.co.uk
Just 4 Fun: www.j4f.dk
Kämäset Levyt: www.punkinfinland.net/kamanen
Katorga Works: katorgaworks.com
Ken Rock: www.myspace.com/kenrockrecords
Kibou: www.kibourecords.bigcartel.com
La Vida En un Mus: www.lavidaesunmus.com
Last Laugh: 313 President St #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231, www.lastlaughrecords.us
Let's Pretend: www.letspretendrecords.com
Lost Cat: www.losrcatrecords.org
Mosh Potatoes: moshpotatoes.limitedrun.com
Nada Nada: www.myspace.com/nadanadadiscos
Nebula Fünf: www.nebula-fuenf.com
Negative Fun: www.negativefun.com
Nervous Nelly: PO Box 68244, Nashville, TN, 37206. www.nervousnellyrecords.tumblr.com
No Front Teeth: PO Box 27070, London, N2 9ZP, ENGLAND, www.nofrontteeth.net
Not Enough: www.notenoughgarlicpunks.blogspot.com
Pasazer: www.sklep.pasazer.pl
Patac: www.patacreacords.com
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Resipiscent: www.resipiscent.com
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Rookie: www.rookiesrecords.de
Savage: c/o Hildebrand Farstav. 89 (8 tr), 123 34 Farsta, SWEDEN, savagemagazine.com
Scarred for Life: scarredforliferecords.webs.com
Scavenger of Death: www.scavengerofdeathrecords.blogspot.com
Scream: screamrecs@gmail.com
Six Weeks: www.sixweeksrecords.com
Slasher: slasherrecords.com
Social Collapse: PO Box 2881, Carbondale, IL 62902, socialcollapserecords.bigcartel.com
Sorry State www.sorrystaterecords.com
Spastic Fantastic: www.spasticfantastic.de
Static Age: www.staticshockmusik.com
Steeltown: www.steeltownrecords.de
Strong Boys: www.strongboys.bigcartel.com
Tea Brigade: www.teabrigade.tumblr.com
Tenzenmen: 3/33 Johnson St, Chatswood, NSW 2067, AUSTRALIA, tenzenmen.com
Tiny Engines: tinyengines.limitedrun.com
Total Fucker: PO Box 82, Somerville MA 02143
Trujaca Fala: www.trujacafala.com
Ugly Pop: uglypop.bigcartel.com
Vallejo By Knife: romancandlesmusic@gmail.com
Vendetta: www.vendettarecords.de
Video Disease: www.videodisease.com
Voltage: www.voltage-shop.com/
Wall of Youth: wallofyouth.com
Wallrides: facebook.com/thewallrides
Warsaw Pact: warsawpactrecords@gmail.com
Windian: 1849 Calvert St. NW, Washington DC 20009
World's Appreciated Kitsch: www.wakhc.blogspot.gr

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Amelia Aekins, Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Greg Harvester, Alison Gaye, K. King, Jason Ryan.

ALL BLOOD – *Flood* – Drum machines are alright. So is Karen O stuck in a K-hole. This shit is slow and noisy. Unimaginative indie art school kids rejoice, here is your band! (Amelia) (17-song cassette cassette, lyrics included, allbloodallthetime@gmail.com, Jonathan B, 4119 Roanoke Road, Apartment #21, Kansas City, MO 64111)

ALL BLOOD – *Someone Else's Ocean* – This album is about "the development of human eating habits and being buried alive" according to the J-card. This drum machine project is weird because their sound shape shifts from tape to tape and song to song. Their singer morphs from Karen O to Dinah Cancer with eerie conviction to Lou Reed's first solo pursuits. The indie art school kid vibe is still every much present on this release as it's really "creative" and "musically diverse" in that "let's be different!" kind of way. But, alas, I cannot give this a bad review, as ALL BLOOD are good at what they are going for. (Amelia) (?-song CD, lyrics upon request, allbloodallthetime@gmail.com, Jonathan B, 4119 Roanoke Road, Apartment #21, Kansas City, MO 64111)

BLACK PANTIES – *Fuck Nelly, Here's Black Panties* – Raw noisy garage hardcore blown to absolute smithereens. Hyper conscious of their KBD punk aesthetic, this St. Louis project plows through lo-fi punk standards with the subtlety of a freight train—a destroyed recording adding to the wall of confusion. Snotty and shitty punk, with a FREESTONE cover (you know the one) to satisfy any confusion that remains after the slop filled delivery of "Live Alone"—by far the standout on this tape. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics included, egnatiapress@hotmail.com, LucStLouis@gmail.com)

BODY BETRAYAL/DISPARATE – *split* – "I am a dream that has not been dreamt yet."—Body Betrayal Witchy, queer, grind from Washington State. This split is fucking cool, from the stark black and white layout, full moon drawing and support for grand jury resisters to the brutal hardcore/thrash. Songs about losing yourself, supporting your friends, going back to the wild and the prison industrial complex. Just when I'm starting to feel jaded about only hearing queer messages from the same skinny white afab kids DISPARATE breaks it down in the song "Your Wasted Life," "you perpetuate rape culture with your lies of protecting the state. You only put me in a constant state of fear as a woman of color." As far as grind and thrash go, both bands are really tight, have good breakdowns and screeching vocals with occasional harmonizing backups. This is for gender studies dropouts about to ride their first freight train and anarcha feminist queers that need a break from ukuleles, accordions and acoustic guitars. (Alison) (13-song cassette, lyrics and zine included, $5 ppd, bodybetrayal@riseup.net disparateband@riseup.net)

BRAXTON HICKS – *Never Kill Yourself* – Jasper Thread guitars and brilliant vocals propel this friendly sounding outfit. Perhaps the vox are a little more polished than I would like, but as criticism goes, that's about it. Splendid lyrics are simultaneously dour and determined and the pace is always fast—even though the songs are filled with hooks and the guitars are clean, the urgency and aggression are lurking just under the surface. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, 36 Cil Coed, Bangor, Worth Wales, LL57 4TT, neilcrud@aol.com)

BRICKS – I like New York Hardcore, too boys. This tape is brimming with mean, ugly hardcore, complete with threatening riffs and original drumming. They have a VILE GASH vibe at times but with longer songs. (Amelia) (8-song cassette, www.brickspunk.bandcamp.com, Cody Cross, 82 Albro Lake Road, Dartmouth, NS B3A 4A2, Canada)

CZERW NARODU – Polish two-piece doing a noisy mash up of many styles, but stomping mid-tempo hardcore acting as the primary style. Take the rhythmic sensibilities of COLD SWEAT and WALLS, add some grungy NIRVANA-esque grooves, and tag on a few slow doomy dirges, all through a raw and noisy filter and that pretty much sums up this tape. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, blindedrec@O2.pl)

DOWNSIDED/HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH – *split* – I was first intrigued by the HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH/DOWNSIDED demo package when I read some lyrics in there about Super Nintendo. I was sure I had heard of HOD on flyers that East Coast friends had shared, so I had to grab it for both these reasons. I don't even know how to categorize this, and when listening I get the sense "the Hummingbird" is flickering right behind my head ready for the second I actually try to... There is a distinct crossover-thrash experience that, as soon as you notice, pummels you with powerviolence. As soon as you are catching up with that, shit lands on planet black metal with varying vocal pitches over prog-rock Lifeforce music (yes, the Nintendo game). This is my first review for *MRR* and damn was I lucky to hear this one. The DOWNSIDED side of the tape has a brutal rehearsal session feel that I like. Reminiscent of MAN IS THE BASTARD but taking turns like grindcore MCs. I was glad to hear more furious crust as that side warmed up and finishing on some tribal drums like a rickety death train. Slightly teetering off track in bad time but only so far as to keep it raw and interesting. Each side really compliments the other. Oh, I'm almost forgetting the best part—the demo package came with a song on *floppy disk* (and a CD of the same song so I could hear it). This is the HOD song that mentions SNES. Blistering powerviolence track with nostalgic, pro-eco lyrics, so good. If you're looking for something well inspired, but very new, hit them up. (Jason) (14-song cassette, 1 full-side song for HOD and thirteen songs for DOWNSIDED, ppd $7, HOD floppy disk single is ppd $5, lyrics included, www.hummerofdoom@hotmail.com)

DUSTED – *'N Disgusted* – DUSTED are distorted in the traditional manner (which is to say that the recording is pretty shitty), but when you are churning out guttural grind/crust with EXCRUCIATING TERROR vocals a little indecipherable fuzz isn't exactly a bad thing. Nasty low-end desert sounds from Phoenix. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, dustedcrust@ymail.com)

ELEPHANT MAN BEHIND THE SUN – *Fecal Frenzy Noisecore Battle* – Each member of ELEPHANT MAN BEHIND THE SUN takes a side of this cassette, dueling to a disconcerting and very noisy death. Grinding noisecore crashing headfirst into pure harsh unintelligible chaos—this resembles music about as much as I resemble a businessman. (Robert) (?-track cassette, no lyrics included, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

THE EXXTRAS – *Waiting for You* – There's a heavy classic So-Cal punk pedigree going on here—Jack Brewer from SACCHARINE TRUST is on guitar, Raenie Kane worked at SST, and Mike Watt makes a cameo—but that's honestly in no way indicative of how

this tape sounds. Four different vocalists, four different songwriters, and a lot of styles explored—including a view cringe-worthy rawk moments. Unfortunately, Waiting for You suffers from this lack of cohesion, with no discernible atmosphere beyond "shambolic." (King) (15-song cassette, lyrics included, www.waterunderthebridgerecords.com)

THE FABULOUS ST. KNICHOLAS CAGE – *Shit Surf* – You like surf rock? Reverb on the vocals and the guitar, '60s throwback songwriting put through a millennial youth filter and punked up a bit? You like that retro shit that the cool kids jam out to but you want it tweaked a bit, but you're scared to make the jump to SKATE KORPSE? These Tulsa weirdos might be just your jam, son. You can bop your ass off while taking LSD, what's not to like? (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.tfskc.bandcamp.com)

FEAST – FEAST, from Berlin, throws out sixteen fucking fierce hardcore songs on this demo. Metallic tinged hardcore stands directly at the forefront while there are some grind and powerviolence elements as well. There are moments that start to veer towards epic crust, but this band is at its strongest when they keep it simple and fast. Strangely, they sound sort of like a cross between CAPITALIST CASUALTIES and OI POLLOI. (Greg) (16-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.feastcore.de)

FLESHMOVES – *Mouvements de Chair* – Sharp and poignant, Montreal's FLESHMOVES take energetic punk and inject synths and a shit ton of attitude. Then, after the snarky *"I call you out on your shit"* chorus that closes the first track, they settle into an up tempo hook laden attack that combines '90s San Diego attitude (think GRAVITY), cathy pop punk and garage punk bravado. It's good, and gets better upon subsequent listens…if the singer (and the lyrics) weren't so pissed it might fall flat, but this thing shines. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics included, $6ppd, www.talkingskull.bigcartel.com)

FRANK GOSHIT/D//CEREGHINI – *Leave Us Alone* – Nonsensical anti-keyboard noise and vocal moaning from FRANK GOSHIT and spoken word kitchen stupidity from D// CEREGHINI. (Robert) (2-track cassette, no lyrics included, www.hamburgertapes.gmail.com)

FUCK MOUNTAIN – *The Mountain Strikes Back* – Fuzzed out guitar rock rooted in a world more akin to J Mascis than most things covered in this rag, but the approach is genuine and I'm sold on the the vocals-—t's like the good SST-grunge crashing headfirst into early Merge records. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.fuckmountain.bandcamp.com)

FUGUE – *Fugue* – This band echoes a not-too-distant past, owing more than a debt to bands like KARATE and late-period FUGAZI. Less overwrought angst than some of their contemporaries—how many people are still carrying this torch?—with earnest vocals and articulate lyrics. (3-song cassette, lyrics included, www.fugueisus.blogspot.com/ fineprintrecords@gmail.com)

FULLY INTERCOASTA – This is an indie record label sampler with songs ranging from quiet and dreamy to melodic and catchy. Not really my cup of tea but you'll like it if you're into drinking PBR pounders and going to shows at Danger Danger, or if you're looking for bands to talk about while attempting to impress that cute long haired boy at the coffee shop, but unfortunately he's not gay and even if he was, you're too dirty for him and he is too polite to tell you that it actually irritates him that you never buy anything... (Alison) (6-song cassette, www.fullyintercoastal.com)

GODSPEED 209 – *Live on KDVS* – As the title suggests, this is two live sets recorded on Davis, CA's independent KDVS station. The recording quality is fantastic but this "live on the air" performance leaves much to the imagination as to what GODSPEED 209 would sound like if they were in control of the mix. SST in 1984? Though they clearly have a sense of humor—most apparent in the song title "Stockton is Magnificent"—the whole production seems refreshingly free of irony. (King) (14-song cassette, liner notes but no lyrics, squirmyrex@gmail.com)

HEALERS – This tape has catchy riffs, but I can't shake that feeling of pretension underlying the whole thing. Some songs sound like WARSAW or SPECTRES in the best way, but are missing that genuine feeling. There is slight surf rock guitar in earlier tracks on this tape. Around the middle to end, a lot of the songs bleed into that MODEST MOUSE whiny territory. The art is good and the music is overall pretty solid, especially the drum machine, but it's all a very serious ordeal and can border on being a little too serious. And I mean serious like writing poetry, riding fixed gears and drinking the right coffee somewhere in the North West kind of serious. I hit the nail on the head, right man? (Amelia) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, incredible art, www.nickwortham.tumblr.com, nickwortham@yahoo.com)

JAPANESE WOMEN – *Quality Control* – Damaged. I mean that as in "fucked up," "not quite right," or "not fit for consumption" as opposed to the FLAG record. Filthy, damaged hardcore. Much more uncomfortable than their debut *Order* from a coupla years back, this Alabama outfit are slightly more angular on this outing, but any mellowing is tempered by a recording that is about three bars short of just plain painful, vocals stretched to their very limit are then distorted further, and the manic (but mature) song structures just fukkn dare you to listen casually. Full attention required, this is shit that will turn noise rock on its head and hopefully infect legion of traditional hardcore fans in the process. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.tapesofaneongod.com)

LIFE CHAIN – This tape fucking rips! Take LEBENDEN TOTEN mixed with LAST SENTENCE and you get this pure punk perfection from Halifax, Nova Scotia. Noisy as fuck, raw D-beat punk with reverbed to hell vocals and hard hitting drums. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, lyrics included on origami screen printed J-card, 2684 Agricola Street, Halifax, NS B3K 4C9, Canada)

THE LOVE BELOW – *Every Tongue Shall Caress* – The whine in the vocals will turn some people off pretty damn quick, but I fought to get past it and found some pretty crushing modern hardcore. Heavy as shit, with slow riffs that will bowl you over if you don't get out of the way. Churning and awkward sounds. (Robert) (13-song cassette, no lyrics included, Bezerker records, www.facebook.com/xbezerkerx, A389 records, www.a389records.com)

MEAN STREETS – This tape is really good! The layout of the J-card blows, but man this band rules! They're like a cross between BLACK FLAG and POISON IDEA. The recording is just blurry enough to make this the ultimate perfect lo-fi hardcore tape. Get this. (Amelia) (3 long, solid hardcore songs on cassette, lyrics included, rawdistort@gmail.com, Cody Cross, 82 Albro Lake Road, Dartmouth, NS B3A 4A2, Canada)

MISSING PERSON – *Surfer's Ear* – This is a very unsettling, but interesting DIY tape. The quality is in the lo-fi side, and sounds like a well-balanced boombox recording. Sometimes moody and brooding, sometimes jagged and throttling, San Francisco's MISSING PERSON manages to keep things dark and abrasive throughout the recording. A bit of improvement in production would make this a must have! (Matt) (7-song cassette, a few lyrics, badconnotation@gmail.com)

MONSTER TREASURE – *MTEP* – Indie punk with dreamboat vocals and a powerhouse drum attack that keeps this from sounding run of the mill. There's '90s college rock dripping all over this thing, and while I am often critical of attempts to recreate such sounds, Stockton's MONSTER TREASURE pull it off quite handily without ever sounding trite. While I might never seek these sounds out, I am certainly glad they found me. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.mnstrtrsr.bandcamp.com)

MULCT – *Kylak* – Heavy, doomy, metallic, down-tuned powerviolence comparable to a bunch of bands that I don't really like. Cadaverous imagery and a borderline porno-grind lyrics—with the exception of an anti-white power track. Sample track title: "I Choose a USB Dildo." I'll let you decide whether that's funny or stupid. The band is fully competent though. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, vanmertze@gmail.com)

NECKLACING – Fierce hardcore of the modern PV variety. Punishing slow parts

are interrupted by bursts of blasting mania that descend into disconcerting sound. An obligatory long song wraps up the assault, 90 seconds of noise and drums building into an absolutely crushing exercise in one riff song construction. Menacing, to say the least. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, necklacingma@gmail.com)

NEGATIVE CIRCLES – Spastic hardcore from Nova Scotia. This tape is a discography of their six-song demo, 7" split with I DON'T GIVE A RIPS, basement songs and live on CKDU, which I'm assuming is a local radio station? This band gets weird like EARTH PIG and has the same modern day urgency as current Boston hardcore bands. (Amelia) (23-song cassette, no lyrics included, Cody Cross, 82 Albro Lake Road, Dartmouth, NS B3A 4A2, Canada)

NEGATIVE VIBES – *...Talks Shit!* – Mean and nasty lo-fi hardcore. Definitely a raw demo recording, but the fury is impossible to mask and technical inadequacies are more than compensated for unbridled aggression. Yeah, it's sloppy, but the frustration (musically and lyrically) in songs like "Savage" is well worth a little slop. This is killer. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.negativevibes69.bandcamp.com)

PETER STUBB – *Lizard Dick Association* – The first thing I should tell you about PETER STUBB is that he has been self-releasing his own tapes at a rate of two to five a year since the late '80s. He lives in north Georgia and has been battling mental demons the whole time. You never know what you're going to get with one of his tapes, but it's always interesting. This one is an epic, sprawling mind-fuck. Most of the songs on the first side (all 35 of them!) mix poppy sounding, thickly distorted guitar riffs with growling, overly processed, guttural vocals and electronic drums. There are tons of samples between each short song (I don't think any of the songs are over a minute). Side two is a lot more of the same, but the riffs are more attuned to metal and grind. I can't understand a word Peter says on this entire tape, but with song titles like "She Craves for a Ding Dong", "High School Hand Job Queen" and "When You Fart it Makes Me Very Angry!!!" you can make your own guesses about the content. I have to say that I prefer his sad acoustic songs over this stuff, but I'm glad he's still writing tons of music. (Greg) (57-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.letspretendrecords.com)

PIG DNA – *CONTROLUUUFUCKER* – East coast transplants have set foot in the Bay Area and graced us with some filthy raw punk sounds on this demo. After a dirge to start this banger, chaotic raw punk fills my ears—fast, bombastic and confusing with sinister vocals howling through a shroud of sound more foreboding than anything this side of Kyushu. Imagine what will happen when PIG DNA really dials things in? It's scary. Welcome to the left coast, kids. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, understanddischarge@gmail.com)

PRANK WAR – *Don't Blame the Rain* – Tooth achingly cute songs about break ups, miscommunications and other difficulties related to interacting in the pacific Northwestern posi pop punk scene. PRANK WAR is an Olympia band that doesn't need to live in RVIVR's shadow as much as they probably do. Their songs are tight and catchy and the mature subject matter offsets the cute vocals and hooks pretty well. This tape is like a stick-and-poke of a cupcake with your ex's initials and may leave you nostalgic for DISCOUNT or PS ELIOT. (Alison) (10-song cassette, no lyrics included, 720 Thomas St SW, Olympia WA, 98502, www.prankwar.bandcamp.com)

PRETTY PRETTY – What is it with the punks of Columbus, Ohio and their remarkable lack of pretense? Honest and humble, maybe a little bit naïve, but always fighting the good fight, they're an inspiring bunch. This tape feels just like that: though expressing anxiety and angst, that darkness only highlights the edges of this otherwise catchy garage-punk-pop band. The catchiness is multiplied by excellent usage of interweaving dual vocalists that call and respond and play off each other. (6-song cassette, lyrics included, prettyprettyrock@gmail.com/letspretendrecords.com)

PRMTV CCMLTN – These guys play wild, heavily distorted, flailing, muddled power-violence/hardcore that has hints of KARP and MAN IS THE BASTARD. Sometimes, the recording is so muddled that it's hard to tell what is happening, but I also think that's part of the charm. I think that if this band had an improved recording, they would be a truly destructive force, but I can see what they're going for here. Side B of the tape is a live show and, as with most live recordings, it is pretty hit-or-miss. The show sounds pretty fun, but the recording is hard to digest. (Greg) (6-song, plus live set cassette, no lyrics included, primitive.accumulation.hfx@gmail.com)

ROMAN MILK – *Xarhakos, the Third Temple of...* – Sludgy dirges drowning in cavernous low end, ROMAN MILK passed the "too much bass" marker about 90 miles back and just stepped on the gas. For those who like it noisy but are tired of all that high end hiss, ROMAN MILK nods towards KILLDOZER instead of CONFUSE, and grudgingly slams their collective dirty dick right through a battered subwoofer just to ensure that no one will receive any pleasure from these sounds. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, $4ppd, 1583 Colorado, Los Angeles, CA 90041)

ROOT ROT – It sounds like the people in this band are eight years old. Minimal drums accompany fuzzed out simple guitar-playing as a high-pitched voice screams about gender and cults. This is truly weird sounding, even though I don't think the players intended it to be that way. It falls somewhere between the FUGS, bored teen basement punk and a lost CRASS demo. The chant on the last song of side A is what really sold me: "Outside of society! That's where I want to be!" Side B is full of self-described "screwing around" and that's where it gets really weird. I can't even describe it. Muffled, fuzzy recordings of a child yelling over band practice? Just get this. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Jes West 5588 Hwy 1, St. Croix NS, BON 2E0, Canada, mollyelyse@riseup.net)

THE SHAKES – *This is This* – Gruff, mid-tempo hardcore from Carbondale, Illinois. Four originals that bring to mind older FUCKED UP with a strong BLACK FLAG backbone, and a MINOR THREAT cover. The vocals are brutally distorted, and there are some interesting rhythms on here to keep it from being monotonous. Not bad. (Matt) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, socialcollapserecords@gmail.com)

SHREDSCARE – *Hesh Law* – Thrash in the D.R.I. vein but with plenty of modern fastcore influence mingling with the speed picking and '80s Bay Area worship. Shredding. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, Bezerker records, www.facebook.com/xbezerkerx)

SILMINNÄKIJÄ – Three song creamer of upbeat Finnish pogo punk. Male/female vocals and hopelessly catchy songs (even catchier if you can sing along, I'm guessing) that demand fist pumping and manic dancing. Female vox are urgent and sound Eastern European until they intensify to the point of *almost* breaking. Touch of metallic riffing from the band and the driving pace does not let up even for one breakdown. Stellar! (Robert) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.silminnakija.bandcamp.com)

SPIT FORTH – Fast straightforward hardcore. Higher female lead vocals show just a hint of D-Punk, but otherwise the music is just steamrolling HC with a straight beat and repetitive delivery. Gruff male vocals give SPIT FORTH and edge that helps distinguish them—if you like it fast and political then this is your jam. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, spitforth@gmx.de, www.spitforth.blogspot.de)

SWEET STAR CHILD SPEAKS – This is seriously just a guy quoting Paul Stanley's KISS stage banter to a chorus of crickets, crying babies and crowd noises for 27 minutes. Track two is the entire 27-minute piece ran backwards. It has a full color cover. I can't believe someone spent money to put this out. (Greg) (2-track CD, no lyrics included, www.lionscarerecordings.wordpress.com)

THE TANGLED LINES – *Discography Tape* – Though I have heard their name a lot over the past few years, this is my first exposure to the manic hardcore of Germany's the TANGLED LINES. This tape compiles eleven years of their material from seven different releases, demos, and a few covers and live tracks. Musically they are very vocally and

drum- driven, with lots of spastic turns and plenty of break downs. Reminds me of maybe a cross between CONVERSIONS and VITAMIN X, but with a zest of their own. It doesn't satiate my typical taste in hardcore, but the confidence and true energy are very evident and warrant the TANGLED LINES world-class status in quality and musicianship! (Matt) (40-song cassette, no lyrics, www.spasticfantastic.de, www.twintoe.blogspot.de)

TEARS CLUB – What an awesome name. It reminds me of prison tattoos and regret. They have that eerie artsy vibe and their songs make you feel how you felt the last time you watched an episode of *Pete & Pete*. They capture that aching longing for yesterday, while bringing you to the present and reminding you everything is alright. TEARS CLUB is definitely for fans of JESUS AND MARY CHAIN and CCR HEADCLEANER. They call themselves "shoegaze" (I don't know what that means) but I call it droney, dreamy noisy rock. Anyway, why don't you judge for yourself? Who the hell am I to tell you what to like? Don't listen to me—get this tape. (Amelia) (3-song cassette, no lyrics included, 1103 Treat Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94110)

THALIDOMY KIDS – *Spirochaete* – THALIDOMY KIDS play smart and casually dreary punk…comparisons to X are difficult to avoid, though more because of the construction and presentation of songs than the female lead vocals and occasionally male backups. Not that far removed from a certain crop of hopelessly catchy Swedish bands that hit the scene a few years back, but these sounds are more laid back and there is plenty of time to sink into this Canadian trio (the storied punk 'shire of Moncton, New Brunswick to be precise). More listens are mandatory. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.thalidomykids.bandcamp.com, ilisha_french@hotmail.com)

THEY FEED AT NIGHT – San Diego's THEY FEED AT NIGHT take stabs at early dark goth as filtered through a punk lens. Oddly, they also throw in a little bit of surf, which feels out of place and incongruous to their overall sound, but this demo is a good effort. Heavily reverbed vocals and distorted guitars. This would probably sound totally rad in a graveyard. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.faceless_fiend6@yahoo.com)

THINK TWICE – Punk hardcore from Nova Scotia. Sounds like CRUDITY mixed with CRUCIFIX. Their cover art looks sort of *Voice of Britainy*…but I'll ignore that, as their lyrics present no sketch. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Cody Cross, 82 Albro Lake Road, Dartmouth, NS B3A 4A2, Canada)

TOMBOY – *Tomboy* – As so many of us navel gaze away, falling into a postmodern malaise while straining to reconcile our values and dreams with the day-to-day, this charming three-some waxes exuberant in the face of it all. The sounds here vary from Medway garage to Northwest bedroom pop, all wrapped in a blanket of fuzz, and disguise the anger—that righteous kind endured by women and others that comes along with fighting for respect as a musician—contained in the lyrics. Some convey anger through ugliness, but not this demo. Catchy, bereft of toxic anger, yet far from vapid—something all too rare. (King) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, tomboytheband@gmail.com, 41 Mansfield St. #2, Allston, MA 02134)

TURKEY TITS – *I Don't Need You* – Maniacal no fidelity noise core colliding with nonsensical synths. The entire tape was finished before I started this sentence. (Robert) (?-track cassette, no lyrics included, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

VACATION – *Kirby Sessions* – Raucous garage punk rock with psychedelic electronics cruising around the mix throughout. I feel like this is the legacy of Jay Reatard—infectious blown out pop offered as in-your-face but inwardly directed smart punk ditties. If that is a legacy, then it's a good one…but this tape is a killer regardless. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, c/o Let's Pretend records, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402, www.letspretendrecords.com)

VACATION – *The Do Shit Tape* – Anthemic catchy pop punk with gruff but dreamy vocals. This Ohio outfit has several releases under their belts, but for some reason I pulled the 2010 cassette out of the "demo new arrivals" box—maybe it's been there all along? Strange that any band has managed to achieve any modicum of longevity (much less success) without a kind word from this important rag, so I'll assume that they just resubmitted this tape to try to trick us into issuing extra accolades. Gotcha. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, www.vacationohio.blogspot.com)

VIMANA – Not for everyone, this cassette can either be described as transfixing minimal doom or a dude jamming on the guitar with some effects pedals. Both descriptions would be accurate. Kinda haunting at times and I do like it, but it feels more like a stream of consciousness than a well thought out piece. (Robert) (1-song cassette, no lyrics included, egnatiapress@hotmail.com, LucStLouis@gmail.com)

VULTURES UNITED – Fuck this bullshit. The hot pink typed letter that came with it has a QR code or Quick Response Code on it—that weird scanable box thing you see on bus stop ads. It is used in modern advertising where you use your smart phone to scan it for "high resolution images and logos" as intended with this release. It's upsetting when barcodes started to show up on punk records. They say their sound pays tribute to the TING TINGS and YEAH YEAH YEAHS. This makes me puke! This is just Jersey mall hipster SXSW stupidity. They sound like whiney MTV borderline emo and I bet they had plugs ten years ago. These guys are obviously trying to make it big but we're not gonna let you "sell out" because DIY in these pages will never endorse junk like this. (Amelia) (11-song cassette, no lyrics included, Baldy Longhair records, PO Box 1853, Rahway, NJ 07065, www.baldylonghair.com)

WARTORN – *Tainting Tomorrow With the Blood of Yesterday* – A painfully shirt cassette run of this 2008 Midwest crust slab, WARTORN dished out some of the finest melodic crust of the mid/late '00s, from this country or elsewhere and they still slay most of their contemporaries. Heavy as shit, Sweden by way of Portland guitar leads where there need to be and surging forth like a freight train once they get wound up. There's only 50 of these bad boys, and I imagine most fans already have the record…but just in case you need one for the deck in your '83 Chevy. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics included, no contact info)

WEAKWICK – *Weakwick* – A duo from Minneapolis making, yes, more noise than two people should be capable of making. There's a synthesis of punk fringe elements here, much NO NEW YORK *sang froid*, but channeled into a hypnotic pummel. The industrial interlude on side A, "MC Salamander" gives more clues to their intentions, methinks. (King) (12-song cassette, liner notes but no lyrics, www.soundcloud.com/weakwick)

WORKING STIFF – *Working Stiff* – Misanthropic and paranoid hardcore punk from New Jersey. Lyrics touch on popular topics such as fear of intimacy and self-hatred through the hatred of others, while the music occasionally dips toes in the murky waters of atmospherics and mild psychedelia. No flower children here, just punks and freaks à la their neighbors in the Toxic State camp. (King) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, cclark07869@gmail.com)

XSAXONX – *In the Night* – Straightforward and totally killer hardcore from Scotland. These two dudes crank out addictive (and I dare say essential) hardcore somewhere between classic '80s USHC and the explosion of thoughtful ripping 'core from the early '00s…and listening to these songs it's obvious how much I miss the thoughtful part of that equation. The musical elements of XSAXONX are all brilliantly on point (fast as fuck, vocals strained but discernible, superb breakdowns that never rob from the intensity of the attack), but the lyrics and accompanying explanations put this over the top. Pointed, not afraid to call people out on their (in)actions while still coming across positive and supportive of DIY hardcore and "our" counter-culture as a whole. Perhaps I'm making them seem a little deeper than they intended (and there's still a 0:04 second song about a football player and a PRIEST cover, so it ain't *all* serious), but I fukkn needed this demo, and it hit the spot. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics and explanations included, $8ppd, x4298x@gmail.com, neithercut@hotmail.co.uk, www.xsaxonx.bandcamp.com)

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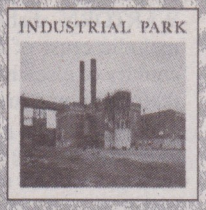

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Debut from this really weird California band. Coming from the same label that brought you Nasa Space Universe and Inservibles, the Coltranes have a similarly unique sound. The vocalist kind of sounds like early Danzig, but the music is simple and spastic punk... something about it kind of reminds me of the Cramps, but it's also got a quirky, Die Kreuzen-ish rhythm to it as well. I realize that description probably makes no sense, but if you dig weird, original, and captivating HC check these guys out. (sorry state)

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ASSWIPE #3 / 2$ or trade
8.5x11 – copied – 20 pgs
Most right wingers that say, "I hate what you believe but I'll fight like hell for your right to say it," are full of shit and all you have to do to prove it is say something about anal sex or how burning flags makes your clit hard. But for real y'all, I hated this zine, but I think it's way important to make it. Like if I saw these insights on the internet I would be irritated, but the fact that this person collected and wrote this shit, then printed it out at the library, then went to like kinkos, photocopied it and put a copy in an envelope and spent two bux to send it from Berkeley to *MRR* (which costs less than if she took the Bart to drop it off in person) is awesome and way important. This is totally a zine for zines sake with some random thoughts, a "bay area scene report" that talks about one show, one venue and 510 bad smut, some Mika Miko lyrics and a quasi interview written by Robert Eggplant that doesn't even bring up the fact that Barker found a bag of dicks the other day. (AG)
asswipemagazine@gmail.com /
www.asswipemagazine.blogspot.com

BLACK PELICAN PHOTO ISSUE #1 / 0.50¢
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Photos only here y'all. Separated by photographer, by time, place and by subject. There is nothing I can tie together thematically, except that these pictures likely look a lot better when they haven't been photocopied. Austin Durant takes you to "Chaos in Tejas," Brandon Slane to "Trim Spa Baby," Bryan Lopez to "Wanderbust" and Cole Prentice to "Kuromaku." In that same order, there are pictures of bands doing their thing, audiences recoiling, pills, scenic wonders, resplendent views and some weird stuff I can't make out. Pretty cool that it came with a diamond-shaped patch that says "0%ers." Actually that's the best part by far…thanks! (JB)
www.blackpelican.info

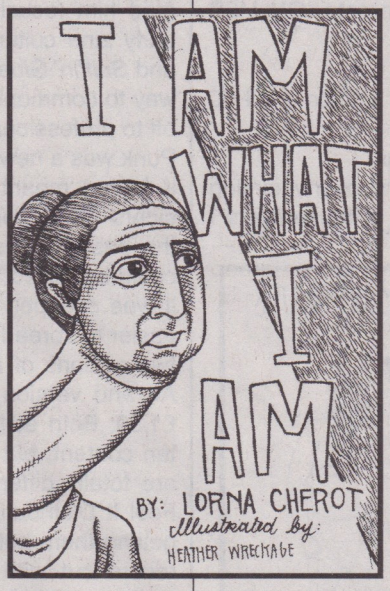
BROKEN PENCIL #58 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs
The things Canadians do with government funds. *Broken Pencil* has been around for a little while and I always wondered if it would get any better. Nope! It still looks like the inside of an Urban Outfitters from 2006! It's still full of zine/book/comic reviews I don't care about. There is still some ok-ish fiction. However, they have upgraded in one area! There is now an app. for your iphone or Android. Paperless zines man, it's the new thing. But where will I get my toilet paper? (EC)
PO Box 203 / Stn P / Toronto, ON M5S 2S7 / Canada

DEFIANT POSE Flyers Edition / £1.50 plus postage
8.5 x 11 – copied – 31 pgs
This is a really intense and overwhelming collection of flyers. Most of these flyers I have never seen and they are all of shows I would kill to have attended. The layout is incredible and the images are as crisp as they can be, considering that some of these flyers were hanging in squats for years and Xeroxing diminishes images—still, nothing takes away from the content in here. This is 31 pages of pure, maniacally obsessive collecting and reproducing for your 1976-1997 punk-hungry eyes. I would get this just to blow up the flyers contained within to turn them into posters. There are a lot of anarcho gems in here, like old Crass flyers. The last flyers included range from Discharge playing with Doom, to Extreme Noise Terror. I cannot praise this exhibition of punk history enough. If you are a fan of UK punk over that two-decade time span, get your dirty little hands on this gem. (AE)
Inflammable Material / PO Box 2544 / London, NEW 3DF / UK
mikeinflammable@gmail.com / www.inflammablematerial.bigcartel.com

DEFIANT POSE #7 / £2 plus postage
8.5 x 11 *or* 8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 43 *or* 79 pgs
Eloquence is key here. The author is a solid writer with impeccable knowledge of UK punk and punk zine culture. I appreciated him focusing on the importance of early zine culture in the era of *Bondage* and *Sniffin' Glue*. It was a cheap, effective way to communicate and it was a big piss off to professional polished music critique. Punk was a new sound for us and by us—it is not meant to be critiqued by outsiders—their opinion was rendered nil by the easily accessible DIY fanzine. Zines could be called "opinionated illiteracy" but it was cheaper than forming a band and easier to spread your message. There are two editions of *Defiant Pose* #7—version A4 and version A5. A4 is £2 and A5 is £1.50. Both editions have the same written content, but the graphics and layouts are totally different. A4 is available from Feel It Distribution in the USA. I suggest getting them both, they are like the same record but with different color vinyl and mastering. *Defiant Pose* is no easy read, though. The print is small and each page is jam-packed with well-edited, information-packed essays, with focuses on UK fanzine culture, organized by areas and years from 1979 and from Southampton to Sheffield to Scotland. If this is your fancy, let this scratch your itch as it will give you immense relief with the obsessive knowledge contained within its pages. (AE)
Inflammable Material / PO Box 2544 / London, NEW 3DF / UK
mikeinflammable@gmail.com /
www.inflammablematerial.bigcartel.com

DREAMS OF DONUTS #15 / $2 US, $3 world, trades OK
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
I always like a graphic zine and this one happens to be about Occupy Oakland, but it eschews the political rants for a daily life narrative which is a pretty different perspective than most of the stuff I've read so far. She talks about camping at the plaza and how rough it was, but then about the inspiring moments too. There are some other stories in here about a couple houses around town and then some things about traveling. As per usual with things written about places I lived or have lived, I got a little bogged down with trying to figure out who the fuck this person is (didn't). Interesting read. (MM)
all4choice@hotmail.com

FAILED STATE FUNNIES #12 / $?
10.5 x 7.5 – printed – 8 pgs
I love comic books and almost anything in the format. Unfortunately, this was not necessarily my cup of tea. Yeah, there is a lot to learn about state violence and how we can all fight systematic oppression as soon as we recognize it. However, did I really read this whole thing without one mention of how systematic oppression is, in fact, inherent to sexism and racism? Although I do not know the experience of the writer, I do feel it is important to recognize these issues are not to be undermined. I definitely had hope when I saw there was a list of books I could read about the issue presented, but this, also failed—*every book on the list was written by white men*. Here is some advice, if you are taking the time to learn about systematic oppression, take time to hear out the oppressed, not people who will tell you about the oppressed, that just does not work. I have read some of these books, and I am not going to lie, they have developed some of my learning, but they definitely do not speak to the experiences of people of color, womyn or even queer folks. Before we go on writing these stories and sharing information about how systematic oppression is something we need to recognize, let us consider whom it is affecting. Not sure if there is a People of Color or Womyns issue of this zine, but if there is, I do not want it. So please, let us take this as the constructive review of the day not the shit talking one, that does not help anyone. If you are thinking, "Well, this writer is not going to include that on every issue," well, this writer should. If you are asking why, I am not here to explain that, that is for you to find out yourself. (OG)
Kjartan Arnorsson / 1505 West St. Mary's Rd, #123 / Tucson, AZ 85745



A HOLE IN THE RUBBER / $5
4.25 x 5.5 – newsprint with color cover – 112 pgs
This Henry Miller inspired life story is more of a novella than a zine and it's fucking awesome! This is what porn should be—holding this fucked up, beautiful and full of shit account of the life of a horny, drug addicted transexual in your hand implicates you as the fucking perv that you are. From perfectly capturing the hope, sadness and confusion of being a little kid in the wrong body attracted to the wrong types of other kids, to the punishment that goes along with it and the fallout that comes from getting caught with your pants down and the wrong genitalia. It sucks that at times I found myself wishing this was actually full of shit, a lie or a tall tale and not the shared experience of a tranny in the mental institution, but we've all been through this bullshit and coped how we can. For Stiff it was getting hornier and more fucked up in LA, San Francisco, New Orleans and anywhere else you could get loaded fuck bikers, bears, mormons, schoolgirls, debutantes and adult babies while you wait for something to explain why you aren't built right. Throughout it all, Stiff fights against gentrification, rapists, parents, the church and the psych ward, and gets to sleep in a crib and gets to ride a motorcycle. Reading this zine was definitely improved by the fact that I know what Orson sounds like, if you don't know him you could probably send him your number and he will call you collect to have freaky phone sex with you while your roommates are asleep and you're fingering yourself under the blankets. Get this fucking zine. (AG)
Wagon Brothers Enterprises / 555 Fulton, Ste 110 / San Francisco, CA 94102

I AM WHAT I AM #1 / $1 US, $2 world, trades OK
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
This is a really well drawn, but somewhat confusing comic of a write-up of a dramatic sketch regarding racism in the '60s feminist community. The confusion only comes from it being kind of a photocopy of a photocopy of a seven-person sketch told with illustrations of Siamese twins. Sometimes conversations can seem trite to people that have the privilege of not having them and like beating your head against a wall for the kids that can't not have them, this zine does a pretty good job of bringing up racism in feminism. This is at times dated, but poignant and still, unfortunately relevant. The drawings and text are really cool, and this zine is definitely worth picking up if you like comics, feminism or discussions on racism. (AG)
Heather Wreckahe / 3913 Boyle St. / Sacramento, CA 95817 /
all4choice@hotmail.com

INVOCATION OF OBSCENE GODS #3 / $5 US, $5 world
8.5 x 5 – printed – 64 pgs
This is a very well put together, good-looking zine covering DIY only "extreme" grindcore, black metal, noisecore, anything-on-the-metal-side of hardcore. There is an advice column, columns, top tens, interviews with Gerogerigegege, Autopsy, Breathilizor, a dude from Pile of Eggs, Vickers, Cocknoose (Bruce R would have been stoked!), Skullhog, a reprint of an interview with Rupture from a 1993 *Riot* and reviews. It's funny how decidedly "un-PC" this zine is—GG Allin is mentioned on every other page, everyone is talking abut how shitty hardcore is these days, everyone is complaining about how nothing is extreme enough, there are smatterings of porn (I like porn, so that's not the issue), talks of tits and cunts… I get the context, but I can't help from thinking that dividing up the world like that is pretty limiting, when the reviews are really good, the Skullhog interview is awesome and the layout is killer. This is not an apolitical zine, this is completely political with its fuck-all approach (sorry dude, it's like being an atheist). The interviews are ridiculous with some definite questions meant to "push buttons." The columns are mostly garbage, but some of the absurdity is pretty hilariously stupid. *But* the effect is what they are seeking—I am laughing at it all. Also, the author consciously chose not to have ads in this zine and while I could do without the GG worship, the focus here is DIY, true-to-self shit within these genres

and for that, I appreciate this zine. (MB)
backwoodsbutcherrecords.bigcartel.com

MANUFACTURING WARS / pay no more than all you can
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
This is a repress of the notorious 2011 zine from a mysterious source around the Boston area. The Boston streets are no longer safe. The streets in general are no longer safe. This zine reminds you that the threat of war is eminent and that atrocities do in fact continue to occur. Not only did they occur at the hand of our government, but they continue to occur daily. Your very existence may in fact be an atrocity—actually, it is. This is not a fanzine. This is a message. Cut and paste Sakevi art style for your discomfort. (AE)
PO Box 82 / Somerville, MA 02143-9998

MIDNIGHT MASS #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Published by the man behind A389 records, this zine celebrates the label's 10th anniversary by featuring a smattering of groups on its roster. The interview with Left for Dead is pretty interesting, especially with the discussion of band's profiles being boosted in hindsight, or what Chris Colohan wisely calls "retroactive phenomenology." His reflection on time spent in Left for Dead and Chokehold is intelligent and fascinating. Following that, dudes like Mike Apokalypse, Brian Patton and Keith Huckins all write about their favorite Kiss solo albums. The other interviews with A389 artists Catharsis, Gehenna and Weekend Nachos are all relatively in-depth, conducted by a label person who clearly has a vested interest in the bands' history and plans. The layout is fairly lackluster, computer-generated fair, although a decent cover makes up for it. (SL)
PO Box 12058 / Baltimore, MD 21281
dom@a389records.com

OUT THE ROAD #1 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
By his own description, this was hastily assembled for a zine fest and while the illustrations, design and layout are great, there is something lacking in the content. Ostensibly the story of Billy the author's brief time in Juneau, Alaska, the zine is more of homage to the friends and coworkers that he met than anything else. And while the tenderness and affection that he feels for the Alaskans that entered his life comes through in his writing, I fear that it may resonate only for those who know him. The writing that describes his experiences in Juneau and of the place itself is more interesting, but unfortunately serves as little more than the background. It seems that one of the consequences of privileging immediacy over development is that the reader can be denied anything more than a skimming of the surface of the writer's stories. (CR)
405 23rd Ave NE / Minneapolis, MN 55418 / billyluetzen@yahoo.com

PHL 2012 / $12 ppd US, $16 ppd world, no trades, sorry
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 60 pgs
This is a nice lookin' square-bound photo yearbook of Philly DIY shows for 2012. The bands range from a dude with a guitar in a living room to crusties in the streets to most things between. Thankfully no giant clubs or other bullshit! Maybe half the photos are in color, and the quality is excellent throughout, hence the steep cost. Maybe twelve bucks is out of your budget, but the folks who end up with one of these will be stoked. (JM)
DIY PHL / 4903 Walnut / Philadelphia, PA 19139 / www.diyphl.com

PLEASE DON'T HANG ON THE ROPES / free
11 x 15 – newsprint – single page
Whoa! What I thought was a couple page photo zine is actually a neatly folded giant poster containing five really cool pictures. This is definitely worth getting if you see it and have a bunch of space on a wall in your house somewhere to fill with a giant picture of a punk babe. Opening up the zine is a big gatefold picture of cute hardcore kid named Chris B from Brooklyn in a hoodie standing in a shadow that I'd totally put up, but then you open it another way and you get a bigger picture of the bassist from Tropical Depression smoking a cigarette in between cars on the A, as always Sara looks cool as fuck. The back cover is split into a picture of crackling wall in a boxing gym and a silhouette of a kid against a van window. The pictures are all pretty distinct in either playing with negative space, contrast / grayscale or nostalgia. Basically punk art porn for someone with a babe fetish. (AG)
www.alexmctigue.com

POSITIVE CREED #17 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
This issue of the long-running UK punk zine interviews punk luminaries like Big John Duncan, Steve Ignorant and Laurie Driver. The interview style is a little sycophantic at times, but the author is clearly a passionate fan that asks about various aspects of their history, not just the most obvious subjects. Steve Ignorant responds with especially self-congratulatory answers. He talks about what messed up his "career" a lot and expresses his disappointment that most people don't care about his post-Crass lyrics. Also, Ignorant perpetuates his flippant, unfocused response to the criticism of the Last Supper tour and provides some more Pete Wright gossip. The most illuminating interview is with Andy T, whose experimental, spoken word releases on Crass records are arguably better than Annie Anxiety's. He doesn't get much due, but carries a unique perspective on the early anarcho scene and how the revisionists skew its history over time. This particular issue contains a lot of valuable information on the aforementioned artists presented in a simple way. Recommended. (SL)
PO Box 777 / Exeter, EXI 9TU / UK / robstone1977@gmail.com

PUNK FLYERS #22 / $4
8.5 x 11 – copied – 15 pgs
Flyers, pics and show reviews, mostly of first-wave bands that are (inexplicably) still playing gigs. Most of the images are pixelated, and the majority of the reviews are boring, and littered with "Look what semi-famous punk musicians I know!" types of stories. The backs of all the pages are blank too, $4 for this? Save the trees and your money. (KM)
502 Minor Ave #5 / Seattle, WA 98109

PUNK ON THE INSIDE #3 / free
5.75 x 8.75 – copied – 24pgs
Really cool zine by and about punks in the prison system. Scott, the gent behind this collaborative effort, is in Federal prison, but fortunately for us that didn't kill his punk spirit. This issue brings us updates about his personal situation, a letter from

a queer prisoner about the reality of being gay and incarcerated, a recipe for making ice cream in jail, and general news about the Federal prison system. There's also an interview with Navajo punk and artist BranScam, who drew the fantastic cover of this issue (girl in a Misfits shirt near a prison/graveyard). Altogether a rad and well-designed zine that I wish was a bit meatier, as I'm always fascinated by material sent from punk inmates. (KM)
Scott Brigden 10067-007 / USP Tucson / PO Box 24550 / Tucson, AZ 85734

RAW DAMAGE #1 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
This is the first issue of Raw Damage to come out it looks pretty cool. Basic cut and paste, fuss-free and to the point, the subtitle reads "A San Diego Punk Reader," so you know what you're in for. Within, you'll find two columns at the start, one "a recollection of growing up punk in a small punk town" and one "expanding the discussion" on straightedge, a handful of reviews at the end and some interviews in the middle. The writer talks to D.E.A. about Oi! culture in San Diego, introduces us to hardcore band Golos Truda, who got their name from an old Russian anarchist periodical, and gets the scoop on the collectively run label 10:30 records. He poses good questions that give us insights into other aspects of the San Diego punk scene and for an outsider, like me, that's a good thing. This is a genuine effort, the writing is engaging and this is a nice example of how easy it is to do a good job of something, if you're into it—because you're into it. Nice work! (LA)
c/o Matt K. / 722 Torrey Pines Place / Oceanside, CA 92057 / rawdamagezine@gmail.com

RENFIELD #25 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 34 pgs
The skull and cross bones push-up bra of the cover art girl peeks ever so gently out of her pink tank top, while simultaneously complimenting her fuchsia war paint rather well….gag me. I'm very good at snap judgments and considering this is in German, that's all you're going to get from me. Flipping through, the layout is solid. But the content looks cheesy and borders on that garage rockabilly aesthetic. This issue features Tex Morton, Coogans, Bluff, Sputnic, Dangerboy, Moped and more that, by looks of it, does not look very stimulating, intellectually or politically. If your hair is slicked straight back, you do not mind a saxophone with your "punk" and you have a fetish for checkerboard patterns—pick this up. (AE)
www.renfield-fanzine.blogspot.com / www.myspace.com/renfieldfanzine

SLINGSHOT #112 / free
11 x 17 – printed – 20 pgs
That Slingshot organizer that you buy every year and end up not using goes to fund this long-running free newspaper run out of the Long Haul infoshop in Berkeley. I'm guessing a lot of you are at least roughly familiar with this publication, but for anyone that isn't: it's a four-color printed radical/anarchist newspaper with writing on a range of topics that vary widely in quality, but they all seem to fall under the topics of ecological issues, anti-capitalism,

radical self-help/personal wellness, or some combination thereof. Articles in this issue deal with addressing co-dependency, decoding the myth of the "gay agenda", fun tips on fucking with public surveillance cameras, sex worker safety and rights, a report-back of an Occupy Oakland-related eviction defense, a memorial of Audrey Goodfriend (an anarchist who recently died who was in her nineties) and so forth. Some of the shit is way too woo-woo, while other articles are informative and practical. But it's free, so you have nothing to lose. (DG)
c/o the Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705 / slingshot.tao.ca

THE STOWAWAYS #13 / $2 or trade, stamps OK
8.5 x 11 – copied – 34 pgs
An unremarkable and very personal music zine that seems to cover the kinds of bands (hardcore, punk and otherwise) that play fests with mid-level indie rock bands, plus whatever more DIY bands he may happen to catch. The zine starts with show reviews that manage to spill a lot of words while not really saying much: long on trivial information and unarticulated personal thoughts, but short on interesting description. Following the show reviews are two very bland and banal interviews with the Lovely Bad Things and Fugue, whom he introduces by mentioning that members of each band were schoolmates of his. Some record and zine reviews close out this zine, which like the show reviews, have plenty of raving and unnecessary personal details ("I won this record from a radio station!"), but offer little commentary about why the records and zines are good or bad, with the last two pages being reproductions of hand-written fan letters. The layout is next to nonexistent and the photos are pieces of high-contrast crap. (DG)
c/o Chris Gordon / 5082 Wendover Rd / Yorba Linda, CA 92886

THE CITY INVADED BY RATS #5 / $?
8.5 x 5 – copied – 24 pgs – Spanish
Covering the DIY grind, crust, powerviolence side of hardcore, the first incarnation of this Spanish zine came out about a decade ago and the author has decided to make a comeback with this not so pretty, not so well laid out, but interesting zine. Featured in this edition are interviews with Matando Gueros, los Crustaceos, Violent Headache, Armagedom, there are record reviews, a very convincing ode to powerviolence and my favorite, a brief but very informative punk history of Paraguay. This zine is impressive in its coverage of worldwide bands of the genres here. Also, impressive is the positive spin on the output of bands the author loves without reliance of shock value tactics that a lot of powerviolence or grind bands often adhere to. Interesting read. (MB)
luciobrito79@hotmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #243 / contact for price
5.75 x 7.5 – copied – 32 pgs – Finnish
Toinen Vaihtoehto always looks great, but this issue especially so. Most of the photos are crystal clear, there are some comics and what appears to be a two pages from a teenager's notebook covered in band names. Hella reviews make up most of the content—a ton of shows, zines and music, along with a write-up of the Disklemä/Ydinperhe UK tour. Finnish bands Riiva and Kaupunginvalot are interviewed and there's a piece on UK Decay. If you don't read Finnish, what *have* you been learnin'? (JM)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland

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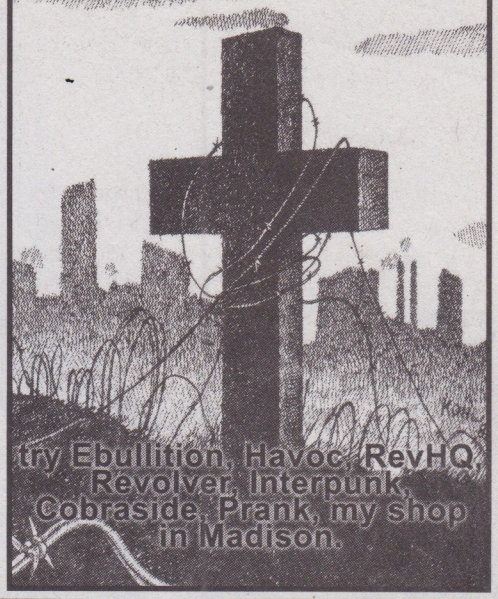

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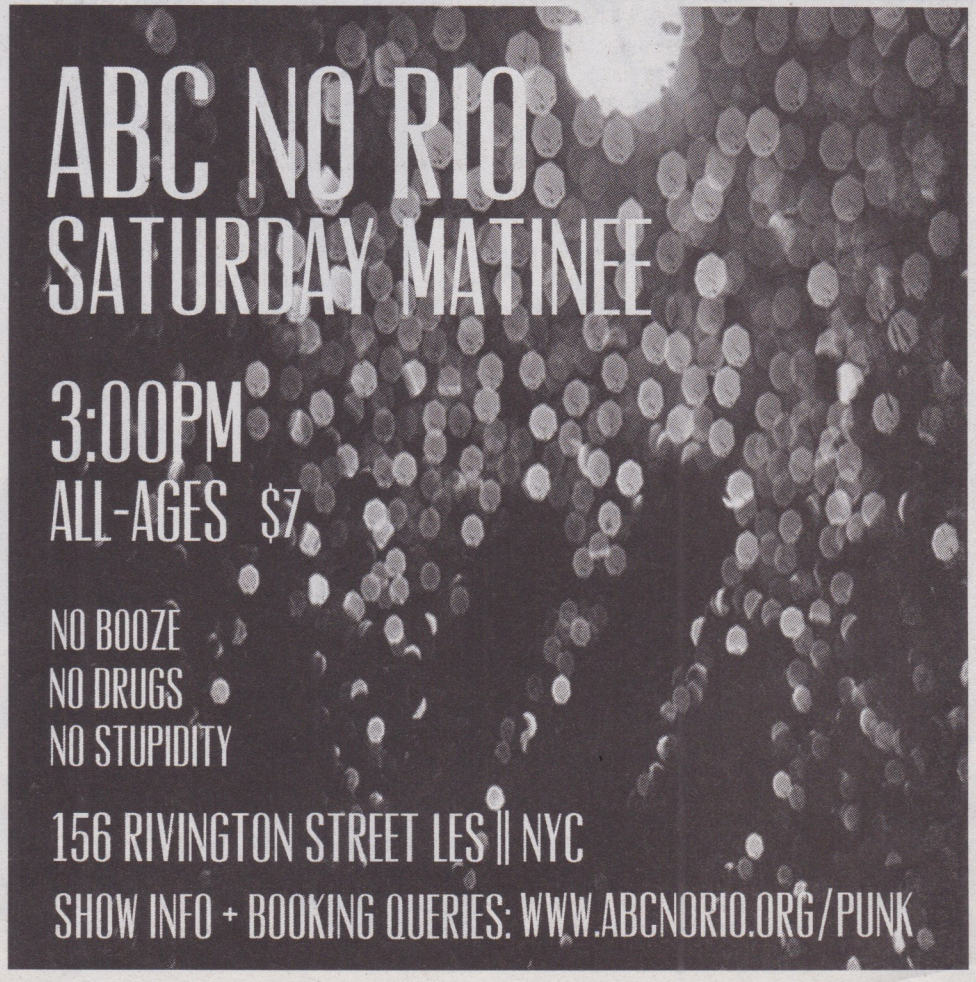

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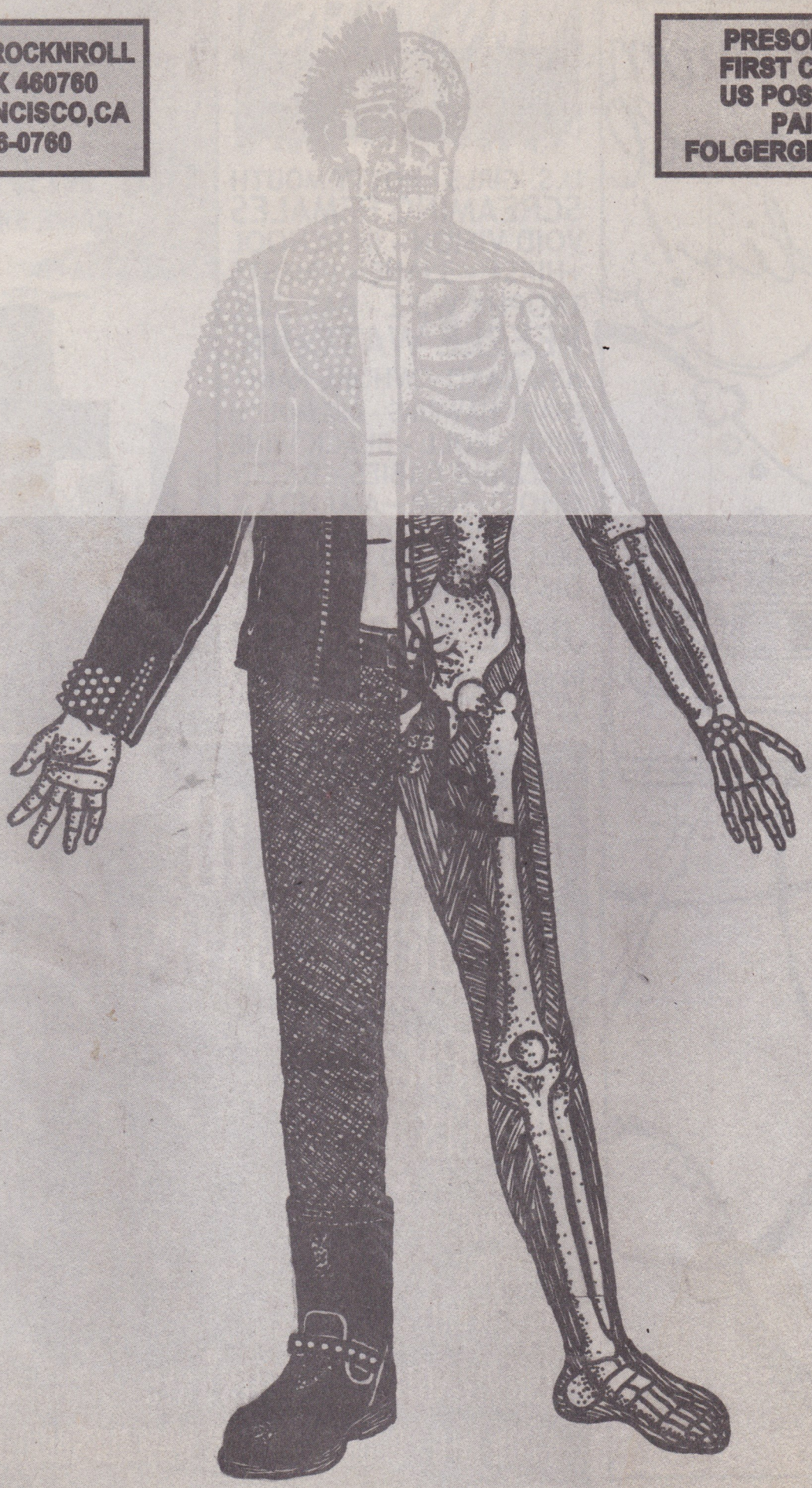
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